BRITISH POLITICS.

The Liberals Disposed to Conciliate the Irish.

Socialism Exerting a Powerful Influence on Public Opinion.

Iwo Socialistic Periodicals Recently Started in London.

(Special Cable Letter to The Sunday Globe. LONDON, January 5-10.30 p. m .- One of the best-informed men in public life in conversation today gave a forecast of what would probably be the course of the government and its apponents in the coming session of Parliament. He thinks the session will be an exciting one, and that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues will have their on a thorough discussion of the Egyptian question; their real object in doing so, however, being to cause the postponemet of the franchise bill and other measures of reform which the cabinet have agreed to push through. The Irish members have agreed to talk as long as possible in opposing the address in reply to the Queen's speech from the throne, and they will find

aterial for their oratory in attacks upon Lord-Lieutenant Spencer and Secretary Trevel-yan. While gratifying their hatred of those officials, they will at the same time be increasing the embarrassments time be increasing the embarrassments of the government by helping to crowd out reform legislation. It is likely that, after they are talked out, they may strike up an alliance with the Tories and to a large ext at control the situation. If they take this course, it is likely that the government may have to make considerable concessions in respect to Irish affairs before being able to carry out the programme they have now agreed upon. The fact that Earl Spencer was present at the cabinet meetings on Thursday and Friday is commented upon as indicating that the government think the situation in Ireland serious and are giving the matter the most careful consideration. The outcome of the recent demonstrations is that the cabinet at those meetings agreed, unanimously to repress all disorders in ful consideration. The outcome of the recent demonstrations is that the cabinet at those meetings agreed unanimously to repress all disorders in Ireland, no matter at what expense. This decision has so dampened the ardor of the Orange faction that a marked abatement in virulence has been noticeable in their speeches in the last day or two. This seems to confirm the view taken by many, that the bumptiousness of Lord Rossmore's adherents was due to their belief that the government was secretly inclined in their favor, and would be lenient in dealing with them, if they stepped a little beyond bounds in harressing the lenguers. The government's opinion of the state of affairs in Ireland may be interred from the fact that, on Lord Spencer's return from London to Dubliu last night, the most thorough precautions were taken to guard against his meeting with any "accident." An extra locomotive travelled alone ahead of the train to Holyhead, and a large detail of special police kept watch upon the passengers and employes on the train and on the steamer bearing the lord-lieutenant to Queenstown.

Socialistic ideas are claiming the attention of a constantly widening circle of thinking men, and are cropping out in the most unexpected ways in current literature and oratory. They will not down at the bidding of any set of Conservative not down at the bidding of any set of Conservative oracles, and it is evident that they can no longer be whistled down the wind with sneers at "those dreadful Fenians," etc. The first of the year has brought two new periodicals avowedly devoted to the Socialist propaganda in "Today" and "Justice," and Socialism occupies a arge space in the latest number of the reviews, especially in the "Nineteenth Century," the "Athenæum" and the "Quarterly." The discussion of workingmen's rights and wrongs has lately been very active, and is sure to receive a great impetus by the mission of Mr. Henry George, who is expected to arrive from New York tomorrow, and will deliver his first lecture on "Progress and Poverty" at St. James Hall, Regent street, next Wednesday evening. Mr. Michael Davitt will supplement the lecture with an address intended to show the practical applicability of Mr. George's remedy to the land troubles existing in England and Ireland today.

strongly condemns any attempt by the United States government to interfere with their propaganda.

The official returns of the past year's emigration from Great Britain have just appeared, and afford ample food for study and reflection to political economists. The total drain of population to the United States was 192,040, an increase of 10,137 over the emigration for 1882 and of 15,936 over that for 1881. It will be noticed that the increase of 1883 or 1882 was nearly double that of the latter year over the preceding one. Another very significant fact is that all and more than all of this gross increase came from Ireland, the immigration from England and Scotland having! a len off 4515, while that from Ireland has increased 14,652. The movement of emigration to Canada has been small, both in numbers and in rate of increase, as compared with that to the United States. The emigration from Great British to British North Ame ica in 1883 was as follows: From England, 28,014; from Scotland, 8924; from Ireland, 12,191, making a total of mily 44,130, or less than one-fourth of the emigration to the States, while the increase over 1882 was only 3689, a sorry showing in comparison with the increase of 1882 over 1881, which was no less than 16,529. The emigration to Australia, however, was twice as large in 1883 as in 1882, so that, while one of England's great colonies has apparently ceased to attract the people from home, its greatest rival is shown to be receiving them in great numbers.

It is now virtually admitted by those in position to actually know the facts, and generally believed by all, that the Czar is suffering from bullet wounds, and that the accounts telegraphed last night of the attempt upon his life are substantially correct. The fact that there has been no official femal of the report is considered good brough evidence that it is well founded, and an authentic account of the affair is sure to come out before long. The feeling in St. Petersburg is ve. y uneasy. There continues to be daily arrests made of persons supposed to be concerned in the plot which resulted in the assassination of Lieutenant-General Sudeikin and his nephew, and the police have carried their inquisitorial visits to an extraordinary length. The houses even of cospicuous members of the nobility have been entered and searched, probably in pursuance of clews furnished by the voluminous data found in Sudeikin's apartments after his murder. The palace of the Czar at Gatschina, which was already surrounded and almost filled by a remarkable and complex organization of guards, has been still further protected, and the force of gendarmerie on duty there has been quadrupled and placed under the personal command of General Tcherevin, whose devotion to the Czar is believed to be unquestionable. The willy statesman Ignatieff is taking advantage of the lacreased gravity of the situation, and is intriguing for the establishment of a dictatorship, of which he shall be the irresponsible head. If rumor be correct, the recent attempt on the Czar's life has driven thoughts of concession out of his head, and ne may be in just the mood to adopt Ignatieff's proposal. Should he do so, it is not believed, however, that Ignatieff could succeed in suppressing the Nihilist rebellion, which survived the admittedly judicious dictatorship of Loris Melikoff.

busing the government for its neglect to employ Chinese "Gordon's" services in the active cam-Chinese "Gordon's" services in the active campaign now progressing in the Soudan, and are predicting dire disaster to the Anglo-Egyptian arms in consequence of this neglect. There is no doubt that General Gordon himself is annoved at not hearing from the government. He believes that he could revive his prestige and again place himself in a prominent and enviable position before the world by a brilliant campaign in Egypt, and it is known that he has delayed acceptance of the Beiglan offer to take command of the African colonization party now operating on the Congo in the hope that more active employment for his sword might be offered in the Soudan. The Gordon matter, however, is only one of the points upon which the Tories are berating the cabinet, and even the Liberal newspapers, including many of the most prominent organs of that part, are commenting unfavorably on the inaction of the government. The result of all rhis has been divided counsels in the cabinet; but it is expected that public opinion, which is rapidly betoming heated to the war point, will enforce at least a pretence of activity at the Horse Guards and the admirally. In the meanime the Duke of Cambridge, cummander-in-chief

A Singular and Startling Mishap occurred today to the train from London to Edinburgh, known from its great speed as the "Flying burgh, known from its great speed as the "Flying Seojchman." White running at the rate of upwards of sixty miles an hour, just before passing Smeafield, two of the front carriages took fire in some as yet unexplained way, and the flames, being tanned by the rushing of the train through the air, spread rapidly, driving the passengers from one compartment to another and finally compelling some of the most daring to make the perious passage from the burning carriages to those in the rear along the footboards. The fire had progressed but a few moments, though it seemed an eternity to those in danger, when Smeafield was reached, and the train being halted the flames were extinguished by the aid of the local employes of the line. None of the passengers were injured, though many lost their luggage. Their escape is considered next to miraculous.

Notes.

The news of the sudden death of Herr Lasker in New York caused a profound sensation in Berlin, where the learned and able statesman enjoyed the where the learned and able statesman enjoyed the respect and friendship of all, regardless of political differences of opinion. His absence will be a great loss to the National Liberal party, of which he was the founder and acknowledged chief, and which had counted upon his vigorous leadership during the coming session of the Reichstag in opposition to Prince Bismarck's schemes of centralization and monopoly.

which had counted upon his vigorous leadership during the coming session of the Reichstag in opposition to Prince Bismarck's schemes of centralization and monopoly.

Sir Thomas Brassey, M. P., on whose petition the New York & New England railroad has been placed in the hands of a receiver, holds, together with his two brothers, \$300,000 par value of the stock of that road. He is a son of the great railway contractor of the same name. The effect of the appointment was to rather enhance the value of the stock in London Instead of causing it to drop, as in New York. English capitalists seem to have more confidence in the courts of America than in managers of railways there.

Canal and railroad projects, new and old, occupy considerable attention now in London, and will occupy much more when Parliament opens. Sir Edward Watkins declares that he will carry through the channel tunnel project at the next session, despite all opposition, but his faith seems hardly well founded. It is known that Mr. Chamberlain, president of the Board of Trade, has determined to oppose the measure, and the hostile feeling which begins to appear between England and France has somewhat prejudiced public opinion against the enterprise. The Manchester ship canal bill, which was dropped last year, is to be brought in again this session. The engineers report that the cost of construction will be £6,000,000 for a canal deep enough to allow large vessels to reach Manehester.

At the election for municipal officers at Berlin today the Progressists were successful, Herr Strassman being elected president of the Council and Herr Buchtemann vice-president.

The wealthy merchant Ree of Hamburg has just died, leaving a bequest of 5,000,000 marks to be devoted to the foundation and maintenance of a great orphan asylum, admittance to which is to be irrespective of any religious creed.

ENGLAND'S TERMS.

A Propositson That the Soudan be Divided Between Turkey and England. By Cable to The Boston Globe.

LONDON, January 6 .- The government has made a formal reply to the appeals of the Khedive of Egypt and the Suitan of Turkey as to the terms upon which England will consent to enter the Soudan for the purpose of suppressing El Mahdi's insurrection. The note of the English government says that Turkey may have and hold the eastern portion of the Soudan bordering on the Red sea as a Turkish provincial dependancy, provided that England shall have the western or Nile portion of the same region, to be held upon similar terms. In this case each power is to be at the cost of maintaining order in his own territory. If this proposition be not acceptable to the Porte Turkey may attempt the conquest of the Soudan insurgents, taking Suakim, on the Red sea, as a base of operations, but at her own expense. The note also insists that the Egyptian troops now operating in the at her own expense. The note also insists that the Egyptian troops now operating in the Soudan shall be withdrawn as far north as Wady-Halfa, which is opposite the second cataract of the Nile and more than a hundred miles north of latitude 15°, which has been proposed as the southern boundary of Egypt's domination. If the Egyptian troops be thus withdrawn from the Soudan, England promises to defend the southern frontier of Egypt proper.

ALEXANDRIA, January 6.—Lord Granville's note, announcing the terms on which England will assist Egypt, has been received here, and has raised a storm of indignation. The minister declares that it is a revelation of sinister purposes which England has long had in view, and the Khedive regards it as a demand for his abdication. Tewfik Pasha is thoroughly angered, and

PARIS, January 6.—Tonino Bey, the chamber-lain of the Khedive of Egypt and master of cere-monies in the Egyptian household, has arrived here charged with a mission to Premier Ferry and the French cabinet, to ask that France shall de-mand of England that the latter power annex or Lepart from Egypt.

Law That Will Apply to His Case.

BALTIMORE, January 6.—Samuel L. Harley, the bigamist, has at length been run to earth by the grand jury of Nottaway county indicting him yesterday for bigamy. His trial will be the first on the list of the January term, and will begin Tuesday before Judge Mann. He was arrested the day after New Year's on a warrant issued by Miss Lydia Everett of this city, his fourth wire, and was about to be brought here for trial, the Governor having made a requisition, when it was discovered that there was a law extant in Virginia providing for the conviction of a bigamist who, although married in another State, should bring his victim into Virginia, the same as bringing stolen goods into the State. This gives much pleasure to the authorities here as it saves all the trouble of bringing the case here, and a jury in that portion of Virginia is morally bound to convict a bigamist. It would hang one if let alone. As soon as he was arrested Miss Everett, his fourth wife, who only left him first last November, on account of his cruel treatment, posted direct to Nottaway county, where Harley kept a flourishing country store, and seized on the property and was about to appropriate it when Aliss Maggie Howard of Greenville, N. J., wife No. 3, appeared on the scene and demanded half of the proceeds of the property. Wife No. 1 from New York City and wife No. 2 from Pennsylvania are about to start for Virginia in nopes of having a finger in the pie, but in the meantame wives Nos. 3 and 4 are getting rid of everything salable, so as to be able to pocket the proceeds before other claimants, especially the legal wife from New York, appear, tariey married his first wife while a merchant in New York. Then he won his Pennsylvania bride May 27, 1877, he married Miss Howard of New Jersey, and last November Miss Everett of Baltimore. Luckily for the women there were no issues by these numerous ventures. BALTIMORE, January 6.—Samuel L. Harley, the bigamist, has at length been run to earth by the

DRIVEN CRAZY BY COLD. A Baltimore Policeman Walks Off the

W. Fisher met with an awful death early this morning, being overcome by the intense cold. morning, being overcome by the intense cold. His beat lay in one of the most exposed localities in the city. The temperature was down to zero, an unusually low point for Battimore. About 1 o'clock this morning he was so numbed with cold that he began to get drowsy and was advised to go to the station-house. He started off, but seemed to have lost his mind and wandered at least a mile away from his beat and walked overboard into the harbor off the Eastern Shore steamboat wharf, at the foot of South street. The watchman on the wharf heard the splash and ran to the spot, but could find only a policeman's hat and club on the ice, and a large hole near by. By the number on the hat his name was ascertained. He had sometime ago suffered with brain trouble. The corner thinks the intense cold renewed the attack and caused him to become demented. His body was recovered six hours afterwards. He leaves a wife and large family. He had been on the force niae years.

NORWICH, January 6.—A taxidermist of this city is preparing a milk-white woodcock that was city is preparing a milk-white woodcock that was recently shot by Milo M. Main of North Stonington, in the southeastern part of the county. It is supposed to be the only one ever taken in this State. Nelson Reynolds of Milton, Wis., who is visiting in Westerly, R. I., near where the bird was shot, says that he saw a white woodcock in Wisconsin more than forty years ago. At Clark's Falls, R. I., a perfectly white crow was seen in a flock of jet black ones by several of the villagers in the outskirts of the village the other day. Another one was seen in Voluntown last week by Ezra P. Edwards of that place. It was alone, Mr. Edwards approached it to see what sort of a bird it was. It uttered an unmistakable "caw" and flew. He says that it was as white as a common goose.

DEATH IN A CONVENT.

A Holocaust of Pupils in an Illinois Town.

Loss of Twenty-Six Lives and the Convent of the Immaculate Conception.

Imprisonment of Many Young Ladies Amid Smoke and Flame.

ST. Louis, January 6.—The Catholic convent of the Immaculate Conception at Belleville, Ill., twelve miles from here, was destroyed by fire ast night. A boarding school connected with the convent was attended by about 150 young ladies and girls, nearly half of whom were boarders. The lives of twenty-six young ladies were lost.

west corner of the basement, and when discovered the floor immediately above the furnace was ablaze, and volumes of smoke were rapidly pouring into the stairways and corridors of the building. By the time the sleepers were aroused the smoke had become sufficiating, and all avenues of escape were filled with blinding smoke. Then a panic ensued, the extremity of the firemen. Even if they could have reached the the firemen. Even if they could have reached the scene without delay they would have been of but little service in rescuing the victims. There are no ladders in the department, and no provision for the deplorable emergency had been made by the managers of the institution. The unfortunates were therefore powerless to relieve themselves, and those who were witnesses of the horrible bolocaust were helpless to assist.

The first relay of firemen to reach the scene broke in the convent doors and made for the third story of the building, which is used as a dormitory. The screams of the children and the sisters could be heard above the cracking of the fire, but the firemen could not open the doors of the dormitory ou account of their being locked. In the excitement no one knew who had the keys. Bars of iron from a neighboring blackmith shop were brought in by the firemen and used as battering rams, but before these instruments the doors would not give way. The smoke in the long hallways soon drove the firemen out of the halls, and the girls, locked in the rooms, were told to take to the windows.

In another moment the windows of the third floor, the sills of which are fifty feet from the ground, presented a strange spectacle. There, in their nightchothes, suddenly aroused from their slumbers, stood in despair a large number of the terrified inmates. There was no chance of a rescue and the only alternative was the dreadful leap. Soon afterwards volumes of smoke were seen to spread throughout the building, followed by loud explosions, and the few took the desperate chances of hurling themselves through the windows.

May Campbell was the first to try the almost

by loud explosions, and the few took the desperate chances of hurling themselves through the windows.

May Campbell was the first to try the almost hopeless ordeal, and as she fell to the paveleent her body was removed to the Harrison machine works, where, after a few gasps, she expired. Daisy Eberman managed to crawl through a window of the third floor and find a perilous position on the corniec over the main doorway. She there remained for quite a long time, sprieking for help. At 1984 the confined flames and smoke burst from the window around her and she was hurled to the ground below, but her fall was broken by two men, who stood with outstretched arms to receive her. She was not seriously hurt.

Emil J. Kohl was one of the first to render practical aid to the imperilled immates. Knowing where to procure a long ladder from the rear of the premises, he with the aid of others soon had it in position at the front of the building doing gallant service. The ladder reached the second floor, and two stout men ascended with another small ladder, by which they reached the third floor, and provided an escape for a number of the sisters and boarders.

Sister Moderato about this time was found lying upon the ground on the south side of the building quite dead. It is thought that she fell from a window. Two ladies were saved from the second floor on the south side of the main building. They doubtless leaped from the story above, and in their fall on the roof were stunned, and when discovered were nearly frozen. A short ladder was found, that could not reach them until two gentlemen took the ladder, and, resting it on the projections of the porch, managed to secure it, and the laddes were rescued.

And all the excitement it was not known how

resting it on the projections of the porch, managed to secure it, and the ladies were rescued.

Amid all the excitement it was not known how many had perished, but this morning twenty-six were found missing. Thirteen bodies were recovered from the ruins during the day. The bodies could only be identified by the clothing, or rather portions of the clothing which, having been saturated with water, had escaped the flames, thereby enabling those familiar with the garments to identify the victims.

The building destroyed was a five-story brick structure, the property of the Sisters of Notre Dame, and cost \$80,000; insured for \$25,000. It is a total loss.

FIRE IN AN ILLINOIS JAIL.

Four Prisoners Suffocated in Their Cells-Their Terrible Death While the Keys

Were Being Brought Haif a Mile.

JERSEYILLE, Ill., January 7.—The court house was discovered to be on fire early yesterday morning, and before the prisoners could be removed four of them had been sufficiented. The thermometer was 15° below zero. C. Lipscom, the janitor of the Baptist church, was the first to discover the fire, and gave the alarm. He went to Sheriff Frost's the alarm. He went to Sheriff Frost's residence, a quarter of a mile distant, to get the keys to the fail. Not finding the keys there, he went a quarter of a mile farther to Deputy Sheriff Blay's, where he found the keys, and returned with the officers. By this time others had arrived, and they forced their way through the hall of the court house to the jail door, which was on the same floor, but were driven back by the smoke. Sponges were then procured, and, with these in their mouths, they went in again, and succeeded in unlocking the outer door of the jail. The prisoners were found in their cells, which had to be unlocked. The dead bodies were then taken out by that time the fire was burning flercely on the west side of the jail.

The court house was built in 1840, was remodelled in 1865, and, together with the jail, has been condemned by every grand jury for fitteen years. In 1832 the proposition to build a new court house and jail was submitted to the people and defeated by 300 votes. There was no insurance on the court house; loss, \$20,000.

CLEVELAND, Jaduary 5.—At 8.15 o'clock this morning a wild shout of "fire" was heard from the direction of the public square, and a moment later the agonized screams of several women were heard near the stage door of the Park Theatre.
The thermometer stood at 10° below zero, and the
fire department, which responded promptly,
worked with the greatest difficulty. The water
troze as it fell, and the hose frequently burst. By worked with the greatest difficulty. The water froze as it fell, and the hose frequently burst. By the time the firemen arrived the entire interior of the theatre was a mass of flames, which soon communicated to the remainder of the block, of which the pretty little Bijou was a part. For more than an hour the fire raged through that ill-fated building without advancing beyond it, and the spectators began to hope that the First Presbyterian Church, one of the oldest and finest structures in the cny, which occupies the corner of the square and Ontario street, and adjoins the Wick block on the east, would be saved, but about the time the flames reached the front of the block the church was found to be on fire in the interior. The intense heat ignited the timbers of the ceiling of the auditorium, and the interior was a mass of flame. By the superhuman efforts of the firemen the flames were confined to these two buildings. The falling of the rear wall of the theatre has damaged buildings between that and St. Clair street to some exteut. The fire was under control by I o'clock this attençoon. The firemen were nearly dead from cold, and their clothing was covered with ice. Two men were slightly injured. The origin of the fire was from a gas explosion in the metre room. The janitor went into the room with a lighted torch about 8.15 o'clock, and immediately the explosion took place. He was thrown back upon the stage some sixteen feet and badly burned. The seenery and files caught from this, and before any organized effort to sunpress the flames could be made they had gone beyond all centrol. The new Park Theatre was built at a cost of over \$200,000 by Henry Wick & Sons, bankers. The insurance on the theatre and building was but \$30,000. The total loss occasioned by the fire will be \$225,000, on which there is a total insurance of \$100.000. The total loss occasioned by the fire will be \$225,000,000 by the programme at the last performance was the following: "It must be remembered that this is the only fireproof theatre o

piosion, is painfully but not seriously injured. It is a remarkable fact that under all the circumstances no one was kuled during the entire conflagration.

ESCAPED MARVELLOUSLY.

Chicago's Finest French Flat Building Burned-One Hundred and Fifty People Barely Save Tueir Lives.

CHICAGO. January 5. — The magnificent six-story building known as the Beaurivage, on the lake front, laid out in flats, all of which are occu-pied by the best families, was burned early this morning. One hundred and fifty tenants escaped

morning. One hundred and fifty tenants escaped in their night clothes.

The Beaurivage was the finest French flat building in the entire West. It covered nearly one-third of a quadrangle block and was of brick, six stories high, with elaborate marble trimmings. The residence quarter was appronched through a spacious courtyard, with a central fountain and other ornate decerations. The cost was nearly \$250,000. There were three flats on each floor, all inhabited by prominent families to the aggregate of 150 souls. Among the residents was ex-Governor Bross and family. Most of the flats were luxuriously fitted, some containing pictures and other valuables worth thousands of dollars. Considering the fact that every soul in the building was asleep when the fire started, it is miraculous that there was no loss of life.

The scenes which transpired were thrilling. On the top floor was a family consisting of husband, wife and four children. Several male lodgers on the lower floor, although clad only in hight suits, rushed up the stairs, seized the children and carried them down the tron fire-escape, the husband following with his wife on his shoulders. An invalid lady was lowered from a window by straps and caught in mid-air from a window by straps and caught in mid-air from a window by traps and caught in mid-air from a window by traps

awoke his servants and guests and sent them with blankets to meet the unfortunates as they came out, and likewise placed ail his vacant rooms at their disposal. The loss on the building is placed at \$100,000; insurance, \$90,000; and on the contents, loss \$100,000; insurance small,

A Big Bakery Burned.

CHICAGO, January 6 .- At 1 o'clock this morning this city was visited by the fourth conflagration that has exhausted the efforts of the fire department within twenty-four hours. The department within twenty-four hours. The extensive cake and cracker bakery of F. A. Kennedy & Co. on Desplaines street was found in flames, originating from the boiler room. The company employed 150 men and these will be thrown out of employment. The cold was so intense that several firemen were nearly frozen to death. The insurance on the building and centents was \$60,000. The total loss is not far from \$140,000.

GREAT FIRE IN ST. LOUIS.

Efforts of the Firemen Paralyzed by the Intense Cold-The Loss Will Probably

Reach One Million Dollars. ST. Louis, January 5 .- At 10 o'clock tonight Burroughs, Comstock & Co. Furniture Company's building, on Fourth street, near Locust, was destroyed by fire. An alarm was sounded from the People's Theatre adjoining, while "Nobody's Claim" was on the boards. Smoke appeared from the files. The audience made a break for the doors, and the theatre was quickly emptied. doors, and the theatre was quickly emptied. No one, however, was hurt. The flames broke out over the theatre among some chemicals belonging to a drug store. Burroughs, Comstock & Co. had the largest stock of fine furniture in Missouri. It was completely ruined by fire and water. At midnight the fire was still burning furlously and threatened to consume the whole block bounded by Third, Fourth, Locust and St. Charles streets. The loss on the furniture and building is \$125,000, with \$90,000 insurance.

LATER.—The Goodycar Rubber Company's place is in flames. Their loss will be \$225,000, carrying equal insurance. The great building of Merrick, Walsh & Phelps has just caught and is probably doomed. At this hour, 12.15 a. m., it looks as though the rest of the block, valued at \$1,000,000, cannot be saved. The intense cold paralyzes the efforts of the firemen.

ST. Louis, January 7.—Chief Sexton was over-come by smoke at the rules of the Fourth street nearly forty hours he had been standing out in the cold, covered with ice, directing the movements of his firemen, and was almost worn out from work and exposure, and the inhaing of some dense smoke completely prostrated him. He was carried away from the fire in an insensible condition. He was put to bed at home, and all the afternoon was delirious and gave orders to his men as if he were still at the fire. He is now reported much better, and no danger is apprehended.

WELLSVILLE, O., January 5.—The residence of Milton Highland, at Mechanicstown, a few miles west of this place, was burned at an early hour yesterday, and two of his children, Grace and Mollie, aged 4 and 7 respectively, perished in the flames. Before retiring for the night a member of the family hung some clothing near a grate to dry, and this taking some clothing near a grate to dry, and this taking fire caused the calamity. About 2 o'clock Highland's eldest daughter was awakened by hearing a cracking noise, and finding her room filled with smoke realized in a moment that the house was on fire. She made heroic struggles to reach the room of her little sisters, a few rooms distant from her own, but the flerce flames and stifling smoke prevented her. She then, being badly burned, leaped from the window to the ground below, and succeeded in awaking her mother and other members of the family, barely in time to save their lives. The house being in an isolated situation, no neighbors were available to render any assistance, and the father of the family was absent in Indiana on business. This morning the charred remains of the little ones were recovered from the ruins and prepared for burial.

KNAPP'S CREEK, N. Y., January 5.—Yesterday afternoon the residence of Silas Garver, about two miles from here, was burned, and three children, one a babe six months old, and the oldest aged 7, perished in the flames. The cause of the fire was defective gas connections.

Many Firms Burned Out. KALAMAZOO, Mich., January 5.—A large three-story frame business building at Lagrange, Ind.,

known as the Will block, was burned early this morning, and with it five stores. Will & Clugston, dry goods dealers, are the principal losers. Loss, \$50,000. ST. Louis, January 5.—This morning the charred body of Aunt Phœbe Crown was found

In the smoking ruins of her cabin, where she had lived for forty years, in the outskirts of the vil-lage of Brooklyn, Ill., a few miles up the river from St. Louis. Phæbe was over 100 years old. A DESTUCTIVE TORRENT.

Supposed Loss of Six Lives, With Much Mining Property.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., January 1.—At 6 o'clock this morning the dam at the Huron mine, near Houghton, gave way before the torrent, destroy-

ing much property and washing away like straws the houses of E. C. Raymond and E. S. Cleaver & Son, and demolishing a portion of the latter's foundry. It is supposed that Raymond, who is teller in the First National Bank of Houghton, his son and servant girl, Mrs. J. W. Raymond, wife of the clerk of the Allouez mine, his son and the watchman of the foundry all lost their lives, as they have not since been seen. There is great excitement.

EXPOSURE AND WANT.

son, who died while on her way from Boston to
this city, where her husband resides, was not, as
erroneously stated, brutally treated by an
officer of the Allan line of steamers.
She came on the steamer Austrian, and
landed at Boston. Her husband had purchased
for her and her son two full railroad tickets, and
the company made the mistake of giving her only
one and a half. In consequence she was ejected
from several trains and died from exposure and
want. The railroad company will be sued.

WHEELING, January 7.—Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Jane Peterson sent her two little daughters. aged 10 and 5 years, on an errand to a neighbor's about a mile distant. They reached their destination safely, but on their return, being poorly clad, both were overcome by the intense cold, and late in the day were found lying in the street, frozen. Their recovery is extremely doubtful.

AN AWFUL HORROR.

Death and Destruction on the Grand Trunk.

A Suburban Passenger Train Full of Workmen Run Down By a Freight.

Nearly Half a Hundred Lives Sacrificed -- Terrible Sufferings.

OTTAWA, Ont., January 2 .- A terrible accident courred near Humber this morning on the Great Western division of the Grand Trunk railway, by which twenty-seven men lost their lives and from twenty to thirty more were fatally or very seri-

ously injured.

A suburban train, composed of one coach attached to a dummy engine, left Toronto about 7 o'clock with between fifty and sixty employes of the Toronto Belt Works on board. When near Humber a special freight train from the west was observed thundering along the track, approaching them. The drivers on each reversed his engine and the uburban train was almost brought to a standstill. Not so, however, with the freight. It was on a steep grade. The brakes had little effect, and in a moment the worst had come. The heavy freight locomotive, with its train of laden cars behind it, drove the dummy engine clean through the car to which it was attached and mounted both, piling the freight cars still higher. What had before been a car full of strong and hearty men became in an instant

A Sickening Death-Trap filled with mangled, bleeding humanity, and a second later the boiler of the dummy engine ex-

filled with mangled, bleeding humanity, and a second later the boiler of the dummy engine exploded, and steam and water scalded and carried death or more awful injuries to the majority of the poor creatures. But this was not all. Fire followed and completed the calamity. The air was filled with shrieks and groans. Those who escaped mjury and were able to do anything at once set to work to extricate those whom it was possible to save. The agonies of the sufferers were indescribable. Lying out in the grey dawn of the cold winter morning the poor fellows piteously besought those near them to pour water upon their scalded limbs and bodies, or to do anything to ease their intolerable rain.

Word was at once sent to the city and a relief train, with five surgeons, was quickly forwarded to the scene of disaster. The work of bearing the injured from the wreck to the passenger car awaiting them was enough to appal the stoutest beart. A relief party was obliged to drag, tear men from under the wreck, notwithstanding their groans and cries. They had to work slowly while from every side came heartrending appeals for assistance from men who were compelled to simply await their turn, and in waiting suffered untold tortures. A car load of dead and injured was soon on its way to the city station. News of the calamity had gone before, and a crowd had gathered. An ambulance wagon and several cabs and 'buses were in waiting. When the irain came to a stop, a large crowd with blanched faces gathered to witness the bearing away of the wounded. One man after another was tenderly taken out of the car and transferred to a conveyance, and taken to the hospital. Many in the crowd turned away and

Streng Men Wept.

Strong Men Wept.

brushing their tears away with their mittened hands. When all the wounded were gone two trightful-looking objects were borne from the car to the baggage room, and the crowd raised their hats, awe-stricken at the presence of death. The baggage room heid the remains of two corpses, mangled and injured almost beyond recognition.

At the place of the accident the scene was a horrible one. Splinters of wood and broken iron were covered with blood, and mangled bodies were lying in every position under the wreck. The snow was red with blood and the ground was strewn with heads, arms and human entraits.

The two trains were completely interlocked. The dummy boiler was torn bodily off its frame and driven with terrific force midway into the foremost car, while the clumsy car itself was ground to pleces beneath the locomotive. The first passenger car was a terrible wreds, and several hours elapsed before the poor fellows who were buriful beneath the debris could be extricated. Auxilous hoursers were constantly arriving and peering frightful-looking objects were borne from the car beneath the debris could be extricated. Advious inquirers were constantly arriving, and peering beneath coverings to see if they could recognize a friend or relative, dreading what thay night see, yet unable to bear the dreadful suspense of uncertainty.

Inside the suburban front car, which had contained nearly all the passengers, were yet several

Inside the suburban front car, which had contained nearly all the passengers, were yet several dead bodies, all fearfully mangled, burnt and scalded, but in such positions that the task of extricating them was one of immense difficulty. One man lay right beneath the cylinder of the duminy, and several more were under the boiler. Death in many cases must have been instantaneous.

As nearly all on the cars were either killed, fatally injured or maimed, and as they comprise nearly the whole staff of employes at the Humber Belt Works, the place will be shut down until a new staff can be engaged by John Livingstone, who is at present in New York.

scriptions in Relief of Their Families

TORONTO, January 5.—Today eighteen of the victims of the recent railway disaster were buried. The city was draped in mourning, business houses were closed, and the funeral procession included the volunteers, corporation, police force and citizens, and was the largest that has taken place in the volunteers, corporation, police force and citizens, and was the largest that has taken place in the city since the funeral of the volunteers who fell in the Ridgeway battle, in 1866. The cries of the widows and orphans in the procession in some cases almost drowned the music of the band, and were most pitlful to hear.

The bodies were taken to the City Hall, where the corlege formed. The procession was headed by the police force, led by the Grenadier band; after them came the bodies in sleighs draped with mourning. Then came the bolt works employes and the Royal Grenadiers, 700 strong; the Queen's Own, 900 strong; the Trades Council and Trades Union; the Orangemen; the Hibernians; the Mayor and members of the City Council in carriages and citizens generally. Full 30,000 persons took part either in the procession or as spectators. A remarkable feature of the turnout was the good feeling displayed by Orangemen and Hibernians. They walked side by side, wearing their respective colors, and their bands playing a funeral air. There were five bands in the line. The different bells tolled, and the flags were at half-mast on all public buildings. In Yonge street the procession separated, the Catholies going to St. Michael's cemetery and the Protestants to the St. James burying-ground.

Actions amounting to nearly \$2,000,000 are to be brought against the Grand Trunk railroad, and it is thought that most of the cases will be successful, as the accident is clearly proven to have been taken up here, amounting to over \$5000, for the families of the victims. Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, contributed \$250. It is thought the amount will be increased to \$10,000 next week, as the relatives of the killed and wounded will require money in the actions against the Grand Trunk. Already half of those in the train at the time of the accident have died, but it is thought that all now alive will recover, though some will be maimed for life.

STOCK TRAINS SNOWED IN.

CHICAGO, January 7.—The train of cattle cars, which was snowed in on Wednesday on the Wabash road about ten miles south of the stock yards, was dugout yesterday. There were twenty ears, containing 330 head of cattle and two cars loaded with bogs. Owing to the flerce wind the snow was blown back as fast as it was removed. Word was on Thursday sent to the city for help, and 100 men were sent out. After a hard day's work without success they returned, many of them having suffered greatly from the cold. The animals suffered terribly, and out of the total number eight died. Of the two carloads of hogs thirty-four succumbed to the cold. Passenger trains will be run out on the Wabash this morning, the road now being clear. On the Chicago & East Illinois a good many stock trains have been delayed, and on Saturday the Illinois Central refused to take stock. However, it is expected that all the roads will be in running order today.

Anderson, Iud., January 3.—Peter Davis, the 8-year-old son of a farmer in this county, is afflicted with a malady that baffles medical skill. Yesterday the boy complained of a chill, which soon gave way to a violent fever, flecks of froth appearing on his lips. He commenced whining and barking like a dog, and went into spasnas. He broke three teeth by snapping his jaws. Though small it required three men to hold him. Water drives him frantle, yet he complains of thirst. From noon Tuesday until yesterday morning he went through eight spasms. The physicians deny

that he has hydrophobia, but decide that he is suffering from a nervous disorder which will cause his death from exhaustion. The boy's father states that the lad has never been bitten, except about two years ago, when a Spitz dog slightly wounded his hand.

A Romeo Endeavors to Secure His Impris-

BENSATIONAL LOVE AFFAIR.

oned Juliet by Writ of Habeas Corpus. FOSTORIA, O., January 1 .- A remarkable sensation was caused on the streets by the announce-ment that a sheriff had arrived here from Tiffin,O., to serve a writ of babeas corpus on the daughter of one of the prominent citizens of our town, who was said to be locked up in her father's house. It seems that the young lady had a lover that the parents did not look upon with favor, and who was forbidden the house. But the two met clandestinely, courted and became engaged. Meanwhile a second lover made his appearance, and for the last six months has paid her marked attention. Lover No. 1, finding himself in danger of losing his prize, made arrangements to elope, but unwisely confided the secret to several friends. The facts came to the hearing of the girl's parents, who, it is said, took effective measures of thwarting their designs by locking the young lady in her house, Lover No. 1, who, by the way, is a prominent young German business man of the town, learning the facts, went to Tiffin and had issued a writ of habeas corpus, intending to marry the father became white with rage, the mother went into spasms, and for a while her life was despaired of, while crowds gathered at the house with revolvers, causing intense excitement. Had the lover appeared at the house with the sheriff there is but little doubt that a terriparents did not look upon with favor, and who was spaired of, while crowds gathered at the house with revolvers, causing intense excitement. Had the lover appeared at the house with the sheriff there is but little doubt that a terrible tragedy would have occurred, as both parties were deadly in earnest. In the dilemma the girl's parents sent for a minister and endeavored to have her marry lover No. 2, who was by her side, but she refused, and, under the circumstances, her mother lying unconscious in spasms, refused to go with the sheriff. Thus matters now stand. The case creates hitense excluement, on account of the high standing of the girl, who is a very pretty young lady, about 25 years old. Lover No. 1 had furnished her an elaborate trousseau, which, it is stated, she made up at the house of a mutual friend. Public sympathy is evenly divided between the parents of the girl and her lover.

COVERNORS NOT IN GOOD CRACE. Changes Probably to be Made in Several of

the Territories. WASHINGTON, January 3 .- It is reported at the White House that Governor Murray of Utah will not be continued in office. He is anxious to be retained, and his annual report on the Mormon question was a bid in that direction. The Utah compissioners are however, convinced that he is not the man to represent the government at Salt Lake City, and have indirectly suggested that when his term expires, this month, a new man be selected. Murray is a Kentuckian who served with Presi-Murray is a Kentuckian who served with President Hayes during the war, and on that score was given the place. President Arthur has taken such positive grounds upon the Mormon question that he wants a governor in Utah who will use the office unfineningly against polygamy. Governor Newell of Washington Territory retires in April. He is unpopular there, and is not a candidate for another term. The belief is prevalent here that L. S. Howlett, formerly of Worcester, Mass., and more recently a journalist here, will be selected. The charges of bribery against Governor Ordway have not been received in Washington. So many allegations against him have been made, and the dissatisfaction with him in Dakota so well understood, that no surprise is caused by the latest accusations. His term does not expire until June, but a reappointment in his case is improbable. Governor Sheldon of Arizona is not in good grace, but, having been a personal friend of General Garheld, he will not be disturbed.

THE YOUNG AMERICA.

The Last of the Clippers Sold to an Aus-

trian House-Her Quick Passages. ship Young America, which has been in this port for some weeks, has been sold to an Austrian out doubt the last representative of a fleet that electrified the world with its wonderful speed. She was sold for \$15,000, and is at present in better order, it is thought, than any other ship of her age affoat. She was one of the first (and few) sailing ships that were diagonally braced on the inside of their frames with iron straps, to withstand the racking stress and strain of their tremendons spars. Her first captain was D.S. Eshcoick, the presidence and Stonington S. S. Company. Sne was only 100 days in coming from San Francisco to this port on her last trip, including a stop at Rio Janeiro, and she is credited with making the same passage heretofore in eighty-one and eighty-three days respectively. In the run from Liverpool, Eng., to San Francisco she has made the quickest time on record—13,800 miles in ninety-six days. None of her contemporary craft, ships that were as long and as sharp and as heavily sparred, and with a like small ratio of displacement to cardinal dimensions, are now affoat. The Young America was built in 1853, and is 233 feet long, 43 feet wide, 26 feet deep and loads to 22 feet draught of water. With a bow keen as a steamboat, the beam of a frigate and the stern of a yacht, she is a pleasing contrast to other craft, and when one looks aloft and the deep courses and long yards swung over so graceful a model, the skill of New York mechanics and the thoroughness of their handlwork in bygone days are exemplified in this, the last of the clipper fleet, appears wonderful—creditable indeed to all concerned in her production.

CHICAGO, January 4.—There was a full meeting today of all the representatives of the Western rairoads interested in the tripartite compact, including Vice-President Hayes of the Missouri-Pacific, who for several days has been snowed in. With the single exception of the Burlington & Quincy all the roads have entered the agreement. Vice-President and General Margar & Quincy all the roads have entered the agreement. Vice-President and General Manager Potter of that road declared himself fully authorized to refuse to enter the combination under any circumstances. It was then proposed to him that the Burlington should avert trouble by pooling its carnings with the roads of the combination. Mr. Potter took two weeks to consider the proposition. To a reporter he stated that it was extremely doubtful it the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road would ever recognize the triparke compact, and that in any event his road was abundantly able to take care of itself. Railroad men are much excited over the turn of affairs and expect confidently that January 17 will inaugurate one of the most bitter and extensive rate wars in both passenger and freight business ever known.

BIGGAR AGAIN TALKS.

What He Says of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and His Property.

DUBLIN, January 3.—Despite the proclamation of the lord-lieutenant prohibiting a gathering of the Nationalists at Cootehill, County Cavan, Tuesday. Hon. J. C. Biggar and members of the organizing committee of the Irish National organizing committee of the Irish National League arrived at the depot there, and were enthusiastically received by a large crowd. The magistrates and a force of police were also present at the depot. The magistrates handed Mr. Biggar a copy of the proclamation, prohibiting the meeting. Mr. Biggar mounted a car and drove off, followed by his friends and the police, the latter preventing any assembly of the crowd in mass meeting, as was expected. At a dinner given in his honor in the evening by the Nationalists, Mr. Biggar made an address, in which he said that he was not aware how Earl Spencer, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a title to his property; but unless some successful prostitute or church robber amassed it years ago, Earl Spencer would probably at the present day have been a drunken house breaker.

MURDER OF A BEAUTIFUL RUNAWAY. Her Frezen Body Found in a Creek-Ar-

ELMIRA, N. Y., January 7.—The girl who was found cut, bruised and frozen in the creek at Carr's corners yesterday was named Fannie Gaskell Watkins. She had been murdered near the Old Rebel cemetery. A man ramed Michael Hackett, a boiler maker, is under arrest on suspicion. Hackett was last seen in the girl's company. Theyquarrelled and Hackett threatened her life. She was not seen alive again. She was a beautiful blonde, who ran away from home last week. Her father has been in the city looking for her. The police think the girl was murdered in the city and her body taken to this out-of-theway place and hidden. A coroner's jury is now in session investigating the case.

The lady who was taken home in a tainting fit New Year's night had been the "she" in the following: She—"I trust that with the new year my pneumonia has left me." He—"Well, this is not new-moon year." When she reproached him the next morning for his thoughtlessness and inaccuracy the villain replied, "I thought I knew mo'n yer." It was hard digging the grave, the ground is frozen so deep. The epitaph will read: "Kind friends, please breathe a new mean han."

ORANGE ATTACKS GREEN.

Details of the Riot at Dromore, County Down.

A Number of Persons Wounded, Nearly All in the Charge by the Military.

Nationalists Escorted to a Place of Safety by the Military.

DUBLIN, January 2 .- Farticulars of the trouble

between the Orangemen and Nationalists in County Down show that the trouble was even of a more serious nature than at first supposed. Several large bodies of Orangemen, with bands of eral large bodies of Orangemen, with bands of music and colors flying, met at Dungannon, in Tyrone county, yesterday morning. Dromore, being by rail forty miles from Dungannon, and the trains slow in moving, the Orange organizations marched across country, only twenty-seven miles. The bodies were under command of Graud Master Stewart Knox, one of the leading Conservatives of Uister, and Lord Caledon, a young Irish peer, who holds a representative seat in the House of Lords and a captain's commission in the Inniskilling Fusileers, and whose mother, the dowager countess of Caledon, is a lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen.

The Nationalists, who had made the announcement of a meeting at Dromore some weeks since, met in the Catholic chapel at Dungannon. Several organizations marched from the chapel in military order under the leadership of T. D. Sullivan and W. O'Brien, both members of Farliament, and members of the organizing commistee of the Nationalists committee. Soon after they left the chapel the Orangemen charged upon a section of the Nationalists from Tuiliek, a small town near Dungamon. The military interfered and proceeded to clear the streets, after protecting the Nationalists from their assallants. Three members of the Nationalists' band were also arrested for carrying revolvers.

On reaching Dromore the Orange meeting was music and colors flying, met at Dungannon, in

streets, after protecting the Nationalists' band were also arrested for carrying revolvers.

On reaching Dromore the Orange meeting was called within sight of the place which the Nationalists had selected for their meeting, in a large open field. There were about 2000 persons present, and the meeting was conducted in a very loud, boisterous and noisy manner. Colonel Stuart Knox presided, and among the speakers were Lord George Hamilton, Lord Claude Hamilton, Major Hamilton and Lord Caledon. Colonel Knox accused the government of trying to secure the Nationalist vote by prohibiting loyal and covertly permitting Parnellite meetings. A long string of resolutions were passed opposing extension of the franchise in Ireland; condemning the action of the government in allowing seditious meetings in Ulster; opposing home rule in Ireland, and indorsing Lord Rossmore's actions at Rosslea. The Nationalist meeting was held in another large field, and the opposing factions were kept apart by bedies of cavalry, infantry and constabulary. Even this large police force was almost unable to prevent a collison.

In the evening, as the meetings were being brought to a close, and the mee on both sides were becoming more and more excited from the effects of the stirring addresses and an occasional nip of liquor, several attempts were made at an attack, and the military force had great difficulty in preserving the peace. Once, while the cavalrymen were dispersing a noisy and riotous gathering, Michael McGivan, a young man from Dungaannon, was mortally wounded in the abdomen, and this morning is reported dying.

After the close of the meeting the Orangemen became much excited. A large body of them made a detour across the field, and, in spite of the utmost exertions of the police, suddenly charged down upon the Nationalists, singing "God Savethe Queen," "Rule, Britannia," and other British Songs, and giving three cheers for Queen Victoria. For some time there was a dioting the excited. A large body of them made a detour across the fiel

WILL PENDLETON WITHDRAW? Payne's Success in the Ohio Senatorial Con-

test Almost Certain. COLUMBUS, January 5 .- The situation in the senatorial contest now points unmistakably to the nomination of Mr. Payne. During the day repeated overtures have been made to Hon. Allen G. Thurman by the Pendieton and Ward forces, with the hope of drawing him from his retirement in order to defeat Mr. Payne. Judge Thurman has remained proof to all blandishments, however, and states emphatically tonight that he does not wish to have any more propositions made to him. He goes so far as to say that he would not accept the nomination even if made by acclamation. If looks more and more as though Mr. Pendieton would withdraw before the caucus takes place. His forces were completely routed to-day in the egucus held for the nomination of officers in the Senate and Assembly. All save one of the caucus nominees of today are men known to be friendly to Mr. Payne's interests, and the nomination of course showed very conclusively the relative strength of Payne and Pendieton with the members. At the joint caucus this evening it was deelded to hold the senatorial caucus on Tuesday evening next. Both chairman and secretary were elected in the interest of Mr. Payne. General Ward says that he is in the fight to stay and will gather much strength from the followers of Mr. Pendleton, if the latter withdraws, It is reported that in order to mollify Ward and induce him to withdraw in favor of Pendleton, the hitter agrees to have a redistributing act passed by the Legislature, to give a Democratic majority in the third district, and thus allow Ward to get to Congress next fall. The latter indignantly refuses to accept this, saying that he has been put off with promises on too many previous occasions, and that now he will contend for the substantialities and not be put off with further vapory promises. Present figures on the strength of the various candidates, in each case from authoritative sources, are as follows: Payne, 53: Pendieton, 18. The caucus nominated Hon. Elmer White of Defiance president pro tem of the Senate, and Hon. A. D. Marsh of Mercer for speaker of the House.

THE TERROR OF CONCRESSMEN. Reason of Huntington's Lieutenants Got ting to Work-His Expected Arrival.

Washington, January 7.—Huntington is coming here. He usually stops at Willard's, where he has been fond of entertaining congressional he has been fond of entertaining congressional friends. This time he has engaged quarters at Wornley's, where he will be more retired. He will come to converse with Sherrell, his lieutenant. Huntington does not seem to comprehend the full effect of his published correspondence. Sherrell does, however, and, it is understood, has given Huntington to understand that there is not much use in his trying to do business here this whater. In reality there is a regular panie among members and senators about this Huntington exposure. He will hardly obtain any favors from this Congress. The average senator or representative would start on a dead run to get away from his contaminating presence. There is a very uneasy feeling among some of the statesmen who were in Congress at the time the letters were written. Cobb has said he intends to bring in this week a bill forfeiting the Texas Pacific grant, and it is this summary action that has set Huntington's lieutenants hard at work.

PANAMA, December 25.—A fearful hurricane occurred on the Mexican coast, November 4, which entirely destroyed the town of Altata, at the port of that name. Not a house remained standing and vessels and launches at anchor suffered severely.

AROUND THE FARM

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD. SOROHUM AND BEET SUGARS.

It has been demonstrated by repeated trials that land that will produce fifty bushels of corn to the acre will yield from 200 to 250 gallons of sorghum syrup, and each gallon of syrup will give mine and one mail pounds of sugar, or about 2000 pounds to the acre. The sugar will bring five cents a pound at wholesale, and the whole cost of producing it, charging up to cost, the seed, cultiration, and all steps entering into the growth, is two and one-half cents a pound, giving a net profit

It has been clearly shown by recent experiments that sugar can be profitably made from sorghum, and it is only a question of time when this country will produce from cane sorghum, and beets, without the maple, all the sugar the country will consume, from the cane in the extreme South, from sorghum in the Middle States, and from beets in the more Northern States.

Beet sugar from Germany is now imported in large quantities in competition with cane sugar from tropical climates, and there is no reason why it cannot be made here 23 cheap as it is in

The difficulty has been to get the beets raised. Farmers prefer to raiss other crops requiring less labor, and consequently less profit, from the farm. For the factory at Fortland, Me., contracts were made with 120% farmers to produce 1700 tons of beets. No business can be a success conducted

under such circumstances.

Too much capital was invested for the amount produced, and as beets could not be procured to keep it in operation, it was only a question of time when the interest would eat up the capital. The only way to save it was to have raised the beets themselves to have furnished the stock to

work in their factory.

The growing of material to make sugar from, and the manufacture of refined sugar, which is now generally used, are two branches of business, and large quantities of molasses and raw sugar are imported and refined here; the refineries already established would purchase all the raw sugar that would be made for some time, and as the production increased other refineries could be established in other localities as they were needed, but until the business is firmly established it is safer to manufacture the syrups, from what-ever material produced, into raw sugar, and that will command a price within a fraction of a cent of the value of refined sugar, less the cost of refluing it. Sorghum and beet juice and maple sap can be boiled down in the evaporators now in use and converted into raw sugar as easily as from cane juice, and we certainly have as much intelligence, or can acquire as much as they possess in Cuba Louisiana or Germany, and raw sugar produced here will command as good a price as that from other places, and for a time the necessity of large amounts of capital to invest in machinery to refine the sugar would not be needed, neither would the skilled laber to operate the machinery. Land that will produce fifty bushels of corn to the acre will, with proper cultivation, produce 1000 bushels of sugar beets to the acre, the cost of producing which should not be over \$60 per acre. With the improved cider presses now in use a bushel of sugar beets will yield five gallons of juice, or 5000 gallons per acre, and this will produce 4800 pounds of raw sugar, at a profit of \$60 per acre—

Some of our elder mills where they make cider felly could easily, after they had finished making elder and jelly, if they had some sugar beets to work up, continue their mills in operation several months longer, requiring no increase of capital only for the purchase of the sugar beets, and their investment would be enhanced in value by their ability to keep it longer in operation during the

Hon. Seth Adams, who was a practical mechanic, nd who built one of the most perfect sugar refineries in this country, after thoroughly examin-ing those in operation in Europe, and who was also largely interested pecuniarily in its opera-tions, told the writer that if he was s younger man in his former health, he should enter into the manufacture of beet sugar in already established, depending on other markets for the raw sugar they now refine, could, by proper effort on their part, encourage the raising of sugar beets and the production of raw sugar here, enough to keep themselves supplied. We have the land in close preximity, as ferble and well adapted the growing of root crops, as any in the world, on lines of railroads, or those contemplated at the West. Our manufacturing interests, under our so-called protective policy, which does not protect labor, has diverted us from agriculture, our farms have been neglected, and, in too many cases, abandoned, while the manufacturing interest has increased faster than the consumption, resulting in the stoppage of some mills, to enable consumption to overtake production. This necessitates the throwing out of employment many people and a reduction of wages to those who still remain at

Those who have farms, but a small part of which are tilled, have the opportunity to get labor at less prices, and will be able to cultivate more land, for land unproductive is of no value, but a burden in loss of interest and taxes. The hay crop of Massachusetts in 1880 was in round numbers, 800,000 acres, against 150,000 of all other crops. This crop requires little labor, and is generally considered profitable, but is it so compared

with other crops which require more labor?
At a farmers' meeting, some time since, a paper was read on the hay crop by a farmer who makes this crop a specialty, and, so far as could be judged, it was generally concurred in, which led me to estimate the cost of his hay, which I made

Twenty loads of manure would weigh at least ing qualities it contains. The composition of good unfermented yard manure, as estimated by Sir J. B. Lawes, which estimate agrees with estimates by Bousingault, Voelcher and others, is as follows: In one ton, more than 90 per cent. water and wood, or in ten tons:

 Water
 14,000 lbs

 Dry matter
 6,000 lbs

 Minerals
 555 lbs

 Phosphoric acld, as phosphate of lime
 100 lbs

 Potash
 105 lbs

 Nitrogen
 130 lbs

Two tons of hav would abstract from the soil: 52 ths nitrogen, or 78 ths less than applied in 10 tons manure 69 hbs potash, or 36 hbs less than applied in 10

tons manure
17 his phosphoric acid, or 83 his less than applied in ten tons manure
As many farmers are raising hay in this manner

it is easy to see that the raw material (manure) does not produce of the manufactured article (the erop raised) as much value as the raw material cost and the cost of labor bestowed and interest

will find it more profitable to employ more labor and raise tilled crops, and as there is now a bounty offered by the State on sugar beet and sorghum crops it will be an object to raise them. The pulp from the sugar beets and the seed from the sorghum will be good substitutes for hay to feed the stock. In this section, having no mills adapted to working sorghum, and being able to use the cider mills to grind and press the beets, it will be better to raise sugar beets here for this purpose, while at the West, where they have formerly raised sorghum for syrup, and have mills adapted to work that product, they will be more likely to grow sorghum, as it requires less labor, which is less plentiful there than here, and the soil is beter adapted for it than for beets. A. H. W.

roper care of the milk is an essential requisite to successful winter dairying. Formerly, through mismanagement in the care of the milk, only very inferior butter was made during the winter, and not much of that. It was not thought possible to make a real indee quality of butter in the winter, and nearly every dairyman planned to have his cows go dry in the winter. Of late years, however, it has been found that butter of just as good quality can be made in winter as in summer, and large quantities are now produced during that season. Some dairymen find it most profitable to do most of their butter making in winter, and let the cows go dry in the hot months of summer, just reversing the former practice. Better prices prevail in winter; there is more leisure at that season for attending to the dairy, and by having the cows come in some

time in the fall or first of the winter, feeding good food and keeping them warm and comfortable, nearly or quite as much milk can be obtained in winter as in summer. It is just as easy to manage the milk in a proper manner in winter as in summer. It is quite as easy to regulate the temperature of the milk reom in winter as in summer, and upon a proper regulation of the temperature depends to a large extent the success of dairying in winter. The method of setting milk is important. Some prefer the deep setting, and others the method of setting in shallow pans. Some interesting experiments have been made in Germany at the Radon experiment settion, in Mecklenburg, to determine the best method of setting milk. The experiments were made especially to determine how completely the cream was separated by the Swartz system of deep setting, at a temperature of 36° to 40°, and also the length of time which should be allowed for the cream to rise in order to secure the best results. The tin vessels used for setting were of the usual shape, sixteen to eighteen inches deep, and held about sixty-six pounds of milk. Parallel experiments were also made by the Holstein method, which had been in force in that part of Germany, and which consists in setting the milk is shallow pans, so that the milk is not more than two inches deep, and keeping the temperature between 54° and 59°. The average result of these experiments showed that, with the deep setting at 40°, the yield of fat was about 2 per cent. more than with the Holstein method of shallow stein methods at 57°, at the end of twelve and also twenty-four hours, but after thirty-six hours there was very little difference between the yield by the two methods, although what difference there was was in favor of the Holstein method of shallow setting. In the report of these experiments the superintendent of the station says: "We see that in the first case as in the second. Such observations as these, repeatedly made, have raised the much-vexed question, What temperature is best for

ing cream? But such a question is not fairly put. In neither method does the milk for the whole twelve hours keep the same temperature. From the time the milk is set in ice-water its temperature changes from minute to minute, sinking, without interruption, till at last it reaches about the temperature of the surrounding water, and from then on is nearly stationary. The question would be better but thus: Does rapid or slow cooling give the larger yield of fat within a reasonable time? To the first question, what constant temperature; that is, unchanging from the time of skimming, is most favorable? the author, on theoretical grounds, supported, too, by observation, would answer, a higher temperature than obtains in the Swartz system. The milk serum becomes naore and more dense as the temperature sinks, and offers increased resistance to the rise of the butter globules. But to the other question, which method of cooling, slow or rapid, will give the larger yield of fat within a reasonable time, he would answer, rapid cooling is preferable. The more quickly the milk cools from the sides and the bottom of the vessel in which it stands, and, in consequence of this, the more promptly the perpendicular currents through the milk, to and from the surface, are checked, the sooner can the butter globules move freely and without interrubtion to the surface. At the same time it should be borne in mind that the cooling should not go below a certain point, for, as it approaches 32°, the serum becomes thicker, and the subsequent rise of the butter glebules is very slow. In accord with this view, is the observation that by the Holstein method, where the temperature never goes very slowly after the minimum has been reached."

There is no doubt that a rapidly-falling temperature is falling, though only gradually, the rising of the cream is rounded. The rise of cream, but as soon as the temperature never goes very slowly after the minimum has been reached."

There is no doubt that a rapidly-falling temperature is falling, though o

How to Cure Egg Eating.

Sometimes the habit is formed by the carelessness of the kitchen maid or housekeeper in throwing the egg-shells into the pail and giving them with the other waste to the hens. This should never be done if you want the hens to respect their never be done if you want the hens to respect their own eggs. Understanding the cause of this untriffy habit, it is not very difficult to provide a remedy. From a recent experience we have found that the habit is very much broken by an abundant supply of crushed shells, it had grown so bad in a flock of twenty light Brahmas, owing to neglect of this ration, that they devoured every egg, without the closest watching, at the cackle of every laying hen. Giving the shells every mornneglect of this ration, that they devoured every egg, without the closest watching, at the cackle of every laying lien. Giving the shells every morning the craving ceased, and we found the eggs remaining in the nests undisturbed. As an assistant to this remedy, we manufactured an egg-tray from a common nest-box. This is so simple that any one accustomed to the use of tools can make it in an nour or two. A slight inclination of the board upon which the nest-egg is fastened will cause the new-laid egg to roil away from under the hen, beyond her reach, as soon as it is dropped. The rear board has the same inclination toward the centre, and projects over the other board far enough to protect the egg when it has rolled away. The space between the boards is just wide enough to give free passage to the eggs. The egg-box may be lined with a handful of sawdust, or chaff, to protect the shells from cracking. If the backboard be furnished with hinges, it can be used as a lid, to allow of the removal of the eggs. It is a complete egg-trap, and with the oyster shells, in our case, abated the nuisance of egg eating. Many think that when a hen has contracted the habit of egg eating, the shortest way is the best, and instead of eating she is put in a condition to be eaten. But a good layer is too valuable to be given up without an effort to reform her bad habit, often acquired through the negligence of the owner. The egg-trap works admirably, and secures the end desired by placing it out of the power of the hen to do mischief.

There is no workingman whose conveniences and facilities for self-education are better than and facilities for self-education are better than those of the farmer. By using the term education we do not have any reference to the curriculum of the schools. Acquaintance with the dead languages and with the literature of Greece and Rome are not worth as much on a farm as expertness in handling wheat, corn, hogs and horses. To know how to calculate an eclipse of the sun is an accomplishment, but it is not worth as much to a farmer as to know how to make good hay. It is not to the learning of the schools we refer, but to that more substantial and serviceable training which fits a man for successful agriculture. This includes some knowledge of soils and manuses, of grains, animals and the art of feeding, of climate, and its effects en animal and vegetable life. Then he needs to have knowledge of political affairs, of history, of economic questions which affect public interests.

And all these things we say the farmer has better opportunities for learning than any other class of workingmen, and among workingmen we include all workers, without regard to their particular avocation. Mechanics, merchants, clerks, have little time to rest, because they work so many hours of the day, and when relief comes, temptations lie on every side te lure them into idle pleasures or dissipation. The farmer works hard and long in the growing season and in harvest time; but all along through the winter months he has many spare hours after the sun has set. These he may improve as he will. The theatre, the dramshop, the bowling alley is not next door to him, within whose influence he goes every time he steps outside his door. The pure art of heaven surrounds his dwelling; he lives in an atmosphere of health and sobriety, where children grow strong in good qualities of head and heart, and where families are trained in all the virtues. When the shadows grow long and the night comes, the noise, din and bustle of the town are not near to disturb the quiet of his home. His surroundings are all favorable for study and repose.

Under such we do not have any reference to the curriculum of

There are so many ways in which rural education may prosper that it seems strange our farmers are not generally better informed than they are. Our readers know that this paper advocates education of the masses, and we have taught self-education to the people. We don't believe in sending every boy to coilege. Nine out of every ten would be no better off for the training a university could give them. We believe in schools and in pupils attending them, but these great educational endowments are not intended for all. All men cannot grow up in the schoolroom, and there is no good in such a thing if it were possible. What we urge is self-education, whether you go to school or not. We hold that any smart boy may climb to heights occupied by others that have gone up before him. The iving teacher is a great help, a sustaining power, but he is not absolutely necessary to the acquisition of knowledge. When one can read understandingly the world of knowledge is open to him the same as to any other person. The dead have left their thoughts to us. Achievement of mind in former years and ages are the property of all who read. The world's knowl-

edge is the common inheritance of man. No child is excluded from the feasts to be had from these exhaustless stores. Let the young man's ambition urge him on to achievements where others no better than he succeeded.

Every boy and gri jon the farm ought to cultivate a habit of reading and study, reading something useful, and by that we mean instructive. There is more useful information in Dick's four volumes than there is in Dickens' fifteen. Let every leisure nour be made profitable in the crop of learning it yields. A reading habit once acquired never needs renewing. It has staying qualities of wonderful tenacity. Parents ought to encourage their children in habits of study. It is most profitable employment. These long, cheerful evenings may be made the most the profitable of the year in everything that relates to our intellectual growth.

Farmers must educate themselves and their children largely by methods of their own, and within the influences of home life. The district school is a good assistant. Some day it may be better than it is now—we hope so; but it does not do much toward fitting a man or woman for the active duties of real life. What we all need in this matter is energy in the direction of learning. Every farmer's dwelling ought to be a schoolhouse where every member of the family is a constant student. Kural education would thus become so common and so easy that the schools would be shadowed in comparison.

A Study of Butter and Cheese. Professor L. B. Arnold, at the annual conven-tion of the Butter, Cheese and Egg Association, held in Cincinnati during three days of last week, referred to the considerations which influence the flavor and digestibility of cheese—such as character of feed, healthy or diseased condition of cows, and the relative proportions of the several ingredients forming the complex composition of milk. It is all important that the cheesemaker have perfect milk to begin with. Forced secretions for the purpose of making big milk records are nearly, if not always, imperfect. In experiments made by him excessive feeding produced milk appering under the microscope like colostrum, or the first milk drawn from the cow after calving. Neither good butter nor cheese can be produced from milk of this character. There is a wide difference between such diseased milk and sour milk. The latter may be perfectly normal, but has gone beyond the point of making first-class cheese. But diseased milk sooner or later becomes stinking milk, and produces tainted curds and huffy cheese, untit for human food.

The professor would not deery cheese, but the fact is, cheese has not proved so useful for food as chemists have assumed, nor as he himself once thought. Chemists judge of value by the elements they find. Good cheese is about one-third water, one-third fat and one-third caseine. But the fats are only in part digested, and the caseine is far from all being digested, and the caseine is far from all being digested, and the caseine is far from all being digested, and the caseine is far from all being digested, and the caseine is far from all being digested, while the raw potato is almost wholly ludigestible. In the human stomach, while the raw potato is almost wholly ludigestible. held in Cincinnati during three days of last week, referred to the considerations which influence the

while the raw potato is almost wholly indigestible. In the acid process of cheese-making, when the acid develops in the whey, the phosphates are cut, and then washed out by the whey. This, to the extent that the phosphates are taken out, renders the cheese indigestible. By the sweet-card process of drawing the whey sweet, the phosphates are left in the cheese. Many persons can cat this cheese, without feeling any bad effects, who cannot eat a mouthful of acid cheese without suffering.

Mr. T. D. Curtis referred to the injustice of the associated system, which takes no account of

effects, who cannot eat a mouthful of acid cheese without suffering.

Mr. T. D. Curtis referred to the injustice of the associated system, which takes no account of superior stock and products, so far as the individual dairyman is concerned, crediting all alike for the number of pounds of milk or cubic inches of cream delivered. He knows but one factory in the whole country which renders strict justice to all its patrons—a butter factory in Waterville, N. Y., in which every man's batch of cream is churned separately, the butter graded, and credit given for the number of pounds of product, the money received being divided prorate, quality considered. This at first seems difficult, the money received being divided prorate, quality considered. This at first seems difficult and laborious. But it does not prove so in practice. Each man skims his own milk into his own cream can. The factory sends a team around to gather these cans. The churning is done by power, in revolving churns of various sizes, and one man and his wife are able to gather the cream and make the butter from 1000 cows. The buttermilk is at the disposal of the patrons, and the prorate share of each is returned with his cream can. But, of course, this butter factory is located in a comparatively densely populated district, where the dairies are all of good size.

Despite the quantity of poor butter and cheese formerly made in private dairies that is now supplanted by a palatable and makefable factory product, Mr. Curtis, is of opini that the private dairy, well managed, turns out the superior product, and to it we must look for future improvement. The acid craze in cheese has run its course, and there is beginning to be a tendency toward sweet-cream butter. But in the line of bitter our dairynen are souring their cream so much that they are turning out a fearful amount of imitation oleomargarine. They have vituated the public palate, especially in the cities, with their fresh-made buttermilk-flavored butter, and created a market for oleomargarine com

and experiment stations is anticipated. The product of our private dairy is between three and four times larger than that of the factory, and nearly seven times its value.

Mr. H. B. Gurler, member of a firm at De Kalb, Ills, who practices both the cream gathering and the milk gathering systems in butter making, the skimmed milk being worked up into cheese, said that in testing the cream obtained by cream gathering a startling difference in butter production is found. Taking 100 as the standard, the range is from 62 to 172. The test is made, according to the plan originated by Messrs. Shock & Bolander, by taking from each man's mess of cream when skimmed a measure equal to 113 cubic inches, which should make a pound of butter. The samples so taken are churned in jars of twice the capacity of the sample, by placing the jars in a swing frame, which daghes the cream from end to end in the jars. Each man's milk is rated according to the amount of butter his sample produces. If it is three-quarters of a pound, he gets credit to that amount for every 113 cubic inches delivered. If it turns out a pound and a quarter, he is credited this value for every 113 cubic inches of cream. The rating thus made stands for a month, or until another test is made, which may be called for at any time by the patron, or made at will by the resumeryman. The cream gatherer takes the sample at the time of skimming. If carelessly or dishonessly taken, of course the test is unfair. But the creameryman has a check on his cream gatherer. The total pounds of product are easily calculated from the results of the tests, and must correspond with the total product actually turned out.

In Mr. Gurler's case the estimate and the result

In Mr. Gurler's case the estimate and the result have corresponded very closely, and it is found in many cases, where the rating is low, dairymen are able to soon raise the standard by better food and management, and the test thus becomes a guide to the patron and is giving general satisfaction. It is suggested that these samples of butter can be kept until the real keeping quality of the butter from each man's cream is ascertained, and thus lead to the improvement of the quality of the product generally. Mr. J. W. Johnson intimated that creamery butter is largely adulterated with eleomargarine and other foreign oils. This led to a storm of demands for specifications and facts on personal knowledge, which called out pretty positive testimony that some creamerymen use these adulterants, and others have contemplated doing so, if they have not gone further. He advocated the sale outright of dairy goods through local boards, instead of sending them away to be sold on commission. On the whole the convention sustained these positions, though a New York commission man strongly asserted his conviction that a rule of absolute sale through home markets, thus cutting off the commission business, would lead to combinations among dealers to bear and bull prices as the object might be to buy or sell.—[Tribune. In Mr. Gurler's case the estimate and the result

The Management of Bees During Winter. The honey harvest being now over, it will be necessary to prepare the stock hives of the bees for passing the winter in safety. For this purpose certain preliminary precautions are requisite, and none more so than to guard against pillage. After the process of separating the boney from the wax, it is usual and economical to carry out to the apiary the vessels and implements employed in the operation, and the bees will readily avail themselves of whatever honey may adhere to them, and clearthem effectually. Pieces of refuse comb also should be presented to them, and in a very short time the industrious insects will rifle them of every particle of saccharine matter. Having exhausted these sources, the bees are tempted often by the more than usual strong odor exhaled from the hives in consequence of their recent luxuious feasting, to rob their neighbors of their share of the booty, and a scene of pillage ensues, which sometimes ends in the total destruction of the besieged hives. If the colony attacked be pretty strong in bopulation, the evil may be put a stop to, perhaps, by contracting the entrance. Every proper door has one or two small holes at the lottom—which may be opened or shut, as occasion requires—just large enough to admit the passing of a single bee. This contracted entrance greatly assists a besieged colony, but the doors are generally so thin that the robbers often effect an entrance by adroitly slipping past the sentinel on watch. An improvement, and a very simple one, in the formation of the doors, will increase the difficulty of ciuding the vigilance of the guard—make them one and a half inches thick. The small apertures will then be to the bees, in fact, long, narrow passages, along which they will be unable to make their way in the face of the opposing sentinel. Doors of this kind should remain on the hives during the whole winter. If the precaution above recommended fails the hive attacked must be removed for a few days, till quiet is in some degree restored to the apiary; and, in the meantime, to amuse and baffle the assailants, an empt necessary to prepare the stock hives of the bees for passing the winter in safety. For this pur-

three pieces of full comb on edge, and in their natural position. The bees will soon drain them, storing the contents in the upper region of their domicile, after which the frame and empty comb may be removed. In default of comb syrup can be supplied, but this does not suit as well.

It is almost needless to say that feeding during winter is out of the question, even though the season should be mild. It is unnecessary, and would prove injurious, tempting the insects to leave the comparatively warm atmosphere of the centre of the hive where they are congregated in dense clusters, and to expose themselves to the colder temperature below which chills and ultimately destroys them. At the same time I must not be understood as recommending the shutting of them up altogether, so that they cannot take the advantage of an occasional interval of sunshine. Leave the narrow apertures free, both in order to admit the fresh air, and to afford the bees an opportunity of coming abroad when they can do so in safety. Absolute confinement is extremely prejudicial to them. The practice which prevails in some places of removing the hives into the dwellinghouse, by way of preserving them from the cold, is by no means to be recommended, and, in fact, is often followed by fatal effects. The increased temperature of the place to which they have been removed, keeps them in such a state of animation and excitement that they continue to eat during the whole period of their confinement, and not being at liberty to go abroad and evacuate, their bodies become swollen and diseased by the retention of their faeces, for they are most unwilling to soil the interior of their dwelling, and great numbers of them are thus cut off; and when in spring the hive is brought into the open air, the few inhabitants that remain are too feeble to bear the sudden change of temperature, and gradually dwindle away, or are plundered and destroyed by the more vigorous and healthy.

While show is on the ground a gleam of sanshine will est brought into the open air,

your time, labor and trouble goes for nothing, a season is lost and you have made no progress, no improvement, no mark as a breeder, and no re-muneration for all you have laid out, because you have made an injudicious investment in the begin-

have made an injudicious investment in the beginning.

The third thing in starting is to have a suitable place for your fowls both in summer and winter, and their quarters kept scrupulously clean and well ventilated, because to neglect these things will most assuredly bring on vermin and assease, and finally losses, disgust and discouragement with the business.

The fourth thing in starting is to feed moderately on a varied diet of grain, green and animal food suitable for the seasons and the objects in yiew, taking into consideration certain periods of growth when the fowls require plenty of rood to aid development, and at times when they are laying to increase prolificness, because the same quantity and kinds will not do for all seasons, for they require more food of a heating nature in cold weather than they do during the warm months.

The fifth thing in starting is to select and mate the best cocks and hens for breeders. This is absolutely necessary, for it it is not done contin-

months.

The fifth thing in starting is to select and mate the best cocks and hens for breeders. This is absolutely necessary, for if it is not done continuously the stock will deteriorate by degrees until they become degenerate and unprofitable as thoroughbreds, because they have been worked up from unimproved stock by selection and care, and to keep up the status or the improvement of the fowls, the best and none but the best in the most essential qualities should be mated—those of prepotent powers and possessing marked characteristics indicating strongly-some excellent qualities fully equal if not superior to their sires and dams. By procuring superior parents and afterwards selecting the best specimens of their product that possess all the higher qualities of the breed, the most beeneficial results will be obtained. Every breeder should know how to choose the birds he wants for breeding, and it should be done with a view to reproduce their like. The sire should possess very superior form, stamina and color, whatever these may be in the variety selected, and these qualities should come from a reliable source possessing these indicated qualities in full vigor and beauty. In choosing hens, look first for good layers, fair size, vigorous constitution, color even and pure, symmetrical form, and the most perfect in general characteristics, and you are pretty sure, as a rue, to obtain by this combination a superior progeny.

Things Worth Knowing.

At a recent meeting of Ohio farmers the subject of stabling cattle in winter was considered, during which valuable experience was related. The sum which valuable experience was related. The sum and substance of the whole subject, as appeared in the experience of these farmers, was about as follows: It pays to shelter cattle in winter in rigorous climates. Stable and feed there all the stock the farm will carry. In a word, keep as much stock as the farm can supply with hay and straw and corn fodder. Make good this bulky feed by the addition of grain, mill feed, hominy meal, olicake meal and similar materials, as can be had at best terms. Feeding the last-named materials increases the value of the food, as a larger per cant. of it is digested when fed with other rations; the concentrated feed also greatly improves the manure pile. Growing animals cannot digest enough straw in cold weather to keep up heat, flesh and strength. There is in such practice a shrinkage and loss of flesh, which means in the end loss of time and feed. This loss may be prevented by a small outlay for additional feed. The advantage gained by feeding under shelter, in addition to the easier fattening of the animals when kept warm, and their better condition generally, is the saving of all the solid manure and urine. This last is a very important consideration when estimating the profits of stabiling cattle. The majority of farmers do not believe that it pays to have corn made into meal for feed for cattle. The refuse corn, with straw and fodder, a little oil-meal cake and a few roots serve every purpose, and there is no waste.

If you would have sound horses keep their litter dry and clean. If they are allowed to stand on manure that is heating and fermenting, it will result in soft hoofs and lameness.

I have demonstrated the fact to my satisfaction, that the difference between cattle fed in the barnyard and exposed to the cold, and cattle fed in a comfortable stable and kept there all of the time, except to go out for a drink in the middle of the day, is a difference of one-half in the saving of feed to keep them in the same condition.

When grooming a horse give as much care to the and substance of the whole subject, as appeared in the experience of these farmers, was about as

especially in the cities—with their fresh-made buttermilk-flavored butter, and created a market for oleomargarine compounds, and now they are running a neck-and-neck race with the oleomargarine inanufacturers."

Clear rye bran should never be fed to fowls, en account of its swelling and caking in masses in the crop, and proving fatal to chicken life not unfrequently. It will thus sodden and increase in bulk very rapidly before digesting, causing rupture of the crop, if any great quantity has been eaten.

acten.

The cherry tree makes a pleasant shade, and the wonder is why farmers do not grow cherry trees more generally in place of shade trees.

The want of pure and fresh water accounts in many instances for the lack of eggs during the winter season. Fowls require a constant supply of water, and without it will not lay.

Better not try to raise chickens at all than to neglect them; they cannot be cared for too well, and nothing can or will repay your care any better.

It is poor policy to winter poor stock. The farmer who hasn't got his tools under shelter is not smart.

A beef carcass weighing 1400 pounds, and a mutton 160 pounds, are standards in the British

a nution 160 pounds, are standards in the British market.

A new insect, said to resemble the Hessian fly, has attacked the grain fields in southern Illinois. Decidedly encouraging reports come from California about the beel-sugar industry of that State. Apples are quiet, with very little doing in the export trade. It is now oifficult to get much over \$3 per barrel for Baldwins by the carload.

According to the late reports of the Bureau of Agriculture, Indiana ranks first among the wheatgrowing States. Ohio comes second, Illinois third; the average yield in the Hoosler State is 18.04 bushels per acre.

It is good news for horses that the oat crop this year is a large one; no other grain will so well take its place. In years when oats are dear and corn plenty horses get more of the cheaper food than is good for them. It is said that the percentage of albuminoids is larger in oats than in any other grain. This is precisely what horses need to give them strength. Containing much nutriment in small space oats do not distend the stomach as the same amount of feed would in other shapes.

other shapes.

It has been known for some time that pheasants,

sgathered, bloeed in a vessel (a dinner-usis cover, for example), having a piece of thin muslim spread over its mouth, and the will seem to the muslim spread over its mouth, and the will seem to the when they recover, which they will do in a few minutes, let them he taken out to the aplary, and the muslim removed, and they wil speedity regath will be severed to the splary, and the muslim emoved, and they will speedity regath will be swept off, the floor thoroughly cleaned; the winter the invest ought to be litted from their stools and carefully inspected; all colvebs hould be swept off, the floor thoroughly cleaned; adjusted, so that the rain or suow many not gain adjusted, so that the rain or suow many not gain adjusted, so that the rain or suow many not gain adjusted, so that the rain or suow many not gain adjusted, so that the rain or suow many not gain adjusted, so that the rain of suow many not gain adjusted, so that the rain of suow many not gain adjusted, so the the rain of suow many not gain adjusted, so the the rain of suow many not gain adjusted, so the the rain of suow many not gain adjusted, so the the rain of suow many the substitution of the substitution of the substitution of the substitution and eco-operation.

Association and -eco-operation have been the means whereby every industrial success has been secured. No grand success has been achieved in any interest by individuals acting singly. The eminent success of the factory and creamery systems in distring is a conspicuous instance of this may be taken as a type of the gain of the substitution of the substitution

hence to be fed with profit it must be in connection with a fodder rich in albummoids, as pease, of-cake, or other nifergeneus materials. Apples given to milch cows in connection with feed rich in albummoids during the winter season impart to their milk a fine flavor, and to butter a color akin to that gained from grass. Swine are rapidly fattened on apples when grain meal is intermixed, and horses and sleep thrive on them in place of roots, when given with hay. The chief objections to apples for fodder are the liability of animals choking on them, and in many localities their cost. The first objection is met with the employment of a root cutter. The question of the profit of feeding apples must rest with each farmer. If the apples can be sold or utilized for cider and vinegar, then it will searcely pay to feed them to stock. With no market for the fruit or milis for making eiger, surplus apples may be fed with profit, as has been suggested.

"Not long ago 1 honced a record of sheep that were sheared twice in one season, and this occurred in Catadas. I do not remember ever to have heard of two fleeces being taken from a sheep the same year except in very warm climates, and then only occasionally. Is it a common practice and is it advised at the North?" It is not a usual practice to shear sheep in our climate twice per annum. Professor Brown, whose experiments at Guelph, Ont., you refer to, decides after seven years' experience that there is not only a possibility, but to use his own words, "the necessity of clipping lambs once and all other sheep twice every season." Lambs dropped in March, if properly treated, he claims, are ready for clipping August 1; then there is a rapid recothing, which by the middle of September is thicker and warmer than if it had not been elipped. The lamb, says Professor Brown, thrives better and makes another valuable fleece by March 1, and will be well fitted for market in May, if that is its destination, or the shearding will bear a good fleece in August. The National Live Stock Jo

to deede after sufficient experiment to test the question of profit.

Robert Scott of La Porte, Ind., writes as follows: "But very few who plant currant cuttings do it at the right season of the year. It is usually done in the spring, when, in fact, it should be done in the fall. I have had a good deal of experience in propagating currants. I always plant my currant cuttings in the fall, as soon as the leaves fall off. They will make double the growth the next season if set in the fall, and they should be set in ground that will not heave them out by the effects of frost, and should be covered just before winter sets in with coarse litter. Remove the covering early in the spring and examine the cuttings to see if any or them hove, and, if so, press them down again. Should they heave up an inch or more, it well pressed down they will start and make better growth than cuttings set in the spring. In either case, however, the cuttings should always be made in the fall.

I. A. Lawrence, in the Fancier's Gazette, gives the following regarding the preparation of poultry for the market: In fattening boultry give them aid they will eat. Corn is preferable, as poultry fattened on it is more yellow and better than that fattened on any other grain, and remember you will got pay for every pound your poultry gains in fattening. Food in the crop injures the appearance, is liable to sour, and purchasers object to pay for the worse than useless weights; therefore, keep from food twenty-four hours before killing. Sticking in the mouth we think the best mode of killing, although some prefer opening the veins of the neck. Dress the fowl as soon as possible after it dies. For scalding the water should be nearly or quite boiling hot. Dip the bird in the water three times, holding it there two seconds at each immerison, and litting it tentrely out each time. Fick the feathers off immediately without rubbing, which causes the skin to turn black. It should then be plumped by dipping into boiling water for about two seconds, then immedi

ing so conducive to large milk yielding as bodily comfort to the cow, and a temperature below 60 she will not stand without loss to her owner.-[American Dairyman.

she will not stand without loss to her owner.—
[American Dairyman.

Mr. C. C. Buell advocates the cream gathering system in preference to the milk-gathering, as it is essential in many locations that the skimmed mikk be left on the farm for pigs and calves. In sparely settled districts associated dairying is impossible without the cream-gathering system. But it was argued that the difference in quality of cream is an almost insuperable objection. For instance, in a recent series of thirty-six tests made at the Crariton Creamery, lowa, it was shown that the usual inch of cream, or 113 cubic inches, produced from eight to twenty-four ounces of butter, though the general average was a little over sixteen ounces. Mr. H. B. Gurlee gave his comparisons of the two systems in his factory. Taking 100 pounds of whole milk delivered by patrons and comparing the value of the product with that of the cream from three cans of milk holding in all a little over 100 pounds of milk, the balance was decidedly in favor of the milk-gathering system. Professor Knapp thinks the present factory system must in part be superseded by some better plan, especially the cream gathering factory, which is subjected to difficulties and a tax that no business can bear. He commended co-operation among mtelligent farmers whose conditions and management are so nearly alike as to secure justice.

Hieroff, a Russian chemist, gives the follow-

insince.

inenkoff, a Russian chemist, gives the following process, which it is stated has received the approbation of Liebig. The author mixes, say 1000 parts of ground bones with 1000 parts of wood ashes, containing 10 per cent. of carbonate of potash, and add 600 parts of quicklime. This mixture he placed in a tank or losse with water sufficient to make the whole moist. In a short time the bony matter is completely disaggregated by the caustic potash, and the pasty mass formed is then taken from the tank, dried, mixed with an equal weight of mould, and is then ready to be distributed. We can easily believe, says the New York Tribune, that a preparation of this kind is a far better fertilizer than superphosphate.

far better fertilizer than superphosphate.

Proper shelter and protection of dairy stock, through inclement days as well as nights, are indispensable. In experiments on the lowa Agricultural Farm one day's exposure shrank the flow of milk 10 per cent., and this shinkage was to some extent permanent. It also lead to increased consumption of food. Best results in butter and cheese manufacture demand: Milk of the lighest quality in purity, substance and flavor; prudish beatness in hanipulation; the product must be transported, like a Chinese Emperor, without coming in contact with the world, and be placed on the market fresh, rosy and fragrant. He also suggested dairy schools for instruction of young men and women in the art of dairying. At present he thinks a three-months' winter school most feasible. Mr. F. H. Hall made an able plea for teaching the elements of agriculture in common schools. Mr. C. F. Dexter pointed out the educational advantages of dairy and other associations, and the duty of the individual to let his light shine for the general benefit.

Ripening after strawberries, cherries are valuable for home use and market. The Bigarreau and sweet kinds are vigorous growers and very productive. The former have firm flesh, and are not so julcy and rich as the latter, but, being large and showy, command a good price, but unless the weather is favorable when nearly ripe the fruit is apt to crack and rot. The Duke and Morelio varieties are much less liable to injury by the weather, and are more profitable for market, and especially so for all culmary uses. The following give a succession of fruit in the order named for nearly two months: Empress Eugenie, Knight's Early Black, Mayduke, Coe's Transparent, Black Tartarian, Governor Wood, Early Richmond, Napoleon Bigarreau, Monstrous de Mezel, Montmorency Ordinaire, Downer's Late, Reine Hortense, Love Apple or Tomato Shape, Louis Philipp.—(Charles Downing.

Too much care can hardly be taken in packing pork so as to have it keep through the season. The chief requ Proper shelter and protection of dairy stock, through inclement days as well as nights, are in-

barrel that has once held beef will never do for a pork barrel, though the rule may be reversed with impunity.

Ex-Licutenant-Governor Colman of Missouri is the good authority for the statement that a manufacturer in St. Louis sells oleomargarine oil by the barrel to creamery proprietors for the adulteration of butter, and, further, that he cannot supply the demand. In the same direction is the current statement that the Western boards of trade are manipulated by the owners of butterine works. The American Dairyman publishes a report from Eight that "their whole business of public sales is a farce." The charge is also made that it is these manipulators of the lard and tallow and deodorized soap grease who upon occasion advance the price of creamery grades, for the obvious reason that, as the American Cultivator puts it, "the higher they bid up real butter in small lots the more they can obtain for the counterful by the ton."

Professor Kinnicott glues a very unfavorable report in regard to the use of boracic acid and its compounds for preserving food. He believes them to be highly injurious to the human system and likely to cause disease. Dr. Foster of Amsterdam also says: It appears that the addition of boracic acid to the food leads to an increased discharge from the intestines of albuminoid substances which come mostly from the food taken. This effect cannot be cannot be considered as a favorable one, to say the least. If further experiments give the same result, it will follow that boracic acid is not as well fitted for preserving articles of food as is generally believed. It will, moreover, be necessary to be especially cautious about the addition of the redit on edit on its to be used

give the same result, it will follow that boracic acid-is not as well fitted for preserving articles of food as is generally believed. It will, moreover, be necessary to be especially cautious about the addition of the acid to milk which is to be used by young children. The Board of Health of Brooklyh, N. Y., have just forbidden the sale in that city of a food-preserving preparation, which is said to be largely composed of that substance.

To grow good crops of blackberries the soil should be good and especially deep, for the roots run down wonderfully when possible for them to do so; and as the growing fruit requires its greatest nourishment in the usually dry month of August, it is an advantage to have deep soil for the roots to draw a supply from. A deep, sandy soil will generally grow the best crop of berries, while a clay soil tends to produce rust. Good cultivation, good soil, and a judicious use of manure make stout and vigorous canes, with a crop of berries in increased ratio.

A correspondent advises a concrete floor for cow stables. Of course the ground is supposed to be compact and naturally well drained.

Sait should never be mixed with food for the eartie or sheep, but keep it where they can help themselves, and this is the best way and the safest. When stock are salt hungry they cat too much, and it acts as an irritant in the stomach, makes them excessively thirsty, and they drink too much, and it acts as an irritant in the stomach, makes them excessively thirsty, and they drink too much, and it acts as an irritant in the stomach, makes them excessively thirsty, and they drink too much, get childed, and wind up with the scours.

Con is not a perfect diet for pigs. It is deficient in alburainoids. Two-and-a-third pounds of skim-milk contain as much albuminous food as is found in one pound of corn. But we cannot always add milk. Linseed cake, meal or pea meal greatly increases the value of corn as a hog feed. The pig kept in a small pen, getting milk and table scraps with a little corn, is noted for

special it is not productible applying manufer to make weeds grow.

See to the watering of the stock. Give only pure, clean water, and, if possible, do not allow it to be too cold, as lee water does not produce the best results; better have it of a moderate temperature. Do not expose the flocks to the snow and cold raise.

best results; better have it of a moderate temperature. Do not expose the flocks to the snow and cold rain.

One of the most suggestive experiences of the past season has been that of J. M. Smith, the well-known horticulturist of Green Bay, Wis. He bought a new plece of land three years ago, and, despite heavy manuring each year, his crops on this ground have been poor. It takes time to bring land up to a good state of fertility. After manure has been applied to poor soil it sometimes takes several years to mix it up so that crops derive the full benefit of it. This is notably true of garden vegetables, which require the highest fertilization.

My plan is to put the grain in a feed-box and then put the sulphur through on top of the grain, at the rate of two pounds of sulphur to 100 sheep, once a week on a certain day, after the sneep get used to eating it. I am feeding 100 Cotswoid lambs this winter, which are free from ticks, and I attribute it to the use of sulphur. I buy the sulphur at the rate of fourteen pounds for \$1.

The cabbage worm, Pleris rapæ, is affected mewhat similar to the one attacking the silk-worm, which destroys them in great numbers. There is hope that, through the ravages of this disease and the attacks of the parasites, the worm will be solessened in numbers as to be no longer a daugerous enemy to cabbage culture.

The recent outbreak of diphtheria in Canterbury, Eng., compelled belated attention to the polluted wells of the infected districts. The water of nearly sixty of them was found to be "contaminated with sewage and swarming with living organisms." With the wise hindsight which locks the stable door after the steed is stolen, trese pest-holes have now been ordered closed.

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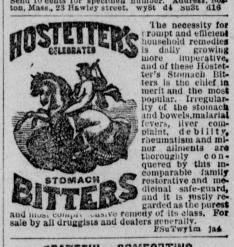
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Civil Service Gazette.

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PAGICIANTERNS

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Some Account of the Ladies' International College.

A Plea for the Custom of Shaking Hands-A Few Glimpses of Fashion.

An Idea About Hats-Calling Costumes -Fashions in Jewelry.

A work that has recently been begun in Italy is of especial interest to the young women of America. It is the Ladies' International College, which was opened on November 5, at Florence. Of especial interest for two reasons, because it is the idea of an America. the idea of an American, is supported by Americans, and largely by American women, and be-cause it will afford a much-needed opportunity to those young women of this country who desire to their studies abroad to do so in a college founded upon the plans and principles of the best American colleges for women. The president of the institution is a gentleman who has long been much interested in the idea, and is enthusiastic in the belief that it will be productive of much benefit-Hon. William Clark, for many years United States consulat Milan, and for twenty years a resident of Italy. Mr. Clark spent all last summer travelling over this country in its interests, and succeeded in securing the hearty support of some of the best-known men and women of the United States. It is incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts known men and women of the United States. It is incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts as "The International Educational Association," and in the Board of Directors may be found the names of men and women of Boston, New York and the West well and widely known for their wealth and influence, or their interest in all matters pertaining to the advance of culture and intelligence. Mrs. Clark, the wife of the president, is matron of the institution, and Mrs. Susan A. Brockway, for several years lady minicipal of the New England Conservatory of Music, holds the same position in this institution. When Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Brockway salled in September they took with them a number of young ladies, who wished to enter the institution at its very opening. "Villa Spinola" was chosen as the home for the school, and it a private letter from that place Mrs. Brockw y writes as follows concerning the school and its prospects:

"We already begin to look upon it as an established institution, with a delightful home for young ladies who wish to come abroad for study. Our villa is indeed "beautiful for situation," crowning one of the storied hills of the suburbs of Florence. We have charming views of the city and the mountains that surround it, with pure air, delicious water, and the quiet so desirable for study in a school for young ladies. Our board of instruction includes the most eminent teachers of music, language and art. Especial attention is given to conversation in the modern languages, the ladies being required to use Italian and French at stated hours during the day. The people of Fiorence express great satisfaction that such a school is opened here, and promise a patronage

of Florence express great satisfaction that such a school is opened here, and promise a patronage that will aid us to success. But we are especially desirous that our college should be well known in America, and would ask the assistance of every lady who is interested in the education of women. Due of our needs is a library and reading recommendation. One of our needs is a library and reading-room. If you can secure us some books and papers for that we shall be most grateful."

In Mr. Richard Grant White's charming little serio-comic sequel to the "Adventures of Mr. Washington Adams" In the current Atlantic, there is a side suggestion on the subject of handshaking that upholds so well one of the pet ideas of the Woman's Hour that we cannot forbear

quoting it:

"Lady Toppingham rose and gave me her hand, which, please remember, if you should ever venture to write again about the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this island, is contrary to the common notion, the custom here, unless the caller does not appear as a social acquaintance, and the interview is more or less of a business character. I must confess that I enjoy this distinction, and wish that, with some other nabits of life in England, it could be carried into 'the States.'"

States.'"
Wherever it comes from, and wherever it is in the custom is certainly a most beautiful one; and it is one that for the sake of both that which it represents and for the hearty kindliness that it rontains in itself, should be universal. When conventional observances come to be ruled by good sense and kindly fellow-feeling, if that time ever

sense and kindly felow-feeling, if that time ever comes, it will be universal.

Whoever enters one's door, for whatever reason, unless, indeed, purely business matters are excepted, claims for the time one's hospitality; and to give one's hand in kindly greeting is the sign and symbol of that hospitality, an earnest of good intentions and good feeling so long as he shall claim it. It is the most beautiful and significant of all conventional observances, and its origin makes it even more beautiful. It comes down from the time of tribes and semi-wid men and brutality of every sort, when to hold out the right hand in greeting to another was meant to show him that it contained no nurderous weapon. thing regal, as when our primitive ancestor could stand at the door of his tent and give his naked right hand to his bitterest enemy, in token that he might enter and claim hospitality without the digitatest four.

And so the custom came to mean so much of that which is most sacred and largest and most generous in hospitality that it is pity that whimsical fashion ever dared to discountenance it.

GLIMPSES OF FASHION.

Paint and Hats-How to Make Calling Costumes - The Fancies of Fashion in

Straw hats and bonnets have become objects for the now always ready paint brush. A young lady who was for some time the envy of her friends for the exquisite shades of her hats, said she painted them with her oil colors, and in this way could have them any tint she desired; and hats in most perfect harmony with her costumes hats in most perfect harmony with her costumes was the result. Another young girl showed us a bonnet she had painted black, r-marking: "If I had had that bonnet dyed at a milliner's I should have paid seventy-five certs for it; as it is it cost me about twenty cents, and I did not have to wait several days for it to be done."

Still another enterprising young woman, who knows how to make everything useful, remarked: "I have often colored my straw bonnets with common shoe-blacking, and they look very well indeed."

A young lady artist gave a plante power inst bo

decd."

A young lady artist gave a picnic party just before her departure for Europe last summer. Her hat for the occasion was of her own designing—a large leghorn flat, with wild roses painted on the brim, which was faced with delicate pink silk, and a white lace scarf was folded carriessly around the crown. It was a thoroughly picturesque head-covering, and set off to advantage the blonde beauty of the wearer.

Calling Costumes. The short costumes for calling and and visiting purposes are handsome, says Demorest's, and at the same time sensible and suitable for the varied the same time sensible and suitable for the varied purposes for which they are required. There are many atternoon receptions and informal "teas" for which the "calling costume" is sufficiently elaborate, particularly if it is complete and well arranged. The newest are of cloth or wool, very much trimmed with velvet, or of velvet as bountifully trimmed with fur. They are made with trimmed skirt, basque, mantle or cape; or with plained skirt and polonaise, the cape or mantle to match depending upon the possession of additional furs and outside garments in both cases. Where the material is simple, such as cloth or

additional furs and outside garments in both cases. Where the material is simple, such as cloth or plain woollen of any description, the appearance is enhanced by the completeness of the ensemble—by a jacket or mantle to match, and a hat or bonnet that seems made for the costume.

There is nothing new in the combination of velvet with cloth or woo!; it is always more or less fashionably worn, but this season it has largely taken the place of the stripes and mixed "India," "Persian" and other trimming stuffs which have been used for the past five years. It is used, too, in the piece—as vests, as collars, as whole jackets, as lengthwise bands for the front of the skirt, with draperied back, and as collar, with side revers, for long coats. The color matches usually the warm brown of the cloth, its dark green, prune, bronze, terra-cotta (dark shade) or wine color. We have seen gray uncut velvet put with brown cloths with very good effect, and also with terra-cotta, but combinations and contrasts always require functions treatment. A very hand-

wine color. We have seen gray uncut veivet pit with brown cloths with very good effect, and also with terra-cotta, but combinations and contrasts always require judicious treatment. A very handsome calling costume is of dark terra-cotta satin, with a very broad border of dark brown fur, a basque trimmed with a narrower band of the same, and a cape to match, set high and a little full upon the shoulder.

For calling an outside garment is preferred that can be easily a ipped down or thrown aside, and that leaves the dress still complete. Nothing was ever contrived more suitable for this jurpose than the capes as at present worn, of plush, fur or fur trimmed, or the small wadded mantie made en suite with the dress. A jacket is not suitable, because it is always a great trouble to take it off, and a still greater trouble to put on, but the cape or small mantle can be allowed to fall from the shoulders during the few minutes of stay and replaced without movement or anxiety.

Very neat and inexpensive calling suits for young ladies are made of gray cloth, trimmed with gray astrachan, and fhished with a gray astrachan toque. Brown sults may be trimmed in the same way with brown fur or velvet, and a toque of velvet or pheasant feathers employed to complete the costume. More dressy sults are made of the best qualities of velveteen, solid colors, black, brown, wine color, garnet, terra-cotta and plum. The terra-cotta, with toque to match, all trimmed math gray chinchilla, astrachan or fox, looks par-

ticularly well, and makes a pretty and dressy afternoon costume. If preferred, however, must and toque may match the trimming.

Those who make gitts of jeweiry are advised by Harper's Bazar that bracelets are at present the most popular piece of jeweiry, just as lockets and necklaces were formerly. Very narrow bracelets are most fashionable, and these are not worn in pairs and to match, but are odd—that is, different on each arm—and a single bracelet is more stylish than the group of them worn when bangles were in vogue. Flexible bracelets in links of nugget gold and in curved chains are now chosen, and their are wire bracelets that fit any arm; these are the merest wire of gold to support a row of precions stones that are seen on the back of the wrist. Colored stones alternating with diamonds or with pearls form slender bands all around tine arm for more costly bracelets, and quaint stones are liked for the setting on top of the arm, such as the cad-seyes, the third diamonds, sapphires that are almost purple, tournalines and the Alexandrites that are green by day and red at night. Indeed, these colored stones rival the purest white diamonds in rich pieces of jeweiry; for instance, there are diamond brooches of great value that have seven diamonds, each of a differ at shade, from dark brown up to white. The slender lace pin in bar shape rem alis in favor, notwithstanding the introduction of broader brooches, and is used alike for costly and simple plus. There are also many floral pins with small flowers done in enamel to copy nature in color and in shape, and also in size; these are most successful in violets, forgetme-nots, dasies, and in single carnations. Fruit designs are new in enamelied pins, and are shown in a bunch of blackberries, a single pomegranate, an apricot, or a plum. Insects, birds, and animals are also copied in jewels and in enamel, and the warers' tastes may be thus complimented. An appropriate Christmas pla called the Star of Bethlehem, re resents a star of stiver or of gold or of gold and platinum together is used as a necklace when there is a valuable pendant of colored stone, such as the tinted pearls, sapphires, Those who make gifts of jewelry are advised by Harper's Bazar that bracelets are at pres-

At an art reception a tall, tair lady wore a dress and long, double mainle of velvet of the new green, warmer than olive, and sofier and deeper than emeraid. The mainle was trimmed heavily with chenille of the same hue, like soft moss, and the capote matching the dress at once harmonized and contrasted with the masses of fair hair, and, with the large cluster of white hothouse flowers at the throat, completed a singularly charming tollet, as distinguished as it was quiet and rich. Another lady wore a poionaise of pale primrosehued damask, exceeding rich, both as to texture and its antique Venetian pattern, trimmed with black lace; and the wife of a distinguished sculptor attracted attention by her sweet face and her dress of pale plush of the same color, with slivery lights, and a large black bonnet, with knots of a corrected in velocity. lights, and a large black bonnet, with knots of a

dress of pale plush of the same color, with slivery lights, and a large black bonnet, with knots of a corresponding velvet.

The most picturesque costume worn at a London ball was that of an "Egyptian Princess." It consisted of an orange-colored cashmere skirt, bordered with an Indian trimming intermingled with gold, and draped with a scarf of yellow, red and gold stripes; the bodice consisted of gold gauze with hanging sleeves, and a broad-pointed belt of maroon velvet, edged with a trimming to match the skirt. The material of the head-dress was cloth of gold, shaped like a bird representing the ibis; the ormaments were broad gold band and snake bracelets; earrings composed of Eastern coins, and neck-laces to match, covering the bodice almost to the band; pink slik stockings and cothurne shoes; a red feather fan, edged with gold.

Opera cloaks are made in the pelisse or long dolman form, and are of brocaded ottoman satin or velvet, lined with white or gold, the design outlined with embroidery of chemile and pearls, and

or velvet, lined with white or gold, the design outlined with embroidery of chemile and pearls, and
rich fringe made to correspond. The "Ellen
Terry" chak is different; it is of white wool or
Chudda cjoth, bordered with Indian embroidery,
or several rows of gold or sliver braid, lined with
slivery or golden plush, and is long and circular in
form, with small plush cape. It is clasped at the
throat with gold or sliver filigree, and may be
looped up to form a sort of sleeve. It is very distinguished made in black.

Costumes for dinner and evening wear are arranged with silk or satin, and cream gauge, broche

ranged with silk or satin, and cream gauze, broche gauze, or cream veiling; of the thin materials are made the bodices, paniers and draperies; the lower part of the skirt consists of deep lace flounces over silk. Velvet ribbon of a dark color, such as prune, claret, ruby, or blue, falls on long loops in the dark gauze. The bodices are some-times velvet of the same dark color, and all have

such as prune, claret, ruby, or blue, falls on long loops in the dark gauze. The bodices are sometimes velvet of the same dark color, and all have either a gathered waisteoat or a guinpe of either gauze or lace; the sleeves are lace, and transparent.

Very little jewelry is now worn in the street, a collar button and very small knob earrings being the main items. Even lace pins have, to a certain extent, disappeared with the ties and jabots, which are now relegated to the ancient and respectable "m.mmas," who do not keep notes of progress and do not feel dressed without a bow at the throat or its equivalent in lace.

A curious use has been made of artificial flowers this season by applying them to fine Indian cashmere, and outlining and combining them with leaves wrought in brown and green chenille. The flowers are of velvet, emarged in size, and the robes—those finished and "decorated"—cost \$250. Some beautiful morning gowns have been made recently in two:shades of silk—crimson and gold, for example—lined with rull ruffles and jabots of cream spanish lace. Cord and tassels of mixed crimson and gold silk begin from the shirring at the back, and are knotted on the side.

Russian embroidery are dark wood brown, deep green and Venetian red, and the color of the cashmere nuns' gray, and fawn color or dark strawberry.

The newest fans are painted on kid, and have sticks of highly polished wood, cherry, olive and others. Feather fans are also exceedingly fashionable, handsome ostrich having regalized their supremacy, and are especially admired with tortoise-snell sticks.

Fine handserchiefs, very delicately notched and exquisitely embroidered on the edge in white or colors, are greatly preferred to the more showy styles. A "novetty" which shows photographed or etched heads as a border, or in the corner, is in execrable taste.

The brocaded designs of the season are cone or egg-slaped, and of large size. They look, at a distance—especially in raised velvet—like Morris wall-papers.

Peaches and apricots are simulated i

The old Jaspe and pretty chene sliks reappear as "jasper" and "onyx" silks—a nomenclature stolen from the jewellers.

The use of lace is enormous. Five thousand yards are said to have been employed in the construction of a recent outfit for a bride.

Silver lace pins are very fashionable with black dresses or mixtures of black with white.

The new cashmere hose appear in fine, dark cloth shades, and also in the mouse grays and clanamon browns.

cloth shades, and also in the mouse grays and cinnamon browns.

There is a return to the simple and original style of ulster, with sieeves and lined hood.

Handsome carriage shoes are required now for a variety of occasions, the most dressy having tops of brown satin covered with a netting of brown silk and foxings of bronze kid. A Spanish design, which has black kid tops cut in fancy open work, shows either gilt kid or a fancy shade of satin underneath.

Another novelty in carriage shoes buttons at the sides, but has an imitation lacing with a bow to finish up the front of the design. For walking, the newest shoe is made with alligator-skin tops and foxings of plain French kid, the buttons at the sides being of papier-mache set with nacre or

and foxings or plain French kid, the buttons at the sides being of papler-mache set with nacre or mother-of-pearl. Other designs show tops of the kid and toxings of the altigator skin.

All of the new colors in dress materials are duplicated in the stockings comprised as novelties. Those of spun slik are of improved quality, and are particularly handsome in such shades as steel gray, Moscow green, wall-flower, golden brown and copper color. There is little demand at present for fancy hosiery, while there is no lack of decidedly novel styles. The Richelieu or ribbed stocking has a combination of dark green and brown in narrow stripes, and in copper brown and dark red, which show pin stripes upon the foot and up above the aukle, the remaining length being taken up by half-inch stripes of corresponding colors.

The new triangular tables which have twisted brass or ebony legs are mounted with plush or workers.

The new triangular tables which have twisted brass or ebony legs are mounted with plush or velvet covers, which have the valance draped in lambrequ'n style, each festoon being about eight inches deep. A simple flower is embroidered in each section, and the top of the table shows a vine to correspond. Ornaments attached at discretion to this and other draperies for mant-is, tables, planos, etc., are metal circies, one-half gold, the other half matching the color of the background used for the embroidery. Chenlile or else silk tassels are added, or there is a cone-shaped bit of silk, which has a tip at each end made of chenille. These ornaments are newer than fringe, and are similarly used.

Table-screens and small grate fre-screens with

HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY

brass mountings have a panel of peacock blue, olive or garnet plush, embroidered with a spray of flowers. Thus, on a background of goldenbrown plush, there is a scattered design of wild roses with leaves executed in shaded chenille, while the blossoms are made of pink plush.

The single draperies or lambrequins now used on manels are looped high at each end, some styles showing a double drapery; L.e., a straight valance underneath the one looped.

Long, narrow sofa and chair pillows are abundantly favored this season, nearly ait of the new designs being of this style. Plain pillows of various materials have a band of satin ribbon applied lengthwise, and the owner's monogram, or, perhaus, a spray of flowers, is embroidered on the same. More showy styles are covered with chenille, arrasene, or floss embroidery, and all are finished at the ends with wide ribbon bows, which have short ends.

hissed at the ends with wide ribbon bows, which have short ends.

The "meal-bag" pinenshions described last month are handsomely represented in white satin, embroidered with fine field flowers and decorated with oriental lace, white satin ribbon, and chenille ornaments. The choicest designs are accompanied by a square mat for the dressing bureau, made to match the cushion, which is quite large. A novelty among holiday pineushions is made of garnet velves, to which the photograph of a handsome blonde has been transferred. The flaxen

garnet velvet, to which the photograph of a haudsome blonde has been transferred. The flaxen
curls are half covered by a turban of pale blue
satin, the shoulders are surrounded by folds of
blue satin, and the outline is completed by small
flowers. A plaiting of garnet velvet faced with
the pale blue satin trims the cushion, and garnet
pompons are fastened at the corners.

Chenille ruches and fringes trim many of the
new tonet mats, cushions, etc.

Some new doyleys for holiday presents show
etchings of famous people executed by skifful
penmen. These are in sets, decorated also with
"sets" of people, poets, actors, musical composets, etc., being represented together to form a
dozen doyleys.

ers, etc., being represented together to form a dozen coyleys.

The demand for embroidery and for all decorative needlework has increased so rapidly during the last year that the use of appliques has become almost remarkable. Those of velvet and silk now come in all sizes and all colors, ready for transfer, and are adapted to combination with tinsel thread, or they are to be employed alone. The richest portieres and draperies in private houses display these appliques associated with more or less needlework embroidery.

GLOBE RECEIPTS.

Rolls. Take six cups of flour, two eggs, a half cup of yeast, one-fourth of a cup of sugar, a small piece of butter and a little nutmeg. Mix with warm water and let it rise over night; knead and set in a cool place until afternoon, then shape into rolls and let them rise. Bake in a moderate oven. When done glaze them with a little milk in which a table-spoonful of brown sugar has been dissolved and set back in the oven a few minutes.

Two cups of Indian meal, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of molasses, one quart of sweet milk, two eggs; stir with wheat flour about as stiff as for cake and

Tea Biscuit.

One quart of sifted flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one pint of milk and water mixed, a half-teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix the flour, salt and powder together, then rub in well the lard; add the milk and water; knead until smooth; cut in round cakes and bake in a quick oven.

Oatmeal Crackers.

One teacupful of oatmeal and water enough to make a dough; mix well and quick; if it will bear to be rolled out with the rolling-pin, roll it; keep at it in the same way until it is one-quarter of an inch thick; do it quickly, or it will dry; make only dough enough at one time for one cracker; do not brown in baking.

Mix a cup of melted butter with a pint of milk, a half-cupful of yeast, a half-teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, flour enough to knead. Set in a warm place to rise; roll out and cut; let them rise, and bake in a buttered pan.

Easter Buns.

Two cups of warm milk, one cup of yeast, flour enough to make a thin batter. Let stand over night. In the morning add one cup of sugar, a high. In the horning and one cup of salar, a half-cup of melted butter, two eggs, salt, nutmeg and flour enough to knead. Let rise five hours. Add a few currants and seeded raisins; mould into small balls, and set them closely together in a baking pan. Let them stand till very light, then bake. Wash them over while hot with the white of an egg beaten light with white sugar.

Split the chickens open on the back and flatten them out with a cleaver; lay in a dripping pan with the inside of the chicken next the pan; bake

one hour and baste occasionally; when done make a gravy with the giblets and a little butter and browned flour. Curried Chicken. Cut a chicken into pieces, season and fry in butter. Slice an onion and fry in butter, add a tea-cupful of stock, one tablespoonful of curry pow-

der mixed with a little flour, and rubbed smooth with a little stock; salt; boil five minutes.

Boll a chicken until tender; remove and chop fine; have ready a deep dish; put in the pieces of chicken with the liver in layers, with salt, pepper and butter; make a gravy with the liquor; pour over the chicken and cover with a suet crust.

Make a batter, dip the feet into it; fry in hot fat until brown; make a little drawn butter, then

add a spoonful of vinegar to serve with them. Lemon Foam.

Beat well together the yolks of six eggs, half-pound of powdered sugar, two grated lemons, halfounce of gelatine dissolved in cold water. Simmer over the fire until thick. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff broth, add them to the mixture, beat together and pour into moulds.

Half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg,

ne grated iemon, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water; put in a tin pail and set in a pan of boiling water to thicken. Corn Starch Cake.

One cup of sugar, one and one-fourth of a cup of butter; beat to a cream; add two eggs, one-halt cupful of corn starch, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a half-cupful of milk, one cupful of flour.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one cup of cold water, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of bickory-

Two cups of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, whites of six eggs, one cup of milk, one pound of chopped figs, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Five ounces of sugar, three eggs, six ounces of flour, pinch of salt; to be dropped and sugar sprinkled on before baking.

Boil d Hominy. Have a quart of boiling water in a saucepan; take a cupful of hominy and stir it up into the water gradually, put a little salt into it, and add

hominy until it is as thick as desired. Let it boil one hour; stir often to prevent its burning. Mash the potatoes; add salt, butter, cream and pepper; mix well; make into balls, roll in eggs

and crumbs, and fry in hot lard. Cut a pound of cheese in small pieces; put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a frying-pan and put in the cheese; when it has cooked five nutes add two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of astard and a little pepper; stir it up and pour er buttered toast. Serve hot.

The cures that are being made in nearly all chronic diseases by a new Vitalizing Treatment, which is taken by inhalation and which acts diectly on the weakened nerve centres and vital or-

gans, restoring them to the normal activities which had been lost are simply wonderful. If you are in need of such a treatment write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, for such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to judge for yourself whether it will be of any use in your particular case. A New Trick on the L Road. "I caught on to as neat a trick this morning as "I caught on to as neat a trick this morning as you ever saw to beat the company," said an Elevated railroad gate man to a Tribune reporter the other day. "In the early rush for down town a fellow came past the box with a ticket in his hand. As he passed he apparently threw the ticket in the box. I happened to be watching him and saw the ticket go up his sleeve like a flash. I collared him and found that he had the ticket attached to a piece of rubber, and when he let go it went up his sleeve instead of into the box. A good deal of ingenuity to save five cents, wasn't it?"

Dining and Dinner Giving-The Invitation-The Menu-The Serving-Etc., Etc.

The invitations for formal dinners, which are in order from December until March, are sent out

ten days or two weeks in advance. The invitations can be either written or engraved. Ladies who give many dinner parties always have the engraved invitations, with blanks left for the written insertion of the name of the guest and the date. The invitations are in the name of both host and hostess, but the answers are addressed to the hostess only. The following is the usual formula:

Mr. and Mrs. James Bennet mr. and Mrs. James Benner
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. John Wood's company at dinner
on Thursday, January tenth,
at seven o'clock.

The usual hours for dinner are 6, 7 or 8, and the The usual hours for dinner are 6.7 or 8, and the number of guests to invite for a dinner party, not less than six nor more than twenty; fourteen is the orthodox number. No gentleman is ever invited without his wife, when other ladies than those of the family are present.

If the party is given for a friend or distinguished person, upon an extra card, but enclosed in the same envelope with the invitation, is written,

To meet

Mr —

If the dinner is a very ceremonious entertainment, the name of the honored guest will be engraved upon the note of invitation.

An invitation for dinner should be answered as soon as read, and formally accepted or declined in the following style:

the following style:
Mr. and Mrs. John Wood accept with pleasure
(or decline with sincere regret) Mr. and Mrs.
James Bennet's invitation for dinner on January

James Bennet's invitation for dinner on January 10, at 7 o'clock.

If anything happens to prevent one from attending a dinner after having accepted an invitation a note written in the first person must be despatched as quickly as possible to the hostess, that she may fill the place.

Etiquette demands a call from each guest within a week after the dinner, whether the invitation is accepted or not. Full evening costume is required, and ladies wear gloves, which are removed at the table, and need hot be worn again during the evening.

There should be an interval of five or ten minutes There should be an interval of live or ten minutes between the arrival and the dinner hour. On the arrival of the guests at the house each gentleman receives from a servant a card written with his name and that of the lady whom he is to take into dinner: he also receives a small boutonniere. If the gentleman is not acquainted with the lady whom he is to escort to the table, he asks the host to literable him, and converses with her until whom he is to escort to the table, he asks the host to introduce him, and converses with her until dinner is announced by the butler. This functionary stands at the entrance to the drawing-room, which opens toward the dining-room, and bows to the host, who is anticipating this information. The host offers his left arm to the lady for whom the dinner is given or to the most distinguished guest present, the others follow, walking arm-in-arm to their places, if the room allows it; if not, the gentleman follows the lady. The hostess comes last with the gentleman who is entitled to the most consideration. A gentleman offers his left arm to a lady, and places her at his right. The guests do not, as formerly, wait for the hostess to reach her place, but take their seats at once, only the gentlemen stand until the hostess is seated. Each pair find their assigned place by the card which awalts them, assisted by information previously given by the host in regard to the side of the table chosen for them.

It is only for a very informal dinner that no seats

Information previously given by the host in regard to the side of the table chosen for them.

It is only for a very informal dinner that no seats are assigned. A card with the name of the guest is laid at each plate. The menu card is usually hidden beneath it. The seats of the host and hostess may be at the middle, on opposite sides of the table, or at the ends. Should two persons unknown to each other find themselves placed side by side at table they may enter into conversation without any introduction. A gentleman will see that the lady whom he escorts to dinner is provided with all that she wishes, but where there are well-trained servants one guest does not have to look out for the comfort of another.

All formal dinners are served a la Russe, that is, everything is handed by the servants, and nothing is seen on the table but the fruit, flowers and sweets. Hence the modern dinner table presents a picturesque appearance, with its lavish display of flowers, shaded tapers, glittering array of wine-glasses of various blues, flagons of ruby glass plasses of various bues, flagons of ruby glass bound with gold, and rare entra of Sevres, Dres-den, or turquoise and gold. The lace or open-work tablecioth is spread over a heavy colored groundwork, with a mat of velvet or plush under work tablecioth is spread over a heavy colored groundwork, with a mat of velvet or plush under the silver epergie or centre-blece. Crimson velvet was used almost entirely last season, but this year different colors and materials will be used. A long strip of Indian embroidery, rich with gold and brilliant colors, is used, and with fine effect for a table mat. Only the centre of the table is thus covered, and on this a large silver salver lined with mirror may be placed, with the epergne filled with fruit and flowers in the middle. The ornaments of the dinner table are now all high, including the lamps and candelabra, which replace gas. Two large silver candelabra, nolding, perhaps, a dozen candles aplece, one placed at either end of the centre-piece. These contain the finest of wax candles, which are lighted just before dinner is served. Near the ends of the table are smaller candelabra, with half-dozen candles, each having a rose-colored shade supported by a silver rod, which clasps the candle near the bottom. The flowers, usually roses, are arranged in jars and bowls of dark red, lustrous china. When no colored mat is used it is customary to lay flowers on the cloth, with a wreath of oddress blossoms

The howers, usually roses, are arranged in juris and bowls of dark red, lustrous china. When no colored mat is used it is customary to lay flowers on the cloth, with a wreath of odorless blossoms around each plate, and each lady is provided with a corsage bouquet or a pretty lan covered with flowers. The nuts, sugar plums and candied fruits in silver vases with centres of cut glass are also a part of the table decoration, and are arranged on both sides of the table.

A plate, one large enough to hold the majolica plate for the oysters, is put at each place, and at the left are laid two knives, three forks and a soup spoon—all of silver. The napkin, which is simply folded, with a dinner roll, is also put at the left. The goolet for water and the whine glasses are placed at the right. There are usually two glasses for champagne, one for the hock, a rubyred one for claret and three wine glasses.

White wine is served with oysters, snerry with soup, hock with fish, Burgunay with game, and claret and champagne with the dessert, and port with cheese. Many like old Madeira before the sweets, although others serve it atter the dessert. For less elaborate dinners sherry for the soup and red wine or champagne are sufficient. The servant hands the wine at the right of the guest—everything else is passed at the left—mentioning the name of the wine, and pouring it immediately unless told not to do so. Do not take wine unless you intend to drink it. On a side table is placed the wine dacanter for use; sparkling wines, as hock and champagne, are kept in tee bails, and opened as required. Lumps of lee should never be put in any glasses excepting those for water. All wine glasses, except those for the champagne and Madeira, are removed just before the dessert.

At each plate is also a china or silver sal-cellar; no condiment except sa t is put on the table. A servant passes black and red pepper with the soup.

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Upon side tables are placed all the accessories of the dinner-table—forks, knives, table and dessert spoons, goblets, wine glasses, napkins and the reserve of dinner plates, the coffee cups and saucers and the dessert plates, each with a doyley and flinger-bowl placed on it; the hors d'œuvres or dainty dishes, olives, radishes, sardines, celery and jelles are also on the side table. At another table the chief servant divides the fish and carves the piece de resistance, as the main dish is called; it may be a saddle of mutton, a fillet of beef, a haunch of venison or a turkey, or, very probably, all four. The chief water, or butler, as it is easier to call him, is supposed to help the soup, to carve, and pour the wine. Where there is a butler, one servant to every four or six persons is enough. The following is a definition of a very important adjunct to a dinner table. "A good servant avoids coughing, breathing hard, or treading on a lady's dress; he never lets any article drop, and deposits glasses, forks, knives and spoons noiselessiy. Rapidity, dexterity, and, above everything, quietness, added to a knowledge of their duties, form the requisites of good butlers and servants." They wear thin-soled shoes, do not wear gloves, but use a damask napkin with one corner wrapped around the thims, that they may not touch the plates with the bare hand. Both the cook and butler must be provided with a carefully-written-out menu, that of the butler including the wines against each course. If, as is often the case, the dinner is served by a caterer, the nosts have little or no responsibility, and nothing to do but to be agreeable.

The menu is no longer printed on the dinner or name card, as the latter is kept as a souvenir of the occasion. It is landly expected that a paper on etiquette will give bills of fare, but perhap

fore the dessert a servant should remove the crumbs, and another with a salver removes all the glasses except those for the champagne or Madeira or the glass for water, and then the dessert plates, with the finger bowls, are put on the table with a silver dessert knife and fork. The bowl and doyley are removed at once and placed at the left. The water in the finger glasses should be tinted and faintly perfumed with rosewater. After making use of the finger-bowl the fingers should be wiped on the dinner napkin, not on the doyley, which is for the fruit. After which the lees, grapes, pears and other fruits are passed, and then the bon-bons. Fruit is cut with a silver knife, but eaten with the fingers; apples and peaches should always be peeled before eating. In eating that awkward fruit, an orange, divide it into eighths, or into halves, and eat with a spoon in the Florida fashion.

Celery, clives and radishes are always eaten with the fingers; all ples are eaten with a fork, and all puddings except custards. Jellies, no matter how hard, are not eaten with a fork, but with a spoon, but cheese is eaten with a fork, ladies, however, seldom take it at a dinner party. A whole side of bread, or a biscuit or a muffin, should not be buttered at once. Small pieces should be broken and a bit of butter put on as they are eaten, one by one. All bread should be broken and not cut. When passing the plate a second time the knife and fork are retained. But at a ceremonious dinner no one passes his plate, the servant brings the food to the guest; but at an informal dinner the knife and fork are held in one hand while passing the plate. If a napkin ring is given the napkin is folded and placed in it, but if not the napkin is folded and placed in it, but if not the napkin is left unfolded at the left side of the plate. A wine glass is held by the stem, and not by the bowl. Ices are invariably eaten with a fork, not with a spoon. A word to the hostess—the diningroom must not be too warm nor the lights too glaring, if she wishes her

The dessert is followed by liqueurs, which The dessert is followed by liqueurs, which should be passed on a salver and poured into very small glasses. If the dinner has been a very long one, and sometimes they last from 7 until 10.30, coffee is not served at the table, but in the drawing-room. The gentlemen remain in the dining-room to smoke after the ladies have withdrawn, and the two parties take their coffee separately half an hour or so after dinner. If it is an early dinner, and a theatre or opera party follows, coffee is served at the table.

When the dinner is over the hostess bows to the lady at the right of the host, rises, and all rise also. The gentlemen either stand until the ladies have left the apartment or they conduct them to the door and then return to smoke, or retire to another room for that purpose.

After coffee guests may at any time take their leave, and all depart within two hours after dinner. If a person is obliged to leave early the hostess is informed, if possible, before dinner, and the guest may then depart without any formal leave-taking, as the departure of one often breaks up the party.

And thus ends the dinner of ceremony.

up the party.

And thus ends the dinner of ceremony.

But there are dinners and dinners, and possibly the simpler ones prepared in the house and served by the servants of the tamity, if the least expensive, are the most enjoyable.

SNOW'S OCEAN.

Remarkable Characteristics of a Little Pool of Water in Maine.

On top of a high bank overlooking the Penobscot river, in the town of Orrington, Me., is a deep, clear, little pool of water, that has been a mystery to the neighborhood ever since its curious mystery to the neighborhood ever since its curious actions were first noticed. It is located in the cow pasture of Sam Snow, and not being large enough for a pond and at the same time being too well known for the vulgar term of puddle, it has by general consent been christened "Snow's Ocean." The reason for giving it this name is that although it is located fully one hundred feet above the river, it is endowed with the power of rising and falling twice every twenty-four hours, timing its floods and ebbs with the tides in the stream below. This miniature ocean does not attempt to do things on so large a scale as the river, and contents itself with a variation of from eith to ten inches between extreme high and low water marks, but when it is considered that Lake Superior fluctuates only from two to five inches the soaring ambition of this Penobscot buddle is something quite remarkable, and doubtlessly excites the envy of its larger and less accomplished neighbors. The phenomenon it presents is a well-known fact, and all the frogs, newls and tritons which have dwelt in these waters for any time acknowledge it by depositing their eggs in the deep water in the centre, so they will not be left high and dry by the receding tide. The boys who go in swimming there sometimes find frogs' eggs on the shore, and when such a discovery is made they know that a new family has moved in, just as well as Mrs. Jones does when she sees a wagon load of furniture discharging at a house across the street. There are various theories to account for this plenomenon, the most reasonable of which is that the pond has an underground outlet into the river, which at low tide is barely large enough to carry off the water that is poured into it from surrounding springs, and when it is high water in the river there is so much additional weight upon the outflowing current that its progress is hindered, causing the water in the pool to rise until the ebb sets in again.

John Stewart of Johnson, Vt., Claims to

be an Heir. The St. Albans correspondent of the Journal says that another "cousin" of the late A. T. claimant for a share in the wealth possessed by

Stewart has been discovered in Vermont and is a claimant for a share in the wealth possessed by the widow of the dead merchant.

The claimant is John Stewart, now residing in Johnson. He claims to have been born near Lisburn, in county Antrim, Ireland. He says his father's name was Thomas Stewart and that lie was a brother of Alexander Stewart, who was the father of Alexander Turney Stewart, the wealthy New York merchant. John Stewart claims to be a first cousin of the late A. T. Stewart, and alleges that he has a title and interest in the entire estate. In short he claims to be a legal heir and has already begun a sult against Cornelia M. Stewart and Henry Hilton to recover from them his share of the Stewart estate. Notice of the institution of the suit has been served on Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton, and the claimant has been to New York in person to take legal counsel of L. E. Crittendelf, who, it will be remembered, carried to a successful issue the suits of Alexander Stewart and Matthew Stewart of Proctorsville against the executor of the Stewart estate. John Stewart filed a petition with Judge Taff at the December term of the Windsor County Continuation of the time and place when and where his honor will attend to the taking of the deposition of Mrs. Isabel Cosgrove, Granville has been named as the place, and January 10 as the time by Judge Taff. Mrs. Cosgrove, who was an uncle of John Stewart. This claimant asserts that he can prove by her life birth and parentage, and also his relationship to the late A. T. Stewart and his heirship to the estate. Ex-Governor Hendee of Morrisville and George L. Waterman of Hyde Park, are counsel in the case for John Stewart.

AN "ORNARY" CAVALRY HORSE. How He Had a Little Private Circus of Which His Rider Got the Benefit.

"Just see those boys whipping that horse," said an old cavairyman the other day; "it's a shame to misuse an animal so; but some horses are mighty ornary, that's a fact. Reminds me of that Nick I rode when I was a recruit. Nick joined the regiment before I did, and always seemed to think that accident entitled him to be my master, while I wanted to be his

and always seemed to think that accident entitled him to be my master, while I wanted to be his master. We never got through arguing about it. Sometimes he had the best of it, sometimes I had—honors were easy between us. When Nick couldn't have his own way, he'd end up on his hind legs and pretend he was in a circus—'twas a whole circus for me, too.

"One morning our troops went forward to drive in the enemy's pickets. We whipped out our sabres, charged down through the fog and mud, yelling like a band of Apache scalp hunters and found—nothing. We wheeled out of the road into a field, counternarched, then halted for the other companies to come up. We looked at each other and began to laugh in a sheepish kind of way—when, without warning, we got a thundering volley right in our rear. Nick was on his hind legs in a minute, sailed up through three sets of fours, and landed with his fore feet over another horse's neck. Such a scattering of horsemen you never saw. The bullets kept zipping around, and so did the curses. At list Nick's feet were disentiangled from the other horse's bridle, and he stood panting on four feet—but only for an instant. He'd clean routed one platoon, but his ambition wasn't satisfied, and he took a fresh start. Every man dodged and drove in the spurs when he discovered Nick's ironshod hoofs close to his head, flying like the arms of a windmill. I clutched his mane, but dared not pull on the bridle lest the brute should fall backward and drive the pommet of the saddle through my ribs. Knocking him on the head with the sabre hilt only seemed to inspire him with new ideas. The whole squadron was in wild confusion. At that moment Nick spied the captain and made for him with both feet and his mouth wide open. The captain swee, ordered me off, half drew his revolver to shoot the beast—then clapped spurs to his charger and lit out. The whole company had been defeated, captain included—and Nick was happy. His eyes shone with the light of a conqueror as another trooper seized his bridle and towed us

is the title of a large illustrated treatise by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.; sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treat-

MASSACHUSETTS COURTS.

A Brief Historical Glimpse of Long Ago.

The System of Judicature in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

An Interesting Address by Hon. Charles T. Gallagher.

At a meeting of the Curtis Club, held to Young's Hotel recently, Hon. Charles T. Gallagher delivered an interesting address, of which the following

About four years ago, learning that the older papers of files of the courts of the Colony and Province of Massachusetts Bay were in a state of decay and in danger of becoming utterly obliterated and destroyed by the action of dampness and heat and by the hand of the autograph pirate. I paid a visit, with others, to the basement of the court house, where these documents were kept. We found them in wooden boxes ranged against the wail which bounded the furnaces of the building, in a room occupied at one time by sheriffs' keepers, and always by rats, which infested the place. After repeated hearings before the committee on county accounts the pittance of \$500 was allowed, and the papers were removed to the room of the registry of deeds and later to the New England Historic-Genealogical Society's rooms for safe keeping, until they could be arranged and indexed for the benefit of the public. These papers on examination appear to be the records of the court of assistants, the General Court, and the superior court of judicature, with other miscellaneous papers.

assistants extend over the period of the colony and part of the province, while those of the superior court of judicature appear only after 1692, when this court was established. The matters to which I shall call your attention are the records and files of the court of assistants and the General Court which extend from about 1640 odd to 1686. Although the first Coneral Court was beld Merch. and files of the court of assistants and the General Court which extend from about 1640 odd to 1686. Although the first General Court was held March 15, 1628, and the first court of assistants was held on the ship Arbela in Charlestown harbor, August 30, 1630. The General Court consisted of the governor, deputy governor and the assistants, who were chosen by the freemen.

This court seems to have possessed not only judical but executive and legislative authority, eivil and criminal, until 1639, when the court of assistants became a court of judicature and the county courts, strangers court, and magistrate or inferior courts were established. Up to 1642 the General Court had original jurisdiction, but this year a law was passed requiring that no cause should be tried there until one tral had been had in an inferior court and the parties were dissatisfied with the judiment of that court.

The principal judicial court with which we have to deal, however, is the court of assistants, which was re-established in 1639 and was composed of the governor, deputy governor and the rest of the magistrates in Boston, "to hear and determine all, and only actions of appeal from the inferior courts, all causes of divorce, all capital and criminal cases extending to life, member, or banishment."

The County Courts

were held by one or more of the assistants or magistrates of a county, and commissioners nomnated by the freeman and appointed by the court; three constituted a quorum, provided one was a of entertainment, were charged to see that there was an able ministry and well supported, and were authorized to admit freemen into the colony; these courts had also the power of probate courts, and, in fact, were the only courts with probate jurisdiction.

courts had also the bower of probate courts, and, in fact, were the only courts with probate jurisdiction.

The strangers or merchants' courts were established in 1659 to accommodate strangers who might visit the colony for trade, and not be obliged to wait the ordinary course of law. They died with the first charter, and were never revived after dissolution of first charter. Courts of chancery were established in 1685; prior to this the General Court had exercised chancery jurisdiction; the majority of county courts were made chancery courts; appeals lay to assistants. It may be proper here to mention that of the other courts whose records do not appear the military court, established in 1634, with power to wage offensive and defensive wars, imprison enemies of the Commonwealth, and put to death, etc., had no small powers.

The principal form of action—in fact almost the only form of action which I found—was trespass on the case, and a variety of cases might be selected to illustrate the crude notions of pleadings possessed by the people of those days; for instance:

Nov. 22, 1659—From County Court—Thomas

Nov. 22, 1659—From County Court—Thomas Dyer, assignee of Samuel Adams piff., against Sampson Shoard deft., in an action of the case for withholding and denying to give possession of the dwelling house and lands and appurtenances, and two years' rent retained, etc., etc. The jury brought in their verdict: "They found for the piff, the house, land, and appurtenances mendioned, and that possession be given to sd. Dyer accordingly and costs of court." The court refused the verdict and so it fell to the next court of assistants.

The Pecultarity of Verdicts. The verdicts you will notice are peculiar, but

one that struck me as being especially considerate of the rights of practice was:

Jan. 30, 1682—Stephen Sweasey v. R. Wayte—
Upon review of an action tryed at a County
Court held in Bostou, Oct. 1681. According to
attachment jury brought in special verdict, viz.:
That if the person who claims judgment, though
it be but part of what afterwards may appear,
have liberty by law to review his accord; wee find
for the piff. 198 198. & costs. Otherwise wee
find for the deft. costs of court.—Court entered
judgment for piff. and appealed. Afterwards
Sweasey sued R. Wayte (Marshal) for neglect to
attach body, etc. Took personal Bond.

An illustration of a case arising on the Divorce
side of the court, is the case of Ama Keayne v.
Edw. Lane.

An illustration of a case arising on the Divorce side of the court, is the case of Ama Keayne v. Edw. Lane.

March 1, 1658—Ct. Assts. — Annie Keayne appeared and petitioned to be free from her pretended husband, Edward Lane. The court sent for him and asked him if the statement in the petition were true, viz., "from first to last since his marriage he hath been deficient in performing the dutles of a husband, &c." After a considerable pause he answered "that he must speak the truth he could not say he had performed the office of a husband." Court declares marriage null, and that she be free from him.

Among the papers in a case arising under the merchants or strangers' court 1 found a bill of lading the wording of which as a combination of things sacred and protane for the purposes of commerce, struck me as somewhat novel.

1660—adm. appeal—tres. case—bill of lading "shipped by the grace of God, in good order. &c., by Richard Thayre, Sen., in and upon the good ship" — "whereof is master, under God, for this voyage, Wm. Greenough, and now riding at anchor in the harbor bay at Barbadoes, and by God's grace bound for the port of Boston with 3 barrels of rum, &c., &c., from Barbadoes."

Among petitions of no especial legal interest, but

Valuable as Historical Documents,

is one

1665,—in behalf of Lieut, Peregrine White by certain freemen "in respect that he was the first of the English that was born in these parts" & that they accommodate him with a portion of land—the court set off to him 200 acres on path between Bridgewater & the Bay near Divide of Mass. By. & Plymouth (Chichatawbut.) I. O. Deeds were used in evidence, and several Indian grants or deeds, similar to the foregoing, either original or copies, are found filed in evidence, and as an illustration of what a pleasant time a lawyer would have proving title under the strict rules of evidence, 1 add—

1639—deed of "Mowhotiwormet," otherwise called Robin Hood—land about Sagadahoc river—

तांगू Robin

Witness.

In 1654 Bateman conveyed, referring to above deed, and this was used in evidence.

Some remnants of the old fights over lands claimed by the Gorges are to be found, and generally a very interesting and instructive collection of material is to be found among these old files. There are original plans embellished with colored inks or paint, many of them with references to title deeds and chains of conveyances minuted on them, records of town meetings, copies in some cases of original wills, bonds, deeds, ships, accounts, muster rolls, and a great variety of the papers that naturally find their way as evidence in a case, and being peculiar to the times; and all of these are valuable as in many cases they are the only evidence extant of the facts they relate; among other things there is an original plan of the line between Worcester, Sutton, Marlboro and Lancaster, made by order of the General Court, and the surveyors and chainmen were sworn to a faithful duty before proceeding—as a piece of evidence it may one day be valuable. Witness.

The Last Term of the Court of Assistants was held April 15, 1686; the last term of county court was held May 6, 1686, and adjourned to Thursday, May 27, 1686, at 2 o'clock, and the docket in Mr. Willard's office shows that under this entry a clerk, "half in earnest and half in jest," added, "and never met more, Laus Deo," but immediately following in a different hand, written possibly by one of a new and dominant political party, appears "the court met again, Laus Deo," although no records are found again until 1688 on the docket under the Andros administration. The absence of lawyers from among the people was a thing that seemed to be desired and encouraged; and I cannot find that there were any practising attorneys as such skilled in the science of law, or with any legal knowledge or training. Thomas Lechford was here from 1637 to 1641, but he was prevented from practising, and finally went home to England and wrought his vengeance on the colonies in his book called "Plain Dealing," and he was only a scrivener. Thomas Morton was a lawyer at home, but never practised here, and he was sent away in disgrace; and the acts passed such as in 1656, that "patron or party pleading more than an hour shall be fined 20s, for each hour, etc.," seem to refrain from recognizing the craft; but after three or four years of Andros, with the advent of Governor Phipps and the new charter a system of courts with barristers and attorneys was created and the practice of law began to be a profession. The court of assistants was superseded by the superior court of judicature, the county courts by the common pleas and quarter sessions, and the common pleas and quarter sessions and the commissioners for small causes became justice of the peace, and in 1715 an act was passed allowing only two attorneys to be retained, that others may be retained to assist the other side, "upon tender of the established fee which they may not refuse." And so a system of jurisprudence, modelled, of course, in the English form, grew up; and at the opening of the revolution there were in Massacnusette thirty-six barristers and ten attorneys. thirty-six barristers and ten attorneys.

Odd Stories From Everywhere. Not a nail is used in the construction of houses in Japan. They are put together by a method of mortising.

nortising.

D. J. Burke of Shoal River, Jackson county, Fia., is the father of thirty-five boys and four girls. He married five times.

Joseph Salliard fell in love with Miss Martel, a

Joseph Saillard fell in love with Miss Martel, a school teacher at Aurora, Ind., and annoyed her so that she gave up her place and went to her father's home in Montreal. Saillard had no money, but he walked to Montreal, and pressed his suit with such ardor that he was locked up.

Some queer things happen during tornadoes. A gentleman travelling in Louisiana was surprised by a tornado, and immediately afterward was pelted by catish. One of the fish knocked him down, and his horse ran away. Several thousand of the fish fell. They had been scooped up by the wind from a lake near by. A shower of crabs fell in an Illinois town a few months ago.

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Will every agent who sent a club last year kindly see each member and secure his subscription and renew the club for this year? Ask all your friends and neighbors to subscribe, and increase the club by the addition of many new names. It is easy to secure subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE. because it shows for itself that it is the best dollar weekly in the United States.

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The amount of gold in the United States at the present time is estimated to be \$578,000,000, being an increase of \$300,000,000 within five

An Italian duke has just been cured of obesity, but it cost him \$30,000. The money was paid as a ransom to bandits, who had been giving him a

In NewYork City there is a class of missionaries who quietly go round to dence halls and saloons and rescue young girls from the snares set for them. There is plenty of work for similar philanthropists in Boston.

family by walking back two miles after he had left the house to warn the inmates of an impending snow-slide. Tramps will get hospitable entertainment at that house in the future.

President BASCOM of the University of Wiscon sin makes a plea in the Independent for a change in college discipline. He says that "nowhere are young men closer bound, hand and foot, by irrational sentiments and tyrannical inheritances.

EL MAHDI is credited with the intention of descending upon Egypt, and the ability to clean out whatever forces can be raised to oppose him. The British are just beginning to realize the gravity of the situation and their own folly in hitherto affecting to despise the insurrectionary movement.

The way of the transgressor is not always as hard as it ought to be. Winslow, the forger, is prospering in Buenos Ayres, and is more wealthy and influential than any honest man in that city. It is said that he is a member of the principal club, and is personally intimate with the American minister. That American minister must be a nice sort of an official.

BREWSTER, the gaudy attorney-general of the United States, whose lace frills excite the wonder of men and the envy of wemen, is suffering from a virulent attack of the heraldic craze. He has a gorgeous coat-of-arms emblazoned on his carriage, harnesses, horse blankets, portfolio and other available belongings, which elicits jeers and unseemly jibes from the vulgar herd.

A pleasing variation on the customary didn'tknow-it-was-loaded episode occurred at Keithsburg, 1ll., the other night. One of the inspired idiots who flourish firearms exhibited a revolver, and, to convince the nervous bystanders that it was harmless, pointed the weapon at his own breast and pulled the trigger. Feebly remarking, "Somebody has been fooling with that thing," he was gently wafted over the battlements of the sweet bye-and-bye.

The assassination of Lieutenant-Colonel a most depressing effect on the Czar, who was on the point of making constitutional concessions, but is now said to be firmly resolved on most stringent and unbending measures. The Czar seems to be always on the point of acting like a man of sense, but it never requires much to dis- a time, as most houses "let up" on operations at suade him. Anything serves as an excuse for this season in order to review the last year's work withholding justice from his beloved people.

Washington society is convulsed over the question of whether the speaker's wife should rank the wife of the secretary of state or whether Mrs. FRELINGHUYSEN should receive consideration before Mrs. Carlisle, or whether the wives of the | American flag, which causes the New York World Supreme Court justices should precede both. It to remark: "This ought to cause the American is a great question, and Washington is stirred to the centre by it. Washington etiquette of pre-celebrate with his screech the next centennial." cedence and position is as strict and unchangeable as that of any European court, though it is based on democratic principles. Mrs. CARLISLE holds her place as the "first lady of the land" because Mr. CARLISLE is the highest official

elected, and therefore the speaker's wife has a higher social position than their wives, though her husband's official position is lower.

added during the year.

half of the Commonwealth's interests in the New York & New England railroad.

sacrificing the State's property.

the State since 1879. The financial condition is much sounder than at any time since 1873.

The responsibility for heavy taxes is laid upon the municipal governments, not upon "the extravagance of the Legislature or the inefficiency of assets from the assessors.

Regarding savings banks he thinks that a limitation, say of 5 per cent. of the deposits should be set to the loans on personal security.

He advises that the question of biennial elec tions be submitted to the people.

Many grave defects in the election laws are

view of the attitude of the general government on the subject and the state of public opinion, he recommends that the State put itself on record against the spoils system.

eral government for the militia, the condition of which he finds to be very satisfactory.

Much attention is devoted to educational questions. He says we need more thorough supervislon, especially in the country towns. He suggests a new scheme for the distribution of the income from the school fund, by which eighty-five of the He suggests, concerning the forestry question,

voted exclusively to the cultivation of forests. In the consideration of the labor problem, he urges the necessity of weekly payments to the poorer operatives, and such legislation as shall

the extension of the tax exemption to lands de-

The Governor says that he has been urged to ecommend the abolition of the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, but he cannot make that recommendation. He sees the necessity for retrenchment, and suggests that the force of clerks, assistants, superintendents and other subordi-

does not recommend the erection of a new hospital. gests modifications in the laws of commitment, so that incorrigible cases may be transferred to penal

The Lancaster Industrial School should be let alone, except to increase its facilities for good

prisons and their management.

The divorce and liquor questions he treats in a general way, making no specific recommendation, but noting the advisability of attention to the sub-

Deficiencies are noted in the insolvency laws, and he suggests that the matters of small bankruptcies be determined by trial justices and police, municipal and district courts.

gloomy view of things at the beginning of the year, and, because business happens to be dull in a particular locality, to predict dire disaster in the commercial world in the near future. This may be very diverting to the croaker, but it is wholly

It is true that there has been a large increase in the number of failures, but it must be rememalso increased. Experience has proved that a large proportion of the men who engage in business fail eventually, and therefore the fact that many have failed during the past year affordsino ground for expecting anything like a panic this year. On the contrary, the chances of immunity from commercial disaster during the next twelve

The statistics of the Treasury Department show that for the twelve months ending November 30. 1883, the excess of the value of exports over imports of merchandise was \$120,000,000, and that during only two months of the year did the imports exceed the exports. If selling more than we buy is an indication of prosperity, there is surely no reason for taking a gloomy view of the business interests of the country.

in food products have not been generally profitable to the speculators, for which the people should not be wholly inconsolable. Stocks are low, and it will not be disastrous to the country if they remain low enough to be within hailing distance of their actual value. The absence of a demand for alleged securities indicates that some people have increased their stock of wisdom during the year, and have discovered

Eastern bankers report that there is no lack of money in the West, and that their correspondents Superkin by the Nihilists is reported to have had are not making their customary calls for each at this season of the year. They argue from this that the distribution of money is more general than usual, and that there is nothing in the finan-

> Business men expect that trade will be dull for and lay out schemes for the next twelve months.

situation that are not altogether gratifying. For instance: Statistics show that of all the millions of bushels of grain carried out of this port during the past year not a peck went in a vessel flying the eagle to retire to the mountains until sent for to Governor CLEVELAND has something to say

years ago a distinguished foreigner who visited this country wrote: .

which aid them and the success of their undertakings, I cannot help believing that they will one day become the first maritime power of the globe. They are bound to rule the seas as the Romans were to conquer the world. . . The Americans themselves now transport to their own shores nine-tenths of the European produce which they consume, and they also bring three-fourths of the exports of the new world to the European conimers. The ships of the United States till the docks of Havre and of Liverpool; while the number of English and French vessels which are to be seen at New York is comparatively small."

But how has the distinguished foreigner's prophecy turned out? In 1840 American vessels carried 82 9-10 per cent. of all our exports and imports; in 1850, 72 5-10; in 1860, 66 5-10; in 1870, 35 6-10; in 1880, 17 4-10; in 1882, 15 5-10. The Americans do not rule the seas. They cannot even prevent their own war vessels from running into what few merchant ships they have and sinking them in sight of land.

Here is something for Congress to think aboutand do about if it have the wisdom to think rightly. Congress can help commerce, help labor, improve many things, if it will only abate the taxation that increases the cost of living, strangles commerce and piles up useless millions in the treasury to tempt thieves and make good men go wrong.

HE HAS RUN THE CIRCLE.

HENRY VILLARD is another man who has travelled the entire financial circle and now finds himself at the beginning again. He is still a comparatively young man, but he has lived enough to make up two or three average lives. He came to this country when he was twenty-one years old. penniless, or nearly so, and now he finds himself in that condition again. He travelled as a book agent over the Illinois prairies. He made a success as a war correspondent, and, if he had continued in journalism, might now, in all probability, be one of its leading lights, and he certainly would be worth as much. Indeed, with his energy and ability, if he had continued in the book agency he might even have gained therein a position of respect and affluence. When he turned his attention to financial affairs he marched rapidly from one success to another. He sent the Northern Pacific on its way, and gave it such an impetus that it may even continue to go. But it proved too much for him, and he is crushed under its weight, run over

But there is time enough for VILLARD, if he does not lose his health, to run the whole circle again. He will undoubtedly run a part of it, for a man of his make cannot rest unless he is going toward the top and is pretty well advanced in that direction. His life has been quite the typical American life, and he himself, though he is German, is quite the typical American.

By the way, how many of our typical Americans are foreigners?

A STREAM OF GOLD.

"Paris casts 25.000.000 of francs annually into the sea? How so, and in what way? By day and night. For what object? For no object. With what thought? Without thinking. What to do? Nothing. By means of what organ? Its intestines. What are its intestines. Its sewers."

So said Victor Hugo almost a quarter of a century ago, and science has every year since then added emphasis to his words. And now, atop of all these years in which these things have annually been more clearly known, Boston's magnificent new sewerage system stands as a monument to the impotence of human knowledge. It is the result of the best wisdom of the best engineers of this country. An intricate, comprehensive sysequality with the best sewerage systems of the best-appointed cities the world over. So far as the human hand has been able to put to practical use the knowledge of the human brain, Boston has reason to be proud of this wonderful underground and undersea system of pipes and basins and res-

But a stream of gold will be constantly flowing down through these pipes and out into the reservoir to be carried away by the tides. Science has estimated that for fertilizing purposes city sewage. at a moderate value, is worth \$2 a year for each inhabitant. That means that the sewage of Boston is worth yearly \$800,000. That is the amount, at the lowest estimate, that will quietly, every twelvementh, flow off into the sea out beyond Moon island. In seven years it would more than pay the cost of the whole system. By its value alone the next generation could discharge the city's debt. And all because human ingenuity is so clumsy in the use of what it knows that it cannot put to practical application the knowledge it has had for age system is proof of the perfection with which science and skill have solved the problem of sewerage alone. That which science and skill now need to do is to solve the additional problem of how to turn this stream of gold in the other direction, and, instead of throwing it out into the sea, spread it upon the land.

The experiments at Pullman, in Illinois, and at one or two places in England prove that this can be done on a small scale to the sanitary and financial benefit of the towns. Now let the engineer arise who can do this same thing for a city of size. The drainage of the New England cities, if utilized as it might and should be, would make the thin, poor, worn-out New England lands rich

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

[New York Tribune.]

It has been generally supposed that the year 1883 has been one of almost unmixed disaster. But the statistical records show that there has been neither stagnation nor panic; that the volume of trade has been nearly as large as in any previous year; that a foreign commerce scarcely ever exceeded in magnitude has been attended with very favorable results to this country; that the railroads have done more business and realized larger earnings than ever before: that the payments through clearing houses outside of New York exceeded \$14,042,-000,000, an aggregate never reached before, though it might have been slightly exceeded in 1881 had all the clearing houses now in existence been in operation then; that the number of failures was swelled by the collapse of many unimportant concerns, and the aggregate of liabilities by the fall of a few great speculators, but the average of liabilities for other failures was unusually small: and that the speculative dealings in some products were enormous-of oil, for instance, more than a hundred times the entire stock in the world having been sold at three cities during one year. It cannot be said that these facts justify a

gloomy view of the industrial and commercial possessing a wife who comes straight from the | Americans prosecute commerce, the advantages | situation. Labor must have been generally well

employed, or the interchange of products could not have continued on so vast a scale. In fact a principal cause of industrial disorder has been the refusal of working people to bear a share of the sacrifices which the fall in prices involved. With cheaper food and clothing, the inevitable reduction in wages, which they have resisted unwisely and in vain, will leave them at least as well off as they were in 1881 or 1882. The profits of manufacturers and dealers, and the dividends of corporations, have been seriously reduced, but there is a wide difference between slender profits and ruin. The country has to wait, with some endurance and patience, for the readjustment of industries and branches of trade to changed conditions, but there is nothing to indicate that a recovery of business health need be long delayed.

"If the next thing that occurred to us was being" fined for shutting our eyes when we gape." The girls all know this is leap year, so we simply refer to the fact for the information of the unsus-

wearing the much-talked-of low-necked dresses.

kets for our manufactured goods; so it also reduces wages, closes mills, and compels many operatives to remain idle; it even robs the underpaid laborer of the chance to strike success-"This new year," once said a quaint old lady to

them." Doesn't that hit most everybody's case The latest anecdote of Professor Sophocles is curiosity, and, therefore, I shall not report you." After all, Grant must be after a third term. An

Twenty young ladies of one church in Philadelphia have been married within two months. They probably thought the minister's salary called for their sacrifice

Fitchburg Tribune: A Fitchburg man thought he would give his wife a pleasant surprise the

with her during his absence. set apart a piece of land on Washington boulevard, near California street, for a theological seminary, and to it he will add \$100,000 for the buildings and \$100,000 for the endowment of the

A justice of the peace of Council Bluffs performed a marriage ceremony the other day for she would "take this man as your lawful and and wife the bride turned to the justice with a surceremony for \$2?" She expected a lengthy ceremony and a big reception, banquet and presents

If Denis Kearney were to start a newspaper now, even if it were only a little one, its envious temporaries would all begin calling it "a blankit sheet" the very first day.

a good phrase. Now, won't somebody please tell us just what it means? "Yes," said an old smoker, "I know the weed is

expensive, but doesn't old Shakespoke advise: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy?" The Lowell Citizen young man has a tender sensitive soul. "We started to read a poem by Bartley Campbell the other day," says he;

A well-dressed man appeared at a house in Hillsdale, Mich., and asked for a meal, like a tramp. It was given him. After finishing a good,

were proprietor of the town.

A London scientific paper says that a shoulder of mutton contains one-third more bone than a leg and considerably more fat and connective tissue and that consequently a shoulder at twenty cents a pound is dearer than a leg at twenty-five cents. "Now, let's have a pleasant adjustment, ten cents on a dollar, as I want to go to Europe by the next steamer," said a bankrupt suavely to his

Brother Gardner: "One great cause of human misery am de fack dat mankind expects too much

When two men meet in the streets of Denver An analysis of matrimonial advertisements in ore particular about family position; and that religious faith is of secondary importance with

most advertisers of both sexes. The town of Lexington, Mo,, has an "Old Men's

"hook Jack." given a trip just now on a coasting schooner.

Of the immigration of 1883 Germany takes the credit for above 180,000 souls. England and Wales for 80,000, Ireland for 64,000, Canada for 60,000 and Sweden and Italy for 30,000 each.

Sun: Mr. Villard is a man of so much vigor and cultivation of intellect and so great capacity in various directions that he cannot be permanently A drunkard who was locked up in the Tombs at

the custom of drinking on that day which had first started him on the downward path. There were nearly 1500 murders in the country during the past year.

Spirited walking is said to be the only style that

really benefits the health.

It is estimated that 7,000,000 envelopes a day are made in the United States. Denis Kearney is running a refreshment stand at Ocean Beach, near San Francisco, His present

in baseness every day in the week. "Accidents" to the uneasy heads of Europe may be regarded justly with suspicion in these days. It transpires that the injury lately sustained by chance, but rather to the partially successful aim of a man with a gun. The man has the ill luck to be a Nihilist, and if caught he will have the felicity of being hanged, which will not, however, deter other hunters of big game from taking occasional shots at his imperial highness and in-

Advice to Consumptives. On the appearance of the first symptoms, as

flicting more accidents upon him.

general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, ion is scrofulous disease of the lungs; there-

CROFFUT'S LETTER.

The True Story of the Recovery of Stewart's Body.

The Michel Rudolph-Marshal Ney Story a Pure Fabrication.

Interesting Extracts From a Boston Lady's Album.

NEW YORK, January 3 .- The real facts about

the body of A. T. Stewart have been purposely withheld, and various stories have been given to the local papers here to satisfy the curiosity of their readers. Two of the chief of these papers have alleged within the last two months that it has never been recovered from the thieves who stole it from the vault on that dark night five years ago. I am able today to give the true story for the first time, and on high authority. The rest less remains of the millionnaire were recovered nore than two years ago, and for a year they have reposed under the cathedral at Garden City, in a special vault so constructed and equipped that if an attempt were made to enter it the touch would set in motion the chime of bells in the ower above and ring an alarm to the town. If Judge Hilton's conjectures are correct, the robbers of Stewart's grave were three horse thieves pretty well known in this State and Connecticut. Mrs. Stewart, from the first moment of her dis-

pretty well known in this State and Connecticut.

Mrs. Stewart, from the first moment of her discovery that her husband's grave had been descrated, insisted on the recovery of the body at any price, but Judge Hilton doggedly opposed it, declaring, with some show of reason, that public safety required a deflance of the viliains and a refusal to yield to their demands.

But in the fail of 1881 (I think it was) an event occurred that woke Judge Hilton up to the peril of further persistence. One of his servants happening to go out of the door at night discovered some men at the foot of a long ladder that was erected against the side of the mansion. They immediately fled, and he alarmed the household. At the top of the ladder a window was open—the window of the room where slept Judge Hilton's seven-year old son! Then came an anonymous letter, "You were in time last night. Next time you will be too late." Hilton yielded to Mrs. Stewart's view of the case, and negotiations were reopened. There was a good deal of shrewd bargaining as to the actual sum of money to be paid, and a spirit exhibited on both sides that must have rejoleed the soul of the great merchant if it was present; but at last the sun of \$50,000 was fixed on, and the terms C. O. D. Not precisely either, for the threves insisted on getting the money in hand before delivering the body. This condition was accepted by Hilton, as no other was offered to him by the commercial and suspicious parties of the second part.

The place selected for the delivery was a small bare hill in Westchester county commanding the

second part.

The place selected for the delivery was a small bare hill in Westchester county commanding the approaches from every side. The directions to Judge Hilton ran virtually thus: "We will be there Judge Hilton ran virtually thus: "We will be there at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning with the body. You send one man, unarmed, on foot, with \$50,000 for us. When he has given us the money we will leave him in possession of the body." This programme was actually carried out. A plucky servant of the late Mr. Stewart was selected to complete the purchase. He walked to the top of the hill, and was examined for weapons by masked men, who then accepted the money and departed, leaving the tormented body behind them in a trunk. I have forgotten to say that while the negotiations were pending the villains proved their identity by sending to Judge Hilton a piece of paper exactly the size and snape of the piece of zigzag cloth they had cut from the lining of the rified coffin they had let behind them in the Stewart vault. So ends the ghastly affair.

of the rifled coffin they had left behind them in the Stewart vault. So ends the ghastly affair.

Since the recovery of the body Mrs. Stewart is very secluded and is constantly attended by detectives, who are hardly ever out of her sight. Judge Hilton thrives amazingly. Stewart's great projects of a cheap Woman's Hotel and a Garden City Utopia have both been allowed to go to dismal wreck, but Judge Hilton has, it is alleged, made money by the sweat of his ingenuity at the rate of more than a million doilars a year. The million doilars that Stewart gave him has been turned over and over and over—ten or twelve times, some folks say, but folks will talk. Stewart himself is seldom spoken well of by those who knew him. I know of no more hideous picture of wealth than his hollow life and revolting death and resurrection, or one better calculated to make the poor contented with their iot.

Leaves from an Album.

autograph album has recently come an autograph about has recently come into my hands, which may be called a finished work. It is owned by Mrs. Margaret C. Avery of Boston, and at present is in the custody of her brother, William A. Camp, president of the New York Clearing House. It contains the name of almost every well-known man of letters in America, with an original verse. Lappend a few of these: I append a few of these:

I am tired of the etymology that makes "religion" mean that which binds. It is good Latin and excelent plety to understand by "religion" that which A bird sang sweet and strong In the top of the tallest tree; He said: "I pour out my soul in song For the summer that soon shall be." But deep in the shady wood Another bird sang: "I pour My heart on the solemn solitude For the springs that return no more." GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Yes, in the World's Eternal plan Yes, in the world's given
Divinity itself is given
To him who lives or dies for man
And looks within his soul for Heaven.
EDMUND FLORENCE STEDMAN, Strew roses on his breast;
He loved the roses best;
He never cared for lilies or for snow.
WILLIAM WINTER.

WILLIAM WINTER
If woman seeks for power, then she must yield
The very essence of her being up.
Bow her full heart, throw off its golden shield,
And drain its holiest life to fill the cup
That like a brimming golden seed with And drain its holiest life to fill the cup
frat. like a brimming goblet red with wine,
she lavishes upon the world's broad shrine.
Upon the tattered rim men grave her name,
Fling down the empty cup, and this is fame!
ANN S. STEPHENS.

I see no cause but men may pick their teeth.
Though Brutus with a sword did kill himself.
JOHN GILBERT. slanting; Through hindering stones speaks the soul of the brook;
Past rustle of leaves we press into the stillness;
Through darkness and void to the Pleiads we look;
One bird-note at dawn, with the night-silence o'er us,
Begins all the morning's magnificent chorus.
MARY MAPES DODGE.

One leaf I will take.
SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. From wells where truth in secret lay He saw the midnight stars by day, "O, marvellous gift." the many cried; "O, cruel gift!" his voice replied. The stars were far and cold and high That glimmered in the noonday sky. He yearned toward the sun in vain,
That warmed the lives of other men.
W. D. HOWELLS.

Love is a day, sweetheart, shining and bright, It hath its rose-dawn ere the morning light; Its glow and glory of the sudden sun; Its noontide heat, as swift the hours wear on; Its fall of dew, and silver-lighted night— Love is a day, sweetheart, shining and bright. Love is a life, sweetheart, ending in death;
Is it worth while to mourn its fleeting breath?
Light-footed youth, op sad, forecasting prima;
Joy of young nope or grief of later time?
What pain or pleasure stays the parting breath?
Love is a life, sweetheart, ending in death.
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The failures of men are the opportunities of women JENNIE CUNNINGHAM CROLY. Taken altogether it strikes me that these senti-ments are by no means commonplace. They are mostly brilliant and artistic, and I wish I owned the album

Carfield and Marshal Nev.

The human mind hankers for romance. We are not inclined to believe anything with real gusto except the improbable. I see that the story is again current that the illustrious Marshal Ney of France was no other than Michel Rudolph, a humble lieutenant of our revolutionary war, who ran away from Virginia and from this country in 1785 because his wife "went with a handsomer man." The addition is now made that the Michel Rudolph was a brother of Mrs. Garfield's grandfather. Indeed, Mrs. Garfield's grandfather. Indeed, Mrs. Garfield's father confirms the report. The yarn is a captivating one. Young Rudolph flying from the scene of his discrace, full of chagrin and ambition, joining the French army the year Napoleon did, rising through rapid grades, beating the Archduke Charles, storming the castle of Elchingen, wresting victory from defeat, covering the retreat from Moscow, winning the titles of count, marquis, duke and prince, welcoming Napoleon from Elba, holding the centre at Waterloo, and finally shot in the gardens of the Luxembourg. I wish so brilliant a fellow had been Mrs. Garfield's great-uncle. I don't know who started the story, but it received some credence twenty years ago from the 'circumstance that Ney's name was Michel, and that he spoke English, and that Napoleon is alleged to have alluded to him as "My American," though I can find no such thing in his writings. The human mind hankers for romance. We are

later there came to me from the mayor of Saar-louis a document proving that Ney's parents lived and died in that town, and also a transcript of the church register showing that the infant Michel Ney was baptised there. What became of poor Michel Rudolph I do not know.

I have a warm fellow-feeling for Villard in his perplexities, and entertain no doubt that he will conquer them and win a fortune for himself yet.

perplexities, and entertain no doubt that he will conquer them and win a fortune for himself yet. I inquired about him this morning. "Nothing daugerous," said my informant, "only that he hasn't been able to sleep more than three or four hours for a week. Insomnia, that's what alis him, resulting from worry and disappointment. He meant to make a lot of fortunes for himself and his courageous backers, and he hasn't done it. The failure grieves and puzzles him. To go without sleep is enough to make any many crazy, but Villard is tough and level-headed, and he'il come out of it. The thing that hurts him worst is to see his friends suffer."

It is reported that Villard has not only lost \$3.000,000 or \$4.000,000 himself, but that he has handed over to other losers the \$300,000 that he gave a year ago to his wife, a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison. I hope this is not true. A man should not pay so dearly as that for a miscalculation. There's only one thing—a recollection—that makes me think the report may be true. In the autumn of 1862 he came into the Army of the Potomac as a correspondent. I was writing letters to the New York Tribune. His horse was a better one than mine, and he always kept ahead excepting, perhaps, on a retreat. One night when the army was being transferred from the Rapidan over to Fredericksburg, and Villard and I were trying to keep along with it, we found ourselves a good ways from any elizible house and compelled to camp soldier-fashion on the ground. We picketed our horses, then brought a dozen nice, soft three-cornered rails from a wormy fence near by, laid them gracefully side by side on the wet grass, as close together as possible, and went to bed. As it was cold we put our blankets together and laid them over us, and, as that ever would be rich. Maybe he has been so foolish as to give away his wife's property and start from bed rock again—who knows?

Plays and Play Actors.

Commenting on my last week's letter about

Commenting on my last week's letter about "Fanny Davenport and her folks," a gentleman writes me "Fanny is just 38 years old. She made her debut at the Globe Theatre. Boston, twenty-one years ago last summer. Our residence adjoined that of Mr. Davenport in old Roxbury, and when Fanny was getting ready for her debut one of the youngsters saw her gesticulating in the summer-house and screaming 'False Clarence!' Mamma, come here, quick!' he sang out, 'Here's a crazy lunatic out in the garden!' "Storm Beaten,' the North Pole piece, still runs like wildfire with the standing-room-only sign at the Union Square, but Mr. Shook is going to stop it in its blooming career and put on Bartley Campbell's new play, "A False Step." The action of the comedy takes place chiefly in France and Italy, though the characters are mamily Americans. A play with Charles Coghlan in it, supported by Effie Elsler, Mand Harrison, Eleanot Carey, Mrs. Phillips, Stoddart and Parselle, ought to succeed whether it is good for anything or not. Stetson, who found Coghlan a beautiful but use less white elephant at the Fifth Avenue, has retracted his awful oath never to ofter a play it New York again, and has contracted for all the American rights to Glibert and Sullivan's new opera, barring Boston.

W. A. Croffur.

WINNING A WIFE.

Elopement of a Young Pole with a Cheine ford Belle-They Start Off in a Sleigh, Break Down, and are Caught by the

Old Man. [New York Sun.1

NORTH CHELMSFORD, January 5. - A short distance out of Cheimsford lives Farmer Nelson, a man possessed of considerable property and a daughter of more than usual comeliness. The two, with a woman-of-all-work, lived alone until early last summer, when a handsome young Pole named Tileski came to work on the farm. Mr. Nelson boarded the young man, and between him and Miss Nelson an intimacy sprang up which soon ripened into love. Farmer Nelson had destined his daughter to marry one Miles Johnson, a young farmer near by, and Johnson was as much in love with the young beauty as the Pole was. It was not long before both Johnson and the farmer were made aware of the state of affairs existing between Miss Nelson and Tileski. The girl showed in every way her aversion for Johnson and her praference for Tileski.

At length Farmer Nelson's wrath got the better of him, and he peremptorily ordered Tileski off the farm, saying that if he ever showed his face there again he would cowhide him within an inch of his life. A vholent scene between the two men was prevented only by the tears and entreaties of Miss Nelson. She prevailed upon Tileski to leave peacefully, which, ster no little demurring he did. and a daughter of more than usual comell

entreaties of Miss Nelson. She prevailed upon Tileski to leave peacefully, which, after no little denurring, he did. This occurred in November last. Tileski hung around Chelmsford, and whenever Nelson and his daughter drove into the village they always caught a glimpse of his face. The lovers had some surreptitious means of communication, for one night reptitious means of communication, for one night early in December Miss Nelson was discovered by her father in the act of stealing from the house to

After this Mr. Nelson kept a stricter watch

bride.

Last night at about 9 o'clock Miss Nelson was suddenly taken with violent spasms, and her condition became so alarming that her father drove off to the village in hot haste for a doctor. No sooner had he got well away than Miss Nelson marvellously recovered, and with her satched in hand left the house and fiew up the road leading from the village. Here she found her lover waiting with a fleet horse and a sleigh. They immediately started for Lowell, where they intended to have the nuptial knot tied, and had nearly reached the village, when a pin gave way in the sleigh and they found themselves unable to proceed. While endeavoring to repair damages Tileski looked up and saw Farmer Nelson right upon him. The old man was jogging homeward, after leaving word for the doctor to hasten to his home. He at once saw the trap into which he had fallen and sprang upon Tileski with murder in his eye. The young Pole was too much for him, however, and in a thrice had the farmer down and bound with the reins taken from Tileski's horse.

After confortably wrapping up the old man in buffalo robes, they left him in the snow, and the unfillal daughter and her lover coolly took possession of Nelson's sleigh and continued their journey. At Chelmsford Tileski ran across Johnson, but the latter offered no battle. Tileski told Johnson that his hoped-for-father-in-law was waiting to see him on urpent business a half mile down the road, and that he had better go to him at once. Then the couple drove away, and went straight to Lowell, where a goodnatured parson was routed up, and the knot tied on the spot. Farmer Nelson was released by Johnson, and drove, tearing and swearing, in hot haste for Lowell, only to find himself a day after the fair.

Tileski told his story today with a great deal of self-entirical and self-entired in and said that he supposed it Last night at about 9 o'clock Miss Nelson was

the fair.

Theski told his story today with a great deal of self-satisfaction, and said that he supposed it would be war to the knife now with Nelson, but that he had won his bride as fairly as the old man hand that him, and he proposed to keep her in would let him, and he proposed to keep her in spite of all that Nelson and his legions might attempt. Mrs. Tileski blushingly corroborated her husband's story, and seemed contented with the step she had taken.

WITH HORNS OVER ITS EYES. A Curious Animal that if Astonishing the

People of Village Pond. MORTH FALMOUTH, January 5.—A quarter of a mile from this village is located what is commonly known as "Sunnyside" or "Village" pond. Reports have been extensively circulated that a terrible-looking aquatic animal has been several times seen disporting itself in the bond. The animal is described as a ferocious-looking object. It is some three feet in length, its body entirely covered with a dirty white hair grown long, with a short bushy tail. Its head resembles that of an English pug dog, with the exception of its eyes, which are described as being as large in circumference as a half-dollar silver piece. Just above each eye is something very much resembling horns. Many of the village people here have had their curtosity satisfied beyond their expectations by visiting the pond and getting a satisfactory glimpse at the mysterious-looking "something." Several of the citizens who have seen it say that it is only an otter, but Professor Dimmick of Falmouth, who has visited the pond, in an interview with The Globe reporter, described it as above. NORTH FALMOUTH, January 5 .- A quarter of a

Randall's Value us a Democratic Leader. Randall's Value as a Democratic Leader.
Washington, January 1.— Representative
Buckner, who voted for Carlisle, says that the
election of Carlisle over Kandall was no evidence
of lack of Democratic appreciation for Randall, or that he has fewer friends in
his party than when he was chosen
speaker. He says that many of the members
recognized the fact that the Democrats need a
leader on the floor in this Congress, that they
need the most capable leader to be found, and that
they believed Randall would be of more service on
the floor than in the speaker's chair. Mr. Buckner
regards Mr. Randall as the ablest leader of a party
in Congress, and believes that the party is fortunate in having him on the floor to pilot it safely
through political breakers.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1884.

Governor ROBINSON speaks in his message, first, of the public debt, to which nothing has been He suggests the necessity of legislation in be-

Concerning the Hoosac Tunnel and the Troy & Greenfield road, he recommends immediate action that shall provide some practicable way of meeting the whole debt at its maturity without

He notes a steady advance in the valuation of

the executive." He urges the adoption of such amendments to the laws as shall render it impossible for any person or corporation to hide taxable

noted, and he emphasizes the necessity of immediate corrective measures. The necessity of civil service is not regarded as especially strenuous in Massachusetts, but, in

He hopes for further assistance from the gen-

smaller towns will receive more aid than now.

reach and benefit the humblest citizens.

nates may be too large. He says that there is an imperative demand for increased accommodations for the insane, but He criticises the State reform schools, and sug-

He finds no necessity for legislation concerning

NEW YEAR PROSPECTS. It seems to please some journals to take a

unwarranted by the facts. months are improved thereby.

There has been a decline in prices, and corners

ways of using money preferable to gambling in Wall street. No panic need be feared because the

cial situation to warrant any fears of a crisis.

about this in his message. He finds that fifty

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"I should not be surprised," quoth a policeman,

pecting boys. Doctors and undertakers don't object to females Barnum has \$10,000,000 to leave his heirs. The show business pays any one who knows how to

that protection prevents us having foreign mar-

her children on January 1, "has many good things in store for you if you behave yourself and deserve

that he once told a studen; who was afraid of being reported: "You were so drunk as to be a anecdote is being told of how he presented a man with a horse worth \$5000, just because he had unjustly removed him. It won't work, Ulysses.

Mason, who shot at Guiteau, is going into the

other night. He went home early and sober, and by so doing completely surprised her and also a ntleman triend who had come to sympathize Tolman Wheeler of Chicago, who has given about \$70,000 to a religious corporation, has

quite a lively and positive couple. When asked if wedded busband," the bride responded: "You bet your life, judge, I will." When pronounced man prised look and asked: "Is that all there is to the

Cosmic dust is what some people think causes the red sunsets. "Cosmic dust." Ah! yes. That's

"finally we came to the point where he rhymed

warm meal he took a fine, fresh cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and walked off as though he

and one kills the other, the local papers refer to it as "a death resulting from a playful scuffle." Germany shows that three times as many women as men seek partners in that manner; that women are far less particular about age than men, but far

Club" with twenty-four members, to which no one is admitted under 70 years of age. They have An evening school has been started in the Sing Sing prison. None of the scholars are late or

A "floating debt" is all right enough when you can float along with it.

Toronto on New Year's night stated that it was

cry is: "The sandwiches must go." Pittsburg Chronicle: There are men in this country who could give Judas Iscariot new points

sumption is scrottlious disease of the langs; latter fore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medi-cal Discovery." Superior to cod-liver oil as a nu-ritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatize on Communition send two stamus. treatise on Consumption send two stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. V.

After this Mr. Nelson kept a stricter watch than ever on his daughter, going so far as to put her under lock and key after dark, and limiting the extent of her perambulations during the day. In the meantime he urged Johnson to pay more ardent suft than ever to the refractory girl. He did so for a time, but got little satisfaction. Through notes dropped from Juliet's window at midnight Tileski was kept informed of how matters stood, and his fertile brain soon conceived a plan by which to win the girl and win a bride.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

The New York & New England and Its Troubles.

Sketches of Villard, Porter and Wilson and Their Work.

Mrs. Paran Stevens and the Paget Family-Entertaining Gossip.

NEW YORK, January 5 .- The failure of the New York & New England railroad to pay its debts and earn its fixed charges, like all other things of news, had been discounted. Strange that the land path between two such reciprocal cities as Boston and New York should be more obstructed by rocks, inlets and difficulties, than all the course from the Hudson valley to the valley of Salt Lake! Herein lay the expense and delay of achieving a new line inland to Boston, and in terminal disadvantages here, which, in the

primogeniture of time, the dead Vanderbilt seized. He took out the spine of this island and made the cavity where it had been his railroad tunnel, and paralyzed, of course, the two lobes of the city. It is farther by night, to go across town here, than to go to Boston; in the former case you fall among thieves near the tunnel, who may send you to the tunnel, and a small piece of you will arrive at Boston on the cow-catcher.

Yet there is comfort in the recollection that when nature had left Long Island sound open nearly to Boston, she considered that her pains had been enough.

Old Roger Williams had a topographical eye, as well as a conscience, for water, when he slipped out of Salem, estensibly to Plymouth, and made a trade for the site of Providence. Said he: "I will take a pre-emption upon the tother end of that sound, and in the course of time return some of the vexations Boston has inflicted upon me."

Mistress Anne Hutchinson got even farther along toward New York, and tradition ascribes the place of her massacre by the Indians to have been where Cos Cob now stands, or Port Chester, and Roger were mutual admirers. A little mutual admiration and a little sex constitute a booming new creed. Ask the Shakers!

Where Anne Hutchinson and all her family perished Mrs. McMullen survives. At Cos Cob lives this lady, who was the idol of William M. Tweed. Her sister was the friend of another high city official of that date. Both these splendidlooking women were the daughters of an old-time gambler in New York, and when they gambler in New York, and when they walked Broadway in the afternoon on the old promenade toward Broome and Spring streets, foreign noblemen turned to look and wondered at the physical equipment of this new western race. From Tweed his lady received handsonely and retired into the country, and the neighbors of the sisters often refer to them and their comfortable country box.

General James H. Wilson, president of the New York & New England railroad, is one of the occa-sional Western men, like Blaine or Burlingame, there. He was born in Illinois, came out of West Point Academy the year before the rebellion, and as an engineer was speedily distinguished. Engineers are the men if they possess corresponding enterprise and courage, though some engineers take a spade too long and put their eyes on the ground. Wilson, Horace Porter and Gilmore made a little triad around Fort Pulaski. When they opened on that fort it caved in like Fort Sumter. Grant sent for Porter and McClellan sent for Wilson, the one to go to Vicksburg, the other to Antietam. The same day that Porter opens his West Shore railroad, almost by the skin of his teeth, to Buffalo, and a train was through, Wilson's railroad takes a big reef in it and bows to fake.

Previously General Wilson had been the reviver of New York through building the Elevated railroad up Sixth avenue, a project in which Porter also made money, and Porter helped lift Washingmigton city to beauty and subsequent opulence under Shepherd.

Shepherd is still in Mexico, and, I think, likely to stay there. He went out to work the old Batipenterprise and courage, though some engineers

to stay there. He went out to work the old Batipolis mines, raised considerable money here for the purpose, and soon afterwards began to buy other groups of mines, until his money falled to pay further dividends. pay further dividends.
General Wilson captured Jefferson Davis, made
the last great raid of the war, and came to his
aness only when Porter was holding on by the eyeadds and Villard was on his back.

cal calms or trade winds, surrendered with various degrees of philosphy.

Still, see their work! Wilson's rafiroad was 228 miles through a frightful country, in much, to blast trackway. Porter's runs 425 miles. Villard's, taken up at Bismarck, runs 1450 miles to the tides of the Columbia. We may consider that these three young men, whose combined ages one long-lived man could exceed, have laid down 2100 miles of rafiroad in two years, at a cost of probably \$140,000,000. Porter got through the best, but his construction stock has declined from 110 to 25, and although he is open to Buffalo his double track is not all down and his traffic is to be made.

Few of the people who stand off and criticise these young glants would have the stability to do their office work two weeks in the year. Crowded with details, obliged to be diplomatic and economical and patient under cares, from day to day and from year to year, they have earned their money hard and lost great portions of their earnings in the very hours when unthinking criticism was bearing hard upon their failures. What tyrant is like equality? How many heads has public opinion? The throne of man at last is also his rest—the flower bed of the grave!

What is called a career one person in several thousand takes a chance at, either by force of character or some original endowment, like beauty Let us suppose it to be beauty. That will bring

character or some original endowment, like beauty or ambition.

Let us suppose it to be beauty. That will bring a woman admiration, temptation, ambition—and career. She will marry rich, or go astray, or take a husband old enough to make her weep; but beauty will drive her somewhere forward and publicly, or torture her with unattained longings and uncertainties, till in the tumble from wild expectations she strikes heartless, or in religious stupor, that earth from which she bloomed.

I once knew in a great political capital three beautiful women, confessed by all men and people to be so from their childhood. The first was pursued by a foreign minister, who at the same time, had a mistress and two or three idegitimate children living near by her father's, and so, although he proposed marriage to the young lady, her father would not permit it. But this merely gave a nearly lifelong distress to the girl, spoiling her dreams of career and court life and the recognition of her beauty in other lands. She was ready to forgive the man's morals in the career he might open for the appreciation of her charms. After her disappointment, she lingered awhile in society and suddenly became a convert to the Catholic Church, because it seemed to her that the aristrocratic views she had entertained needed a traditional something savoring of authority to set her waning charms in.

Had she been brought up to make mince pies, and to welcome the first young man who came along and offered himself, she would now be the middle of a iamily of beautiful children, her beauty commended by good men, her name green in posterity, and possessing the privilege of turning up her nose—if it was a nose of that order—at this point of my letter, to say: "I don't believe that story of any American girl?" I wish there was one American girl that did not.

The second beauty was tender as a dove, sweet rather than flashing, so gentle in address that love seemed budding everywhere in her like the Holy Spirit. Her mother was a tradesman's wife, who looked d

and the lady took to writing newspaper letters, as I am doing now.

In that work, dutifully, beautifully done, she met a Hebrew gentleman from the foot of Mount Sinan originally, who was honorable by responsibility, if not means, was a widower, and loved her. Since their marriage, living in a distant colony, they have made at least one step toward career. They have had a baby.

The third case was peculiar. A fine girl, blonde, straight, premature in charms, whose father was rich on the American plan, got it by taking it from his Uncle Sam, flourished in or about the political society awhile and suddenly went into strict seclusion and would not be seen by the postman when be called, or the grocer's little boy. Finally the

reason came out. She was engaged to be married to the Viscount Bawdyshanks.

On account of this high family of the viscount she had gone into the retirement, nobody could exactly tell why. The viscount had gone home to his high family to prepare the castle, and the surrounding society in America was not to be patronized by the future vicomtesse.

All at once the viscount turned up again. He looked like like the devil on two sticks. He was broken-backed, lame in the dancing leg, had crutches and trusses, and eyes that would scare children's nurses, cleatrized as these latter are.

He was a gentleman, notwithstanding. Gentleman as he was, he pronounced the whole yarn nonsensical. He was engaged to nobody, had no money to marry with, was too fine to be bought up, etc.

young clerk, who was bold, a spendthrift and a bar-room fighter. Everybody asked what had the mystery been.

Merely the dream and affectation of a career!

Merely the dream and affectation of a career!
It would be so delicious to keep to one's self a
while the illusion of a distinguished marriage and
have the world talking about it; to sit like one of
the foolish virgins awaiting the bridegroom with
no illuminating oil, but a beautiful and subtle
mystery that makes life and convents seem the
same.

Of all this the moral is: instead of calling your
next daughter Carrie, call her Career. Then you
will always have a career in the family!

Suit of Boston Folks. Mrs. Paran Stevens, once a Lowell girl, is the leader, so called, of the foreign circle in New York. I caught sight of her recently passing her landlord, Risley, at the Victoria Hotel. I saw with the eyes of Joe Gargery that she was "a fine figger of a woman." Like Joe's better halt, she goes on the war path, and Melcher, her son-in-law, has almost been wallopped by her, while Risley

has almost been wallopped by her, while Risley does not speak to her. The Paget marriage and the accompanying great career are thought to be the differentiating causes. Meicher married a Miss Stevens by the first marriage. Risley was Paran Stevens' partner once.

Reminiscences of those early days when the grease-pot stood over the fire to receive the rejected chunks of meat and make the annual profit of the estate strangely contract with one's name in Burke's peerage and all the Paget family suing in the courts of New York to get into the hotel firm of Hitchcock, Darling & Co. The motto of the Pagets is "Per il suo contrario," which, freely translated, means, "Suet renders us ill and contrary." Suetonius was a great grammarian. The acting motto of the Pagets is now rendered, in the rendering-pot, "I had rather be a tavern-keeper in thy house, Hitchcock, than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

A slight tendency to keep tavern has always excepted.

in the tents of wickedness."

A slight tendency to keep tavern has always existed in this family. The first Paget who became Marquis of Anglesey contributed a leg of mutton on the battle-field of Waterloo to the general stew there. In their American alliance they won not only beauty, force of character and wealth, but some position, as old Paran Stevens was considered to have got the name of Peerin from being without a peer in beating the gong. The nice point of this suit is whether a firm disappears by reason of some members of it going into a new partnership, yet keeping the whole of the ancient good-will. This case came up in the suit of Reed of the Hoffman House, and was decided on the grounds of Mrs. Stevens' claim, but the litigation was frightfully expensive. Mr. Melcher was a member of the hotel firm, as well as of the Stevens family. as of the Stevens family.

Hints. The sum of \$34,000,000 per annum to operate this city, and most of it given to recently landed patriots to spend, slightly staggers us with both our greatness and our faith. It is about \$25 for every soul in the city, including the poorhouse and newsboys, not taxed. It shows that death and taxes are the most persistent things before

and taxes are the most persistent things before the worms get their chance. Sometimes it looks as though the worms spent the taxes.

Sherwin, once of Northampton, Mass., who did a great drv-goods business there and opened a store on Fourteenth street, New York, has gone to jail for two years. He it was who circulated the silly story that A. T. Stewart had broken him up by sending secret agents to his store and under-advertising the articles of sale, so as to ruin his custom. Stewart, I suspect, beat him by being a better merchant and a more honest man. being a better merchant and a more honest man. When you have been bitten a long time by a flea or a lie, finally hunt it down and examine it. We believe some very silly stories a long while for an intullent race. ntelligent race. I hear that Ned Stedman, the energetic printer's

I hear that Ned Stedman, the energetic printer's boy, poet and broker, is to enter the board again, and that his creditors have signed off for him. His wife's house here is rented by Senator Mc-Pherson of New Jersey for \$3000.

Mr. John R. Duff sometimes comes here to press his suit against Hutchinson, which it is believed, Mr. Duff will win; certainly he will if respectable sentiment prevaits. Hutchinson is not popular in his church, but it requires charges to be made by a fellow-brother before the sons of John Wesley can try a stock broker.

There is a chance for somebody who has fixed up the sewerage of Boston to come here and sup-

There is a chance for somebody who has liked up the sewerage of Boston to come here and supplant the present Brooklyn bridge with a steam transit bridge on Blackwell's Island. Events prove that this bridge, while a beautiful web hanging in the air, can only catch flies by having some steam spiders on it.

George Alfred Townsend.

Abundance of Riches in a Mexican Desert -St. Louis Capitalists Preparing to

Clutch the Treasure. ST. Louis, January 3 .- The Ch men are interested in a scheme to acquire fabulously rich gold mines between latitudes 27 and 29, in the Mexican peninsula. In 1876 there was a population of 1000 in the area named, but nothing was heard from them for years. Early in 1883, the Mexican govin the area named, but nothing was heard from them for years. Early in 1883, the Mexican government sent an expedition, under Signor Blanca, to explore the country and report. They travelled from San Diego down the Pacific coast of the Gulf of California and returned in four months almost skeletons. For twenty-five miles they saw no living thing except an old Indian and his squaw. The pack animals died of hunger and thirst. At two places they passed deserted mission churches built of stone. In these were gold and silver vessels on the altars, and in the vestries hung priestly vestments covered with dust and dropping to pleces with age. Dried and bleached bones were found, but not a bird, animal or reptile, not a drop of water, and no indication of rain for years. A few days later they found rich deposits of gold ore, both placer and ledge, of which they brought back specimens. These specimens are in the hands of the agent of the St. Louis syndicate, and have been assayed by government experts. The placer specimens show \$240 to the pound, and the ledge specimens from \$60,000 to \$200,000 to the ton. To reach these deposits pipe lines and artesian wells will be tried, and caches constructed for food. The country is the abode of desolation, and many lives will be sacrificed before it can be made habitable for the gold hunters.

Sensational Elopement of Children in West-

ern Pennsylvania. JACKSONVILLE, Fenn., January 2.—This section of Lehigh county is in a ferment over the elopement of O. J. Smith, a handsome, beardless youth of 16, and Amanda Klase, a plump and pretty lass of 13. The children were frequently seen together at church and Sunday school, Smith escorting the girl home, but never keeping company with her alone at the house. They many agreed to get married, but fearing parental objectives. pany with her aione at the house. They finally agreed to get married, but fearing parental objection, owing to their extreme youth, they quietly departed in the direction of Stinesville, were absent several days, and then returned and produced a marriage certificate. Their parents accepted the inevitable with good grace and the young couple are now living at the house of the infantile bride's father.

MARION'S CELESTIAL VISITOR.

A Ball of Fire Hovers Over the Town, Finally Exploding with Great Violence. MARION, January 2 .- One of the most wonderful meteorical phenomena ever witnessed exhibited itself in the heavens between 9 and 10 o'clock iast evening. The sky was overcast with thick, heavy clouds, when the eastern heavens were heavy clouds, when the eastern heavens were suddenly illuminated and a bail of fire seemed to slowly drop straight down towards the earth. When within a short distance of the earth, it shot upwards like a flash into the heavens, taking a southerly course through space at a rapid rate, when it again changed its course, travelling from the south back again to the east. After sailing around for some five minutes it exploded with a loud report, throwing out many-colored fires that were exceedingly beautiful.

Blown From Her Yard Into a Tree. FONDA, N. Y., January 4 .- Yesterday, during a violent wind storm, Mrs. Reuben Walrath of Oppenheim, Fulton county, ventured into the Oppenheim, Fulton county, ventured into the yard to get some articles which had been hung on a clothes-line. Not returning, the family became alarmed and went in search of her. They were attracted by her groans, and found her lodged in the branches of a pine tree a few rods from the house. She had been literally blown away. One leg was broken and her shoulder was fractured. She also sustained some severe bruises, but it is thought that she will recover. Mrs. Walrath is a small woman, about 40 years of age.

A Louisville Belle Elopes with a Chinaman. JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., January 2 .- Miss Nel-JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., January 2.—Miss Nelle Burton, a handsome girl from Louisville, across the river, eloped with Wing Lee, a Chinaman, who runs a laundry in Louisville, and they were married in this city this afternoon. The Chinaman was attended by seven friends, and spent money freely. They have gone in the direction of Chicago, with the parents of the girl in hot pursuit. The couple received quite an ovation from a crowd that learned of their errand, and they were accompanied to the depot with much cheering and considerable chafing. THE RAGING ELEMENTS.

Great Destruction by Floods, Ice and Gales.

Montreal Suffers From a Second Disastrous Ice Shove and Flood.

A Suburb of Buffalo Practically Destroyed by Wind and Ice.

MONTREAL, Jan. 3 .- During Wednesday night the water rose sixteen inches, and the cellars of all the buildings on St. James street, west, extending from Victoria square to Bonaventure depot, were flooded to a depth ranging from three to five feet. Owing to the rapid rise of the water it was impossible to remove vegetables and wood and coal, which are consequently submerged and a loss. Most of the hotels along this principal thoroughfare are now without heating or cooking

Early this morning at the St. James Hotel, near the Bonaventure depot, James Ryan, a porter, went into the basement to examine the condition of the water. He struck a match to light his way, when a terrible explosion occurred, hurling him off his miniature raft occurred, hurling him off his miniature raft into water which was five feet deep. He was rescued with difficulty, and was taken to the hospital, when it was found he was terribly burned. He is in a critical state. Floating barrels in the cellar had broken the gas pipes and allowed a large escape of gas. The windows of the hotel on the first story were completely shattered, and a large coal stove was overturned. The proprietor estimates his loss by the flood and explosion at \$2000. A large quantity of liquor was also destroyed. The hotel contained a large number of guests, who, startied by the explosion, rushed into the street in their night robes pell-mell.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the ice in the river took a grand shove and landed piles twenty feet high and thirty feet wide over the retaining wall upon Commissioner street, carrying away the iron railings of the retaining wall and the temporary wharf offices, but not reaching the buildings on the opposite side of the street. The shove only is sted a few moments, but during that time the water rose an Inch and a half, to the highest point attained during the flood, at which point it now remains. The sudden rise of last night took unawares many business men who had gone home the previous night, trusting the water had then reached its highest point. Deso:o Brothers, cigar manufacturers, had over 200 cases of leaf tobacco in their cellar, which they found this morning in two feet of water. Men worked all day in the water removing the cases to the upper floors, where the water leaked from the cases down on valuable goods below. The loss will be considerable. Two hundred and eighty hands are temporarily thrown out of employment in this establishment. The custom house furnaces are still kept above acter by pumping, the furnaces being in boilerplate compartments. The officials at the harbor commissioners' office attend to their duties in fur caps and overcoats. The furnace is way under the water works, and unless it soon abates the steam engines will have to b into water which was five feet deep. He was rescued with difficulty, and was taken to the hos-

TRENTON, N. J., January 4.—A reporter inquired this morning at the wire mill of John A. Roebling's Sons & Co. why a reduction had been made in the wages of their employes. He was in-Roebling's Sons & Co. why a reduction had been made in the wages of their employes. He was informed that it was principally because the price of wire was fully 10 per cent. lower than ever before. When the barbed wire industry was commenced, some half a dozen years ago, it led to an increased demand, and nearly all the steel rall mills in the country in order to supply the market doubled their productive capacity. Among the houses which now produce 100 per cent. more wire than they did prior to the establishment of the barbed wire industry are the Gautier Steel Mills at Johnstown, Penn.; the Cleveland Rolling Mills at Cleveland, and the Hartman Steel and Iron Company at Beaver Falls, Penn. These are all immense producers. Usually heavy orders come from Western firms at this time of the year for wire intended for consumption the whole year through, but this winter these orders are lacking. The Western buyers keep very close to the shore. Then, again, steel and iron are greatly depressed in Europe; steel ralis are \$4 and \$5 cheaper a ton than in many years past. Iron is especially depressed. The reporter's informant said it was not true, however, that the cut in wages here averaged 10 per cent. The average is not above 6 per cent. The men do not complain about it; they wonder rather that the cut was not greater, and that it did not come sooner.

A Better Outlook for the Iron Industry PITTSBURG, Penn., January 4.—The number of idle men in this city at present is unusually large, idle men in this city at present is unusually large, owing to the glass strike and the depression in the iron and coal trades. An advertisement in a labor paper on Wednesday for twenty coal miners elecited 300 responses within twenty-four hours. A prominent labor leader commenting upon the situation said: "The reports, however, from the various iron mills in the city show a better condition of things than had been anticipated last month. Nearly all the iron and steel mills are now running, with fair prospects of an increase in business during the present month. The Republic Iron Works, on the south side, which have been shut down for some time on account of a break, will start up next Monday, with plenty of business to keep them going steadily. The Black Diamond Steel Works are about to lay a train for the largest roll in the world, while several other mills are now working on double turns. There seems to be a growing demand for iron, and the manufacturers are daily growing more hopeful. Business is increasing and the outlook is more encouraging."

An Artistic Snake Story From Abroad.

An Artistic Snake Story From Abroad.

(New York Times.)

Robert Browning's son, Robert Barrett Browning, has made some mark as a painter, and now is at work ambitiously enough in sculpture. His latest statue, according to Mr. Theodore Tilton, is a Dryope, to whom, in the shape of a python snake, Apollo is paying a dubious courtship. "The great snake, with its tall coiled twice around her left ankle, has aire dy climbed instinuatingly up the right side of her body, and is just thrusting forward his head to kiss her lips. The damsel evidently knows that her strange guest is a god in disguise. Nevertheless, she instinctively protects herself against her divine assailant by humanly holding her arms across her bosom, de-

fending one of her breasts by locking her hands over it, and the other by bending her elbow around it. In this position, firm yet shrinking, brave yet startled, she gazes with frowning curiosity on the smiling, conquering creature by whose approach she is equally flattered, puzzled and appalied." It appears by the same authority that young Mr. Browning hired a boa-constrictor owned by a woman who was a snake-charmer, and educated an Iralian model in Paris to play with and pose with the serpent. Finally, her equeation being complete, the snake was bought, and, to quote again from Mr. Tilton, "the python, of his own subtle accord, when placed at the feet of the girl as she stood posed, would slowly climb up her body and conveniently stop when his head was near her lips. The pleasant warmth of her breath comforted his coldness and induced him to keep his head usually in the very position which the artist's design required." It is evident that an American had to be imported before a snake story at all worthy of consideration could be evolved in an effete old world civilization.

MATHEMATICAL MADDUX. Extraordinary Abilities of a Ten-Year-Old

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]
Master Clement Thomas Maddux, a native of Tensas parish, who has recently come with his parents to reside in this city, is in his first decade. A youth of that age who looks upon exercises in mental arithmetic as a pastime is, perhaps, as rare as an infant Byron or Shakespeare. The young Clement smiles at mathematical difficulties that paralyze the faculties of many older heads, and finds a deep and satisfying joy in "fractions." At 7 he had absorbed the whole of Davies' series of arithmetics, including the "University," and stood ready to take in algebra with equal avidity, but by the advice of a prominent educator this branch was postponed. He is a bright, heaithy boy, with ruddy cheeks, clear blue eyes, and a physique that seems quite equal to the demands of the large brain. He has all the fondness for boyish sports proper to his age, and carries into everything the same quickness of observation and understanding that distinguishes him in his studies. His remarkable talent for arithmetic is not a blind intuition. He knows perfectly what he is about, and is able to explain his methods fully and satisfactorily. These methods are the result of a clear understanding of the properties of numbers, and seem to have been devised by almself rather than acquired from others. They have all the simplicity and directness of those employed by experienced accountants, and, supplemented as they are by very unusual ability for carrying on mentally complex processes of calculation, they enable him to solve, without the aid of slate or pencil, problems that involve considerable ciphering for oruinary people. He will estimate with surprising quickness and accuracy the aggregate value of a crop sold in separate lots and at various prices, and is especially delighted if these prices are expressed in fractional parts of dollars and cents, or he will give with equal facility the superficial area of the walls of your room, or the solid contents of your woodpile. In geography, which ranks next to arithmetic in his favor, he shows the same facility of combining and generalizing his information. Master Maddux is entered as a pupil in one of the public schools, where he will pu A youth of that age who looks upon exercises in mental arithmetic as a pastime is, per-

The services of the service of the s

o'clock last night and 7 o'clock this evening fourteen conductors of Pullman palace cars, running over the Pennsylvania railroad, have been arrested at the Broad street station in this city, for a series of embezziements, in collusion with the regular conductors of the trains, by which it is said their employers have been swindled out of \$40,000 within the past four months. The arrests were made on evidence secured by a detective agency which makes a specialty of railroad and steamship work, and which has been pursuing an investigation for nearly five months, sometimes having as many as twenty detectives riding as passengers in the Pullman cars of a single train. These detectives gave the conductors tackets purchased in the usual way, after having carefully noted their numbers. Those numbers were then traced, and it was found that in a vast number of cases the palace car conductors, without punching the lickets turned them over to the regular conductor, who sold them to scalpers at reduced rates, and shared the proceeds. In many cases the detectives gaining the conductors' confidence accompanied them to the offices of the scalpers and to gambling houses and other resorts, where they would sometimes spend more in a night than their salaries reached in a month. One conductor is said to have stolen \$455 on a single trip, and the loss to the companies was considerably more than \$300 per day. Of the fourteen men arrested six gave bail and the rest were locked up to await examination on the charge of embezzlement.

MARRIED AT LAST. Unfortunate Complications That Delayed a Rockland Wedding. ROCKLAND, January 3.—A singular incident happened to a young couple of this town who were to enter the state of matrimony last evening. The ceremony was to take place at the residence of the groom's parents at 6 o'clock, for which all the arrangements were made. Early in the afternoon the young man was surprised to receive a telegram from his intended, who resided in a town not far from Boston, stating that she was ill and unable to keep her engagement. Disappointed and downcast at the unpleasant news, he immediately inquired by telegraph the nature of her trouble. Receiving no reply, he took the 4.20 p, m. train for Boston to visit ner. Shortly after his departure another telegram was received from the young lady stating that she would arrive at the appointed hour. Among the passengers who alighted from the 6 p, m. train was the young bride, who, upon arriving at her destination, was informed of the mistake. The young man's friends immediately notified him, and at a late hour he returned from his fruitless journey and claimed his bride. ROCKLAND, January 3 .- A singular incident

Failing 176 Feet Down a Mine Shaft.

SHENANDOAH, Penn., January 5.—Frank Staehle, a miner employed at the Kohinoor colliery, left home this morning before 7 o'clock, and at that hour arrived at the top of Primrose shaft. He and a companion walked under the cage roof. Staehle in advance. As they were about to descend the shaft Staehle stepped upon what he supposed was the cage, when, with a shriek, he disappeared from sight. His companion gave an alarm, and lights having been brought, the manner of his disappearance was disclosed. A hole had been cut in the floor of the cage, through which the wheels and axles of the cars hung as they were being hoisted. A temporary flooring or door was put over this hole when men were the freight to be hoisted or lowered. Somebody had neglected the precaution of covering the hole up, and in the darkness Staehle fell through it, landing in the sump at the foot of the shaft, 176 feet below. The water broke his fall somewhat, and strange to say, when found he was still living, and subsequently recovered consciousness long enough to bid farewell to his family.

He Wants an American Navy. He Wants an American Navy.

An old sailor, who had been in the service for many years, was today honorably discharged at his own request from the United States steamer Powhatan. When asked why he left he replied: "It's become so now a fellow can't underriand what his shipmate is saying to him, there are so many Norwegians and other foreigners in the navy, and I thought it was about time for an old American man-o'-wars-man to quit the service."

"Bo you ever intend to return?" was asked.

"Well, when it becomes an American navy, if it ever does, perhaps I shall think better of it and enlist again." HEADLONG INTO A CREEK.

Pennsylvania Coasters.

Fatal Plunge Through Sixty Feet of Air Into a Creek Eight Feet Deep.

Terrible Struggle for Life in the Icy Waters-An Eye-Witness' Account.

Morrowville, Penn., January 2 .- On Sunday night a party of young people from Stokes' went coasting on Long hill, which begins a mile and a half from the village, and runs into it. The party used an old cutter, which was steered by a young man named Ruhe sitting on a "jumper" between the shatts. The hill is very steep, and after running straight a mile, turns and follows Trout run, close to the bank, which rises sixty feet above the water, and is nearly perpendicular. Near the bottom of the hill the road crosses the creek on a wooden bridge. The speed attained by sleighs is so great that the mile and a half is made in three minutes. The party was made up of nine—Eugene Croft and his sister Mary, John Siader, Jennie Mitchell, Mary Hyde, Sellie Wright, William Bond, Ella Winters, and Ruhe, Wright, William Bond, Ella Winters, and Rune, the pilot. William James, watchman at the mil, who was standing on the bridge, heard screams and cries of terror. Ruhe came like lightning down the hill with his jumper alone. It came to a stop beyond the bridge, and Ruhe shouted: "Get nelp, for God's sake! The cutter's down the bank!" The screams had been heard by persons living near, and when friends of the coasters arrived they found that seven had been taken from the creek to the nearest house. Jennie Mitchell was missing. Slader thought she had jumped from the cutter as it plunged over the bank. Search was made and she was found in a tree, where she had fallen. Her skull was injured and several ribs broken. She cannot live. The other girls received no external injuries, but were all rescued from the water in a drowning condition. Eugene Croft had two ribs broken. Slader says: "We were going terribly fast, and just as we reached the bend 1 heard the shaft crack. I saw Rube holding on to the other shaft, trying to force the cutter to follow his sled. He would have got us around all right, but suddenly the other shaft broke, and the next second we shed off the bank. The girls and only three of us. Jennie Mitchell was the only girl that jumped, but, owing to the struggle to keep the other ones in, the cutter was turned bottom side up when half-way down, and we were all thrown into the creek. The water is eight feet deep. We fell in a heap, and as I came to the surface Salite Wright came up and 1 selzed her. We were swept down stream. I had hard work to keep her head above water. I reached the rocks, got a footing, carried her ashore and hurried back. I saw one of the girls sweeping toward the rocks, and one of the boys struggling with another girl while he clung to a bush. At the same time another girl while he clung to a bush. At the same time another girl while he clung to a bush. At the same time another girl while he clung to a bush. At the same time another girl while he clung to a bush. At the same time anoth the pilot. William James, watchman at the mill, carried down. I hardly knew which to help first, but Billy Bond, who was elinging to the bush, cried, "For God's sake, John, pull me out or both of us will drown." So I grabbed Billy and helped him out. He fainted, but kept his grasp on the girl. Ella Winters. Just then two men came up, and we went after the rest. The girl I had seen sweeping toward the rocks was Mary Hyde. I found her loaged against the ice on the shore. Eugene Croft and his sister were found 100 feet farther down the creek. Eugene had managed to get himself, and Mary out. We found poor Jennie Mitchell in the tree at the side of the creek. She fell about fifty feet before she struck it. The cutter went across the creek.

By the Fall of an Elevator in a New York

Brewery-Six Persons Dropped Three NEWYORK, January 2 .- The large ale and lager beer brewery of Donald & McPherson Smith, at 245 West Eighteenth street, today was the scene of an elevator accident that narrowly escaped resulting in the instant deaths of six persons. The elevator is an ordinary platform freight car, used for taking up hogsheads of beer. At about 12.45 the two proprietors of the brewery entered the elevator with Mr. Otis Cole of Rochester and Mr. George Werdmeir, No. 588 Market street, Newark. With them in the car were Charles Sauer and Joseph Camier, who lives at the brewery, both of whom are employed as foremen in the establishment. The car ascended almost to the third story, when it sinddenly began to descend, at first slowly and then with terrific rapidity. It fell to the sub-cellar, a distance of about thirty-five feet. The six men in the car were thrown one on top of another as the car struck the ground. The erash was heard all over the brewery, and a number of the workmen at once came to the rescue. It was found that William Donald Smith, who is 55 years of age, had sustained a fracture of the left leg, and his brother, who is ten years his junior, had had his left ankle badly sprained. Mr. Cole's left leg was broken, and Mr. Werdmeir had received painful bruises on the back. Foreman Sauer's right leg and left ankle were broken. Foreman Camier had a wonderfully fortunate escape, sustaining no injury whatever. An afubulance was summoned, and Cole and Sauer were removed to the New York Hospital. The Smith brothers were taken to their residence, adjoining the brewery. of an elevator accident that narrowly escaped

Peculiar Faculty of an Ohio Young Man

Who Would be Handy to Have in the

"Are you the dreamer?"

This question was put by a News-Register reporter to Fred Joyce of Hazel street, who, within the past few days, has won quite a reputation as a

"Well," answered the interrogated, "I some

dreamer.

"Well," answered the interrogated, "I sometimes dream, and I am always willing to bet on its coming true. I won that gun down at Brockway's on a dream. A ticket-seller tackledo me one evening, and I told him I would take a couple of chances the next day. That night I dreamed I had purchased tickets 36 and 38, and that 38 would win the gun. Early the hext morning I hustled down and bought these numbers, and afterwards took all the bets I could get that I would win the gun. I won it of 38. But that's a small matter. I was down in Ashland, Ky., two years ago, when two girls and a boy were murdered. W. W. Culbertson owns a rolling mill and blast furnace there, and he offered a reward of \$1500 for the detection of the murderers. One night I dreamed I saw the man who did the deed, and next morning I took a detective with me to find him. I had never seen him in the flesh and did not even know his name. A big, burly negro that worked in my uncle's mill answered my description, and the detective arrested him. We took him up to the hotel, and he confessed the whole affair. That night he was lynched. That was George W. Ellis, the man who drove the hearse that carried his victims to the cemetery. In his confession he implicated Ellis Craft and William Neal, two of the pall-bearers. These men were arrested and tried. Craft was hanged, and Neal is still in custody awaiting evidence. The affair has since been agitated by detectives who want the reward, and several additional lives have been lost on their account. And I have dreamed of other things. In Bradford, Penn, where I have been located for a year, I dreamed that certain duess; that certain operators would strike oil or a dry hole at a certain hour, and all such things; and I have never yet find a vision that was not verified to the dot." Mr. Joyce should be placed on the detective force at once.

COLUMBIA, Penn., January 1.—Information has been received here of a destructive snow-slide that occurred yesterday at Turkey hill, a point on the Susquehanna river some miles south of this place. The residence of Nathan Taylor stands under the steep hills which stretch along close to the river at Turkey hill. A tramp went to the house begging for food. Half an hour after he had eaten the food given him he returned and told Mr. Taylor that an ice field on the hil above gave symptoms of moving. An examination showed that such was the fact and the imperilled family was immediately removed to a place of safety, together with the most valuable of their effects. A short time thereafter the avalanche of snow, ice and rocks descended, completely engulfing the house and outbuildings. Workmen are now engaged in removing the great mass from the house, but it is doubtful if much of what was once a reside nec remains.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., January 6.—An extra freignt train arrived on the Missouri Pacific railroad yesterday from the East, containing eleven

road yesterday from the East, containing eleven cars of mules. An examination showed that from eighty to 100 had died of cold and starvation. The stock was from San Antonio, Tex., and bound for Kansas City. They had not been unloaded or fed since their departure, three days ago. The mules remaining alive were so driven by hunger that they gnawed the sides of the car and in many instances ate the fiesh of the bodies of their dead companions. The citizens here were naturally very indignant over the affair, and notified the chief of the Kansas City police of the facts, asking him to arrest the men in charge for cruelize to animals.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

STOCK AND MONEY REPORTS. Fearful Accident to a Party of Boston Money and Stock and General State Street Gossip.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, January 5, 1884. The money market has presented no important changes during the week, and rates close steady at previous quotations, although perhaps there is a slightly firmer feeling extant regarding them. The general run of good mercantile paper continues to range from 5@6 per cent. discount, while ruling at 5@5½ per cent.; prime corporation notes and acceptances, of which there still exists but a limited supply. remains nominally quoted at 4@41/2 per cent., while collateral loans on call range from 3@41/2

while collateral loans on call range from 3@4½ per cent, per annum. The note brokers are placing paper outside of the banks at 4½ per cent, upward, but report but little doing. The savings banks and trust companies are making loans at 4@5 per cent, per annum on required security. The country banks are supplying the wants of local trade at 5½ @6 per cent, discount.

There still exists a large amount of loanable funds, but the banks remain very conservative. There is also a large amount of money, derived from the payment of dividends and interest, seeking investment.

Today's rate for balances between banks was 2½ per cent.

At the clearing house this morning the gross

Today's rate for paraness between 21/2 per cent.

At the clearing house this morning the gross exchanges were \$10.761,996, while for the week they aggregate \$65,522,363; the balances today were \$1.410,302, and for the week \$8,156,323.

New York funds this morning sold at 12@17c premium per \$1000.

Foreign exchange closed firm at these prices: \$ight, 4.85½; sixty days, 4.82½; commercial bills, 4.81; tranes, sight, 5.18¾; sixty days, 5.21¼, 6.521¾s.

bills. 4.81; Iranes, sight, 5.18%; sixty days, 5.21% (6.21%).

In New York money continues abundant, the supply being greatly swelled by the large suns distributed on account of dividends and interest, therefore rates for loans and discounts remain easy. Call loans on stock have ranged from 26.2% per cent, and on government bonds 162 per cent; double-named paper, 566% per cent, discount, and single-named 669 per cent, according to grade.

The bank statement today was a favorable one, as was to be expected, just subsequent to the entrance of a new year, and reads as follows:

Loans, increased.

Loans, increased.

\$3,819.300 Specie, increased.

\$2,408,900 Legal tenders, increased.

\$1,543,400 Deposits, increased.

\$1,57.200 Circulation, decreased.

\$1,57.200 Circulation, decreased.

\$1,57.200 The banks are now \$8,176,270 in excess of legal grounts papers.

Reserve, increased.

The banks are now \$8,176,270 in excess of legal requirements, against \$6,713,170 in excess last week, and \$4,637,475 in excess the corresponding

Covernment Bonds Government bonds are fractionally lower in price than they were last week, but the decline is regarded as being only temporary.

The closing bids today, as compared with those of last Saturday, show a decline of % per cent, in the 4½s, % per cent. in the 4 per cents, and 1 for the 3 per cents.

(Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.) LAND COS. Bid. Asked

SECOND BOARD-BEFORE CALL.

FIRST CALL

RONDR

6,000 DenverEx 4s 97½
4,000 A,7485F 4½s 88½
5,000 Mex Cen 7s. 55½
19,000 do... 55½
11,000 do... 55½
11,000 do... 55½
1,000 do... 55½
1,000 Solipra list 7s 96½
6,000 NY & N E7s 95½
6,000 NY & N E7s 95½
6,000 NY & N E7s 95½ FIRST CALL. MINING GOS.
7 CQINEY...... 471/2
MISCELLANEOUS.
55 Am Bell Tel.. 186
5 Pull Pal Car. 116 SECOND CALL.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING. January 5.

COAL—The market for foreign coal has been quiet. Cumberland and Clearfield are quiet. Gas Coal are quiet. Anthracite Coal has been dull. The retail trade is moderate. We quote:

Cannel, S16 % too; American do, \$10@12 % ton; Acada, retail, \$10 % ton; Sydney, retail, \$10 % ton; Cumberland, \$56%5 50 % ton; Anthracite, retail, \$50 % ton; Cumberland, \$56%5 50 % ton; Anthracite, retail, \$50 % ton; Cumberland, \$56%5 50 % ton; Anthracite, retail, \$50 % ton; Cumberland, \$56%5 50 % ton; Anthracite, retail, \$50 % ton; Cumberland, \$56%5 50 % ton; Anthracite, retail, \$50 % ton; Cumberland, \$56%5 50 % ton; Anthracite, retail, \$50 % ton; Cumberland, \$56%5 50 % ton; Anthracite, retail, \$50 % ton; Cumberland, \$56%5 50 % ton; Anthracite, Ton; Copper at at 23%24c % fb; and fellow Metal Bolts at 20c % h. Ingot Copper at at 23%24c % fb; and fellow Metal Bolts at 20c % fb. Kellow Sheathing Metal sell-at 174%15c for Lake, and Batti, more and other brands at 144%15c for Lake, and Batti, more and other brands at 144%14c % fb. CoRN.—The market has been firmer. We quote steamer mixed at 55%65c; steamer yellow at 67% 58c; high mixed at 75%...c % busb. To arrive from Chicago prices are quite nominal. No 2 Corn ranges from 60%86c % busb.

DYEWOODS.—The St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at \$200023 00 % ton. Fustic has been in fair demand at \$250%24 % ton. Lima and Sapan Wood is equiet and brices are quite nominal. Lima Wood is also quiet and prices are quite nominal. Lima wood sale quiet and prices are quite nominal. Lima burden only is small tots. We quote:

Springwheats—Western superfine, \$3 00%3 50; common extras, \$3 75%4 25; Wisconsin, \$3.00%3 50; common extras, \$3 75%4 25; Wisconsin, \$3.00%3 50; common extras, \$3 75%4 25; Wisconsin, \$3.00%3 50; common extras, \$3 75%4 25; Wisconsin, \$3.5%6 90; St Louis and Illinois, \$5 75%6 90 % bbj; Illinois and \$5 Louis straights, \$5 55%5 75; Ohio and Indiana straights, \$5 25%5 75; Michigan straights, \$5 50%0 00; Ohio, and fields an

wheat seconds, \$3 72@4 25 \$1 obl. Rve Flour, \$3 72@4 25 \$1 obl; Cornmeal, \$2 95@...; Oatmeal, Western ground, \$4 75@6 0 catmeal, cut fancy brands, \$5 75@6 0 6 FREIGHTS.—There has been very little doing in ocean freights and rates are easier. We quote:

To Melbourns the rates are 22@...c \$6 foot for measurement goods, to Sydney 22@...c \$6 foot for measurement goods, and \$1@..... to Adelaide for measurement goods. To Brisbane ... \$8 foot for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Frovisions, 15s 0d; butter and choese 20s ed; cotton, 3d; leather, 40s \$2 ton; sack flour 12s 6d \$3 ton; measurement goods. \$8 40 cubic feet 15@20s; corn, 3d \$2 bush; barrel flour, 1s 9d \$3 bbl; wheat, 3d; \$3 bush. We quote rates to London—Bbl flour, 2s 3d; measurement goods, 27s 6d; sack flour, 15s 0d; corn, 5d; wheat, 5d; butter and choese, 25s 0d provisions, 22s 6d \$4 ton; to the complete should be a complete should be a

214 bs; 101/cc for 2 bs; 91/cc for 11/c bs; and 94/c % yard for 18, bs.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market for Hay is well suppil d we quote the sales of choice fastern and Northern Hay at \$1:000... @ 3 ton; cool. \$140/15; fine. \$1:300/14 for \$1:000, \$1:40/15; for \$1:400, \$1: or dry, log 1.5c, do w. 1. 1820c. Goat Same-madras, 55200c; Buenos Ayres 54257c; Cape Good Hope, 2425c, HOPS.—The market for Hops is very quiet, and we quote choice, 1883. 23225c 28 fb; fair to good, 1822 28 fb; common 10215c 28 fb.

INDIGO.—We quote saies of Bengal, fine, \$1 852 180; good consuming grades, \$1 4021 60; ordinary, 80c 21 25; Gustemaia, 7020c.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices of fine Para have ranged from 96208c; coarse do, 61202c.

IKON.—Fig Iron is unchanged. American Fig Iron ranges at 232024 24 fton, as to quality. In Scotch Fig sales have been at \$21 0022 300 28 ton. Bar Iron has sold at \$1 8026 199 for ordinary mates, and \$2 002 256 for special wake3. Common Sheet Iron has sold at \$1 8026 44c 28 fb. Steel Railsrange from \$352 ton, but for immediate delivery prices range higher.

IEAD.—The market for Fig Lead has been quiet and we quote;

LEAD.—The market for Pig Lead has been quiet and we quote;
Lead Pipe has been selling at 634c B h; and Sheet Lead at 714c C h; Tin-lined Pipeat 15c, and Block Tin Pipe at 45c 8 h. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 414c for sold and 4c for tea.

LEATHER.—The demand for Sole Leather has been light; sales of Hemiock have been at 2014@2554c Th, as to quality. Union taneed ranges from 35@3714c for backs, 30@35c for crop. Rough Upper has sold at 2014@2754c S h, as to quality, including selected jots Rough Calf ranges from 60@35c, as to quality. The different kinds of finished Leather have been in moder ate demand.

air demand.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at 95c4
\$1 \(\text{St} \) \(\text{cask} \).

LIMER.—There have been sales of Rockland at 95c4
\$1 \(\text{St} \) \(\text{cask} \).

LUMBER.—We give the following as the quotations: Clear Fine, Nos 1 and 2, \$50\(\text{g6}\) (3), \$\text{30}\) \(\text{30}\) \(\text{31}\) \(\text{32}\) \(\text{32}\) \(\text{31}\) \(\text{31}\) \(\text{31}\) \(\text{32}\) \(\text{32}\) \(\text{32}\) \(\text{32}\) \(\text{31}\) \(\text{31}\) \(\text{32}\) \(\text

S white at \$1.04-1-72c #1 oush; and mixed at \$1.00...c \$2 bush.

OIL.—Linseed Oil has been in moderate demand; sales at \$562...c for Western: Calcutta, 580...c # gal. Lard Oil has been in light demand; sales of Western extra at 72075c. Boston at 60.06.2 # gal. No I, 60.06.2c # gal. in Red Oil sales have been at 49.050c for saponified; Elaine, 58.06.0c. Paim Oil has sold at 74.00.05 c # b. in Fish Oils we quote last sales at \$20.05 c or Menhaden, and Cod till at 41.04.05 gal for the different kinds. Spermand Whale Oils are quiet aed unchanged.

ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onlons at \$1.75.02 00.00.

bbl.
PEAS.—Canada Peas are quiet rather quiet. Green
Peas are steady. We quote saies of choice Canada Peas at \$1 05@31 10 # bush; docommon \$5@900 # bush; Northern Green Peas, \$1@1 10 # bush; do
Western \$1 25@1 40 # bush.
FOTA TORS.—The market for Potatoes continues liberally supplied and prices are without improvement.
We quote: POTATOES.—The market for Potatoes continues liberally supplied and prices are without improvement. We quote:

Eastern Rose Potatoes at 48@50c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush; Northern Rose at 48@... c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush; Eastern Prolifics, 50@53c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush; Browner & Bush; Eastern Prolifics, 50@53c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush; Browner & Bush; Eastern Prolifics, 50@53c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush; Browner & Bush; Arosatoek Rose, 48@... c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush; Provincial potatoes, 40@45c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush. Sweet Potatoes at \$46\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush; Provincial potatoes, 40@45c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush. Sweet Potatoes at \$46\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush; Provincial potatoes, 40@45c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bush. Sweet Potatoes at \$46\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bish. Sweet Potatoes at \$46\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bish. It is found to \$146\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bish. It is found to \$160\mathbb{T}\$ bish. C \$\mathbb{T}\$ bish \$160\mathbb{T}\$ bish \$160\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bish \$160\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bish \$160\mathbb{T}\$ bish \$160\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bish \$160\mathbb{T}\$ c \$\mathbb{T}\$ bish \$160\mathbb{T}\$ bish \$160\mathb

MISCELLANGOUS.

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26 Chi. Bur & 4.132
6 Chi. Bur & 4.13

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe,)

GLOUCESTER, January 5—For the week past.)—
The market for fish is extremely dull, and sales are small at about former quotations. A few small lots of ear y-caught Georges have been sold during the week at \$5.75 @ qull, the lewest quotation for nearly a year. Total receipts of fish for the week were 139,600 pounds of codfish, 77,000 pounds fresh halibut, 10,000 pounds soel and 200,000 fruzen herring. We quote at wholesale: Fresh halibut, 14c & b for white, and 10c & b for gray; fresh codfish, 4c & b: fresh haddock, 4c & b: frozen herring, \$1 50 % 190. in number. The market for sale fish has been dull but steady as fellows: Georges coddsh, \$5 15@6 % qt for large, \$3 75 % qt for small and medium; Grand and Western Bank \$3 50 % qtl for large and \$3 % qt for small; shore codfish, \$5 00 % qt for large and \$4 % qt for small. Sales of Cusk have been at \$5@6 50 % qt! in addock \$2 25 % qt!, polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!, polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!, polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!, polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!, polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!, polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!, polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!, polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!; polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 25 % qt!; polieck, \$2 55 % qt!; haddock \$2 55 % stale salted polieck, \$3 60 % bt; shore, \$2 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$3 60 % bt; shore, \$4 50 % bt!; fishering, \$5 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$3 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$3 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$5 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$5 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$5 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$5 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$5 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$5 50 % bt!; hats, \$2 2500 2 50; slack salted polieck, \$5 50 % bt!; hats

Brighton and Watertown Markets. Brighton and Watercown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown
for the week ending Friday, Jonuary 4, 1834;
Western cattle, 930; Eastern cattle, 199; Northers
cattle, 447. Total, 1516.
Western sheep and lambs, 4180; Northern sheep
and nmbs. 4155; Eastern sheep and lambs,
Total, 8333.
Swine, 19.563. Veals, 280 Horses, 185.
PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE FER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.
Extra quality. 8 371467 25

PRICES OF BEEF CAPTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT

Extra quality \$6 374-267 25
First quality \$5 25 46 625
Second quality \$5 25 46 625
Third quality \$5 25 46 625
Prices of Prices of Piles And Tallow.

Brigh hides .74-268 \$10 h. Country tal... 40 50 31
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ELLSWORTH'S FALL.

One of the Early Episodes of the Rebellion.

The Story of the Colonel's Death Related by a Comrade and Eye-Witness.

First Experience of the Zouaves in Active Warfare.

Henry J. Winser, now a well-known officer of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, has writ-ten for the forthcoming number of the Philadel-phia Times a most entertaining narrative of the death of Colonel Ellsworth. At the time of that pathetic incident in the great war's early history, Mr. Winser, with the rank of first lieutenant, was the military secretary of Colonel Ellsworth, and as such saw all that was going on around that ro-mantic character. That part of Mr. Winser's sketch detailing the tragedy at Alexandria is ap-

Just as daylight was breaking on the morning of the 24th of May, not far from 5 o'clock, our steamers drew up before one of the wharves of Alexandria. As we approached the landing mus-ket shots were fired into the air by half a dozen sentinels who were stationed at intervals along the water front, after which they promptly disapuntrained zousves at once began to fire upon the retreating figures, but were quickly restrained by their officers from further demonstrations. Doubtless this firing by the Confederate sentinels was simply a warning to the townspeople of our

Before our troops disembarked we had seen a boat from the sloop-of-war Pawnee, filled with armed marines, put off from that vessel with a flag of truce and land in advance of us. From the officer in command we learned that the commander of the Pawnee had already proposed terms of submission to the town, which had been accepted. This encouraging fact was enough to conviace us all flust there would be no resistance to our occupancy of the town, particularly as the Pawnee, stripped for battle, lay within a cable's length of the shore, with her broadside trained upon the place. But the fact of the submission of Alexandria did not influence Colonet Elisworth's plans a single fota. He contemplated no attack upon the people and only intended to use force if his advance was resisted. It is more than likely, however, that the submission placed Elisworth off his guard, causing him to neglect those precautions for his personal safety which would have prevented his unhappy death. We were all Before our troops disembarked we had seen a Novices in Warfare

at that time, and I am sure not one of us was conscious of the danger which threatened us in entering the streets of a city whose people were

conscious of the danger which threatened us in entering the streets of a city whose people were excited and angry, and among whom were doubtless the average proportion of "cranks," eager to distingtish themselves. This elementary lesson was taught us by the bitter experience of our young leader's assassination.

Elisworth was the first to land and then Company E. Captain Leveridge, formed upon the wharf. Without waiting for the remainder of the regiment to disembark the colonel gave some hurried instructions for interrupting the railroad communication, and calling me to him said: "Winser, come with me to the telegraph office. It is important to cut the wires." Mr. E. H. House, correspondent of the New York Tribune, had accompanied the expedition, and he and Rev. E. W. Dodge, chaplain of the regiment, who were standing near, inquired if they might go with us. We stance off briskly and had gone only a few paces when I suggested to Elisworth that perhaps it would be well to take a squad of men as an escort. He assented at once, and I soon overtook him with a serveant and four men from Company A. We ran up the street for about two blocks on a double-quick, in the supposed direction of the telegraph office, meeting a few sleepy-looking people on the way. The colonel at this menent caught sight of a large Contederate fing which had just been raised above the roof of a building apparently two or three blocks distant to the left. He at once said: "Boys, we must have that fing!" and told the servent to go back and tell Captain Coyle to follow us with fine entire company.

Not heeding the mission to the telegraph office for the moment, we pushed on toward the building with the flag flying over it, and found that it

Not heeding the mission to the telegraph office for the moment, we pushed on toward the building with the flag flying over it, and found that it was the Marshall House, a hotel of the second-class grade. As we rushed into the open door the colonel called out to a man in shirt and trousers who entering the hallway from the opposite side: "What flag is that on your roof?" The fellow meither looked surprised nor alarmed at this irruption of armed men, and answered, doggedly, as I thought: "I don't know anything about it; I am only a boarder here."

Without further pailey the colonel ran up the winding stairs to the ropmost story, the rest of us closely following. It did not take long to find the attic room, whence opened a skylight, with the flagstaff within easy reach. A ladder stood against the frame of the skylight, which Elisworth at once climbed. The halyards had been fastened so tightly that Elisworth was unable to untie the knot. Seeing this I ran up a lew rounds of the ladder and Vithout further parley the colonel ran up the Handed Him a Bowie-Knife,

with which I was provided, asking him to cut the rope. This he did, and the large flag was soon

rope. This he did, and the large flag was soon upon our heads.

The entire occurrence could not have occupied more than a couple of minutes. I was busy rolling the long flag over my arm when Ellsworth, apparently approving my action, turned to the stairway, holding one end of the flag in his grasp. He was preceded by Private Francis E. Brownell of Company A. Mr. House and Chaplain Dodge was close behind him, and I was a few steps behind, still engaged in rolling the flag upon my arm as complacently as possible, while the remaining three zouaves brought up the rear.

In this order we began our descent of the broad winding stairway. My nitention was too much occupied in managing the bulky flag to know by actual observation precisely what happened in the first instant of the iamentable tragedy. I heard the clash of the weapons, and at the same moment the repog of two guns, with so imperceptible an interval between that it might have been taken for a single shot. I saw Ellsworth fall forward with a thud at the foot of the first flight of stairs, and I saw Brownell standing on the landing, near the turn to the second flight, make a thrust with his bayonet at the tottering form of a man, which fell headlong down half the second flight of stairs. It needed no explanation of what had happened. As Brownell reached the first landing place, after the descent of a dozen steps, a man rushed out, and, without noticing the private solder, levelled a double-harrelled gun squarely at Ellsworth's breast. Brownell said that he made a quick pies to turn the gun aside, but was not successful, and the contents of both barrels, sings or buckshot, as appeared to me, entered the colonel's heart, killing him instantly. He was on the third step above the landing when he received the shot, and he fell forward in that helpiess, heavy manner which showed that every spark of life had left his frame ere he reached the floor. The murderer's fingers had scarcely pressed the trigger of his weapon before Brownell's rifie was discharged full in th The entire occurrence could not have occupied

There were only seven of us and Mr. House was utterly marmed. The noise and confusion of the last few minutes had aroused the sleepy household, and we saw that in point of numbers we were in a very small minority. There were several passages converging upon the stairway near which we stood, and people were peering out of every chamber door. I stationed the three zouaves at points commanding the approaches, and directed that the first man who showed himself in either of the passages should be shot down. The occupants of the rooms in our immediate vicinity were gathered together in a single apartment, over whom Brownwell, who had by this time reloaded his rifle, was placed as guard, with instructions to shoot the first man who should evince a hostile disposition.

These defensive measures were only the work of a minute or two. We next turned our attention to our dear friend, the coionel, whose life-blood had literally deluged the hallway. If we had not been too as ly sure that he was beyond the reach of any aid we could offer, there would not have been even the slight delay that there was ere we raised him from the floor. Mr. House and I lifted him up tenderly, and laid him upon the bed in a room which was vacant. His uniform was so drenched with blood that it was almost impossible to discover the exact locality of his wound. Undoing his beit and unbuttoning his coat we found that the murderous charge had penetrated his left breast, taking into the wound much of the clothing and showing a cavity almost large enough to insert a clenched hand. Poor fellow! We washed the stains from his face, which was beautiful in death, the expression of the handsome features not at all changed except by the pallor from that which his friends knew so well in life, and composed his body, over which we laid the Confederate flag which had so long waved in diance within sicht of the White House, feeling that its use in this way purified it and gave it another meaning.

The long-looked-for detachment was at last approaching, and in a f

the hotel. Additional guards were then distributed through the house and I was dispatched to communicate the intelligence of our calamity to Lieutemant Colonel Farnsworth, upon whom the command of the regiment had devolved. Just as I reached him the body of Elisworth, borne by the zonaves upon a litter of muskets, appeared in sight in full confirmation of my mournful story. The events which I have described all took place within an hour and a half's time.

The young colonel's body was taken at once to the Washington navy yard, where it lay m state in the engine house during the entire day of the 24th, and was visited by thousands of recople, among whom were the family of the president. I was summoned by Mr. Ligcoin soon after my return from Alexandria on the day of the tragedy to give him a detailed account of the occurrence. He was deeply moved, and his expression of deep melanebely, as I told the harrowing detail attending the death of his dear friend, haunts me to this day.

ANKOUNCE YOUR PRINCIPLES.

Never Talk With a Stranger With a Mutual Understanding. [Arkansaw Traveller.]

"Can you tell me when the train come along here?" asked a travel-stained man of an old fellow who sat on a plie of cross-ties near an Arkan-

"Yes, I reckon I ken." "But will you?" asked the traveller, after a mo-

nent's slience.
"Yaas, reckon I will."
"Well, what time?"
"What time what, mister?"
"What time does the train come along here?"

"You said you did."

"Didn't."
"I say you did."
"Say I didn't."
"What did you say?"
"Said I'd tell you when it comes along, an' ef
both of us is here when she comes I will, but I
reckon yer ken see her as well as I ken."
"You think you are very smart, don't you?"
"Not now. I was right peart till the rheumatiz
sot in."

sot in."
"Where do you live?"

"Pm livin' here, now."
"Is this your home?"

"Then you don't live here?"
"Well, I don't die here, do I? Long's as I'm here I'm livin' here."
"When the train comes do you suppose I can

get on?"
"Yes, if it stops." "Yes, it it stops."
"But that's what I want to know. Will it stop?"
"I kain't tell yer right now, although I'm allers pleased fer give a stranger any information in my

"I kain't tell yer right now, although I'm allers pleased ter give a stranger and information in my power."

"When can you tell me?" asked the stranger, evidently thinking that the old fellow was going in search of information.

"When she gits here."

"Now, say, old man, I don't like to be made game of in this way. You may have nothing to do but sit around and spend your life in joking, but I'm thoroughly in earnest. I have come a long distance to reach this road, and I want to leave this devilish country. You would confer a great favor on me by answering my questions in a straightforward manner. If the train is not likely to stop at this wood yard, why, then, I must walk on until I ome to the station. Now, give me your honest opinion. Do you think the next train will stop here?"

"Now, stranger," replied the old fellow, leaning over and twing his shoe, "yer can talk mighty pitful. I must allow, an' ef yer was a preacher it would take ail the plank at the sawmili to make a mourners' beach big enough fur yer church. I'd be a mighty bad man ter hold back any news I've got alout this matter, an' bein' as I like yer looks, I'll tell yer all I know about these trains."

"I excect I know as much about these trains as

"It fell yer all I know about these trains."

"I thank you most heartily, si."
"I expect I know as much about these trains as any man what lives in this here community."

"I have no doubt of it."

"An' all that I know about em stoppin' here I'l tell yer."

"Weh?"

"Wily, sometimes they stop and sometimes they don't. That's all I know."
"I'm half inclined to jump on you and maul "Better walk to the station, stranger, than ter try that. The last man who tried it ain't been able ter 'tend the United States Cou't sence."
"Well, how far is it to the next station?"
"Which way; thiser way or thater way?"

(pointing.)
"Either way."
"Well, they's bout the same distance."

"Well, they's 'bout the ""
"How far?"
"Blame 'fi know."
"I'll be confounded if I stand this. Come over here and I'll kick you."
"Well, ef yer wanter whup me wus'n I wanter be whupped, yer'd better come over here."
"I can do it, and don't you forget it."
"Wall, ef yer do, I ain't apt to forgit it."
"I'll try it anyway," and taking off his coat a bottle reil out.
"Hole on. "What yer got in the bottle?"

bottle feil out.

"Hole on. "What yer got in the bottle?"

"Whiskey."

"Then there's no use in fightin'," and throwing
out a quid of tobacco fie limped across the track,
took a drink, and said:

"Train ain't likely to stop here."
Took another drink.

"Closest station down this way."
Another drink.
"Three miles."

Another. "Make it better. Two an' a half."

"Make it better. Award a man Still another. "Go down thar, an' them niggers will take yer on a han' car. Good day, cap'n. Wush yer well. Ef yer'd 'nounced yer principles in the fust place thar wouldn'ter been ail this argyin'."

Colonel Visscher's Unsuccessful Wrestle with the Bird of the Deep.

One day Colonel Visscher wandered into prominent hotel in Louisville, and observing with surprise and pleasure that "boiled lobster" was one of the delicacies on the bill of fare he ordered

one of the delicacies on the bill of fare he ordered one.

He had never seen lobster and a rare treat seemed to be in store for him. He breathed in what atmosphere there was in the dhing-room and waited for his bird. At last it was brought in. Mr. Visscher took one hasty look at the great scarlet mass of voluptious limbs and oceanie nippers, and sighed. The lobster was as large as a door mat and had a very angry and inflamed appearance. Visscher ordered in a powerful cocktail to give him courage, and then he tried to darve off some of the breast.

The lobster is honery even in death. He is eccentric and triffing. Those who know him best are the first to evade and shun him. Visscher had falled to straddle the wish bone with his fork properly, and the talented bird of the deep rolling sea slipped out of the platter, waved itself across the horizon twice, and buried itself in the bosom of the eminent and talented young man. The eminent and talented young man took it in his napkin, put it carefully on the table, and went away.

As he passed out the head waiter said:

went away.

As he passed out the head waiter said:
"Mr. Visscher, was there anything the matter with your lobster?"

Visscher is a full-blooded Kentuckian, and an-

viscoler is a full-blooded kentuckian, and answered in the courteous dialect of the blue grass country.

"Anything the matter with my lobster, sah? No, sah. The lobster is very vigorous, sah. If you had asked me how I was, sah, I should have answered you very differently, sah. I am not well at all, sah. If I were as ruddy and as active as that lobster, sah, I would live forever, sah. You hear me, sah?

"Why, of course I am not familiar with the habits of the lobster, sah, and do not know how to kearve the bosom of the bloomin' peri of the summer sea, but that's no reason why the inflamed reptile should get up on his hind feet and nestle up to me, sah, in that earnest and forthwith manner, sah.

"I love dumb beasts, sah, and they love me, sah; but when they are dead, sah, and I undertake to kearve them, sah, I desiah, sah, that they should remain as the undertakah left them, sah. You doubtless hear me, sah?"

LASTING REVENCE

Origin of Ear-Rings in a Woman's Jealousy

Centuries Ago.
[Deutsche Roman-Bibliothek.]
According to the Moslem creed, the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear ear-rings is attributable to the following curious legend: Sarah, tradithe following curious legend: Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham to Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmald. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented a.d decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfill the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmald, she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of ear-rings, or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the Turkish women, all of whom wear ear-rings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is beld in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.

A he Sappho named Eccles, who writes for the Kansas City Journal, comes to the defence of Kansas City Journal, comes to the defence of Eila Wheeler, the Wisconsin poetess, who is willing to go to "sweet helf" with her beau. The burning Eccles loves and sings as follows: "And what higher bliss can you conceive in all the fairy reaims of your mythical heaven than the rapture found in the embrace of two young lovers? A woman that transports her affections into another world where her lover or husband is not, is unworthy of him. And the woman whose devotion can make 'heli' 'sweet' are the women we need in this world." As Henri Watterson remarks in his review of Miss Wheeler's poems, "Gosh!"

POM POM PULLAWAY.

A Broker Reviews the Games of His Boyhood.

Lively and Healthful Out-Deer Sports of the Past Generation.

Sheep-Fold, Shinny and the Ancestors of Base Ball.

[New York Times.] "Were you ever a boy?" asked a broker of a young friend the other day. The young man modestly admitted that he had been, and asked the broker in return what he meant by thus in-quiring into his private affairs. "Well, I'll tell ou," said the broker. "I've got a boy; not an office boy, but a boy of my own. He's turning his tenth birthday, and I thought 1'd do something nice for him. So I began hunting around to find out what he'd like, and I asked him what games he played at school. Well, may I be caught short on Northern Pacific if the only game, as I understand him, that he plays isn't marbles. Now, marbles is all right, but I don't like the idea of a steady diet in that line. It isn't broadening. It's a sort of one-sided development. I know that if my repertoire of games when I was 10 years old had been limited to marbles I'd have been of no earthly good in the village where I was raised. It isn't ry much of a village-1000 or 1200 inhabitantsand I don't suppose there were more than twenty-five or thirty boys who usually ran together, but

we had a great many different games.

"To begin with, there were half a dozen games, of which 'I spy,' or as we called it, 'high spy," of which 'I spy,' or as we called it, 'high spy,' was the prototype. The most famous of these was 'sheep gnard down,' or as it was sometimes called 'sheep-fold.' 'Sheep gnard down' was a rattling good game, and I've spent hours chasing around my father's house where we usually played it. It was too hot a game for summer, but first rate for fall and early winter. We lived about haif a mile out of the village then. When cold weather approached my father used to 'bank up' the house, and then we were ready for 'sheep quard down.' You don't know what 'banking up' a house is, do you? Well, it's building a wall of tan-bark or sawdust, or earth even, around the walls on which your house stands to protect the cellar from frosts. The wall is held in place by boards and the boards by stakes driven down outside of them into the ground. But to return to the game. We took a stick—sometimes a broomhandle, sometimes one of those banking stakes—and lean-d it up against the banking, and then the 'shepherd' closed his eyes and counted 20, 30, 40, any number agreed on, while

The Rest of Us Skipped Out. When he'd finished counting he began looking for us. All he had to do was to see one of us, get to us. All he had to do was to see one of us, get to the guard—that is, the stick—before the man seen could, and, touching the guard, call the man by name. That man was out of the game unless the guard was thrown down by one of the men hiding, in the shepherd's absence. While the shepherd was looking in one direction one of the men would slip up, throw the stick over, and shout 'Sheep guard down.' Then they would all come in, and the shepherd would have to start in afresh.

"There was another game we used to play which I venture to say you never even heard of. We called it 'blank a lilo.' Now, as to the meaning of that hame, if it has any meaning, I haven't even a theory. It's a sort of hare and hounds in the dark, with a call for a trail instead of bits of paper. A man is selected—a good runner—for the 'plank a lilo,' and he is given a fittle start. Then the rest of the players start after him, guided in the chase by his cry of 'blank a lilo, which he is obliged to ulter every time he turns a colner or starts in a new direction. We had a tiptup place to play it. I used to think it fun, and I like hare and hounds for no other reason. I spent a fortnight in the village last summer. I was sitting one night in front of a store facing the 'Green,' as the little park in the centre of the village is called, talking with the proprietor, who was an old school chum of mine. It was after 9 o'clock, a starlight night, with no moon. All at once a boy dashed through the store from a rear door, sprang by us, and once out on the street fairly rose on his tip-toes as he yelled, 'Blank a lilo!' By Jove, I almost answered him, and was half tempted to go after bim as he tore across the 'Green' and up the street. The boys play it there now, I'm told, as we played it years before them.

"Of the running games there were a number which called for agility as well as speed. The best of those, in my opinion, was 'grison goal.' I see the same game played now and then nights in front of the City Hall by the boys hanging around there. They ca he guard-that is, the stick-before the man seen

there. They call it 'prisoner's base.' In 'prison goal' you select two captains, and they choose their men, first one making a pick and then the other. The boys known as good runners are most in demand, and are, of course, first chosen. Often they, are made captains. When the sides are chosen each takes a goal. In our school yard there were a dezen or more big locust trees ranged in four rows, two on each side of the long walk leading from the street down to the wooden school house. There were two trees on the outer rows next to the street, perhaps twenty-five feet from the sidewalk. They were usually the goals, and the trees next to them the prisons. Each side had a goal and a prison. The game was for the men on one side to capture all those on the other and

Put Them in Prison.

You can only catch a man when he is away from his goal, and when you do catch him and get him in prison—that is, take him to the tree on your

Nou can only catch a man when he is away from his goal, and when you do catch him and get him in prison—that is, take him to the tree on your side next to your goal—his own side can release him if they can get to him without your catching them. He is in honor bound to stay at the prison until rescued. Judas priest, young man, that's a gamg worth playing! Just imagine ten to twenty boys on a side, each side skirmishing out toward the other, tantalizing them with near approaches, dodging, running back, and then having one of your own men run out and catch the man chasing you in. We used to have a runner by the name of Johnnie Reel, and how he could run! He was built like a greyhound, slender and wiry, and he never tired any more than the wheels in the checks which his father sold. I've seen Reel run clear around the goal on the o; posite side, and not a boy could touch him. He could dodge as well as he could run. He's since become a sailor on the lakes, and his father is selling clocks and mending watches to this very day in a neighboring village.

"Each man to his own goal' was much like 'prison goal,' except that each man had a goal to himsel and preyed upon, or was the prey of every other man playing. We used to play that nights in the 'green.' There were a number of locust trees there, and we played around them. After a while the village trustees planted young maples between the locusts, with the idea of getting rid of the locusts eventually, as they are not very suitabe for shade trees. We played around the maples because they were slender and we could catch on to them better when we came back to our goals with a rush. The trustees put a stop to that because they said we hurt the trees. I don't suppose k did do them any good, the wrenching and twisting we gave them, but at the lime we thought the stamp act was a concession of mercy compared with the injustice we had to suffer at the hands of those stony-hearted trustees. I remember we vented our spite by abusing the trustees, in their absence, in the presenc

Come quick or I'll fetch you away.

And how they came! One invitation was enough, it was a wave of boys straight across the ground. If the man in the middle, who was called 'the pullaway,' was a slender fellow,

He Went Down Under That Bush

just as a racing shell goes over when a wave strikes it broadside. A very dirty, dusty boy, just as a racing shell goes over when a wave strikes it broadside. A very dirty, dusty boy, often with torn clothes and a more or less bruised person, was all that was left to teil the story. That didn't happen very often. The 'pullaway' can usually catch and hold some man, and then the prisoner has to take his place. Speaking of the name of the game, it occurs to me now that pullaway is probably the two words 'puil' and 'away.' I can't imagine what "pom" means unless it's a corruption of 'come.'

"About the only outdoor game not requiring a special effort was 'mumbletypeg.' 'Mumbletypeg' is, I am told, a corruption of 'mun ble the jeg,' and takes its name from the fact that the loser is obliged to draw from the ground with his teeth a peg which his opponent has driven in. 'Mumbletypeg' is played now, I believe; at least my boy was telling me of a game that seems the same. The game was played with the ordinary pocket-knife which every boy carried—until he lost it. The trick was to toss the knife from various positions on the hand or in the fingers into the air and have the point stick into the ground when it came down. It required some little skill to do it, aithough it seemed simple enough. There were fifteen or twenty different movements, as I remember the game, and each man played until he missed—that is, until his knife falled to stick into the ground. One curious movement, I remember, was to hold the knife by the tip of the blade, between the thumb and finger of the left ear, and the thumb and finger of the left ear, and

holding the tip of the right ear. In this position the knife was thrown. Then it was changed to the left hand and thrown in the same way; then thrown backward over the shoulders from the same position. The winner was the man who executed the movements first. Murubletypeg was a preity good game. If it is played now, I suppose they've got a judge or two and a referee, and play it is uniforms and charge an admission fee to see the game.

"There were a good many rour" games, though none so rough as modern foot. I or lacrosse. Foot ball, by the way, was seldom played, because few boys had money enough to buy the balls. When it was played it was just kicking the ball around and up and down the school yard or the street which ran by the yard, between the centre of the viliage and the railroad station. It was simply a scramble, but 2 good-hatured one. Lacrosse was never heard of, but we played 'shinney,' which is much the same, without the science and the rules. The Indians on the reservation, three miles away, used to play 'shinney,' which it suppose took its name from the imminent danger to which the shins of the players were exposed. That may not be the origin of the name. At the lime I played it none of us cared a red what the name was, and I've never tried to find out since. I only know that if I met one of the old boys in the heart of Central Africa and said shinney to him he'd know what I meant. Shinney sticks were shaped like old-fashioned canes as much as anything. Usually they were sapilings bent up at the end, or sapilings cut off where branches struck out, and shaped so that the branch made the curve. The best shinney stick, though, was a sapiling with a root of just the right curve. That was a slick to be proud of. There were not many such. 'Shinney,' was played by two sides, and was a little more systematic than the foot ball then played. There were no rules, however. It was, like foot ball, a good-natured scramble."

HUMORS OF THE STAGE.

Portions of the Play Not Meant for the Audience.

It is curious how many of the incidents and details of theatrical representation escape the notice of the audience. And here we are referring less to merits than to mischances. Good ring less to merits than to mischances. Good acting may not always obtain due recognition; but then how often bad acting and acci entail deficiences remain undetected! "We were all terribly out, but the audience did not see ft," actors will often eandidly admit. Although we in front sometimes see and hear things we should not, some peculiarity of our position blinds and deafens us to much. Our eyes are begulled into accepting age for youth, shabbiness for finery, tinsel for spiendor. Garrick frankly owned that he had once appeared upon the stage so inebriated as to be scarcely able to articulate, but "his friends endeavored to tifie or cover this trespass with loud applause," and the majority of the audience did not perceive that anything extraorolinary was the matter. What happened to Garrick on that occasion has happened to others of his profession. And our ears do not catch much of what is uttered on the stage. Young, the actor, used to relate that on one occasion, when playing the hero of the "Gamester" to the Mrs. Beverley of Sarah Siddons, he was so overcome by the passion of her acting as to be quite unable to proceed with his part. There was a long pause, during which the prompter several times repeated the werds which Beverley should speak. Then "Mrs. Siddons, coming up to her fellow-actor, put the tips of her fingers upon his shoulders, and said, in a low volce, Mr. Young, recollect yourself." Yet probably from the front of the house nothing was seen or heard of this. Players will thus sometimes prompt each other through whole scenes, interchange remarks as to necessary adjustments of dress, or instructions as to "business" to be gone through, without exciting the attention of the audence.

Mrs. Famps Kemble, in her "Journal of her Tour in America," gives an amusing account of a performance of the last scene of "Romeo and Juliet." not as it seemed to the spectators, but as it really was, with the whispered communications of the actors. Romeo, at the words "Quiek, let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms acting may not always obtain due recognition but then how often bad acting and acci ental

"There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips, Aud call thee back, my soul, to life and love!" And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!"
Juliet continues to whisper: "Pray put me down;
you'il certainly throw me down if you don't set
me on the ground directly." "In the midst of
'cruel, cursed fate,' his dagger fell out of his
dress. I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it
back again, because I knew I should want it at
the end." The performance thus went on: K.MEO. Tear not my heart-strings thus! They break! they crack! Juliet! Juliet!

They break! they crack! Juliet! Juliet!

JULIET (to corpse)—Am I smothering you?
(CRPSE—Not at all. But could you, do you think, be so kind as to put my wig on again for me! It has fallen off.

JULIET (to corpse)—I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broke the phial, haven't you?
(Corpse nodded.)

JULIET (to corpse)—Where's your dagger?
CORPSE (to Juliet)—Fon't my soul I don't know.

A (samous Lady Macheth. "starray." (h.)

A famous Lady Macbeth, "starting" in America, had been accidentally detained on her journey to a remote theatre. She arrived in time only to change her dress rapidly and hurry on the scene. The performers were all strangers to ber. At the conclusion of her first soliloquy, a messenger should enter to announce the coming of King Dungar, But what was her amazement to hear. in answer to her demand, "What is your tidings?" not the usual reply, "The king comes here to-night," but the whisper, spoken from behind a Scotch bonnet, upheld to prevent the words reaching the ears of the audience, "Hush; I'm Macleth! We've cut the messenger out—go on,

please!"

Another disconcerted performer must have been the provincial Richard the Third to whom the Ratellife of the theatre—who ordinarily played harlequin, and could not enter without something of that tripping and twirling gait pecuniar to pantomime—brought the information, long before it was due, that "the Duke of Buckingham is taken!"

taken?"
"Not yet, you fool," whispered Richard.
"Beg pardon. Thought he was," cried Harlequin Rateliffe, as, carried away by his feelings or the force of habni, he threw what tumblers call "a Catherine-wheel," and made a rapid exit.

LIFE IN JAVA. Superstitions About the Daugers of the Upas Trees.

New Orleans Times-Democrat. Travellers in Java are much impressed by the fact that in Batavia they never met beggars of any description as in all other parts of the East. But if they will reflect, I think they will remember another pest think they will remember another pest which amounts to the same thing and is surely as great a nuisance. I refer to the street-hawkers, who dog your footsteps wherever you go, and are certainly as persistent in their importunities and as hard to avoid as any beggar I have ever met. They follow you along the street and into your hotel; nor can you stop for an instant but you are surrounded. Everything, from paste fewelry to a toothpick, they can supply you. The least encouragement, and in an instant all their wares are out before you, and you are solicited to "make bargains" for a cake of soap or a sult of pajamas. Inveterate gamblers they are, too, and always ready to leave it to a toss whether you shall give them twice the price or nothing.

Java is the home of the unas trees, and as it is only recently that true scientific explanations have been given of them, probably one theory may be interesting. Wonderful stories were told about the valley where they grew. No living creature was able to live an instant exposed to its effects, and even birds in flying over would drop dead, so that the whole valleys were covered with their skeletons. When scientific men first began to inquire into it they could only with the greatest difficulty induce the natives to accompany them to the spots, with such dread and superstition were they held. A peculiar feature in the varthquakes in this part of the world soon solved the problem and exploded the theory as to the trees themselves. It was found that at a certain times the sulphurous vapors and noxious gases escaping through cracks in these valleys were so dense and poisonous as to be destructive to animal life, and at such times had so affected the natives that they had retained the memory of such places and avoided them forever afterward. No evil effects were exwhich amounts to the same thing and is times had so anected the hatives that they had re-tained the memory of such places and avoided them forever afterward. No evil effects were ex-perienced by those who traversed the valleys, though there was unmistakable evidence that at periodic intervals they were deservingly to be avoided.

Former Changes of Time

Julius Cæsar rectified the calender 46 B. C., and by means of the calculations of his astronomer made the year of its present length. This, howmade the year of its present length. This, however, is said to be really eleven minutes too much, and by the time Pope Gregory XIII. came into power the surplus had reached eleven days. The pope had sufficient influence to set aside Cassar's method, and the new calendar was accepted at once in Italy. Spain and Portugal. It gradually came into favor in France and Germany, and both Denmark and Sweden adopted it in 1700. In England popular prejudice opposed the Gregorian method until in 1751 an act of Parliament legalized the change, and this gave use to the terms "old style" and new style. Ridiculous as it may seem, whenever riots occurred at that time, for whatever cause, this change was made a basis of a complaint by those who did not understand a word upon the subject. Hogarth, in his picture of the election riot, represents a man drank in the gutter, while near by lies his banner inscribed, "Give us back our eleven days." This shows how readily politicians even then turned everything to account.

(Chicago News.)

The citizens of Sligo, Mo., came near having a dry day of it Christmas. They had given up all hope of having fun, and had gone to church to hold service, when a gentleman came in and announced that a murder had been committed. The service was at once abandoned, and the congregation at once organized itself as a lynching party and started in pursuit of the murderers. A Missouri man has no use for Christimas service when there is a chance to take a hand in a hanging.

SECRETS OF THE PRAIRIE

The Skeleton's Story of the Death Chase.

Pursued by a Worse Than Savage Fee, an Enemy That Knows Not Defeat.

Hopeless Struggle for Life Against Terrible Odds.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Ride closer! It is two miles ahead to the foot-hills-two miles of parched turf and rocky space. To the rightthe left-behind, is the rolling prairie. The broad valley strikes the Slerra Nevadas and stops as if a

wall had been built across it.

What is it on the grass? A skull here, a there-bones scattered about as the wild beasts left them after the horrible feast. The cleanpicked skull grins and stares; every bone and scattered lock of hair has its story of a tragedy. And what besides these relics? More bones—not scattered, but lying in heaps—a vertebræ with ribs attached; a fleshless skull bleaching under the summer sun. Wolves! Yes. Count the heaps of bones and you will find nearly a score. Open boats are picked up at sea, with neither life nor sign to betray their secret. Skeletons are found upon the prairie, but they tell a plain story to those who halt beside them. Let us listen:

Away off to the right you can see tree-tops.
Away off to the left you can see the same sight.
The skeleton is in line between the two points.
He left one grove to ride to the other. To ride?
Certainty; a mile away is the skeleton of a horse or mule. The beast fell, and was left there. If he left the grove at noon he would have been within a mile of this spot at dusk. It is, therefore, plain that he did not leave until madefire from no now. that he did not leave until mid-afternoon, or pos-silly at dusk. Signs of Indians may have driven him from his trapiding-ground, or, mayhap, he had exhausted the game and was sulfting to new fields. It is months since that ride, and the trail has been obliterated. Were it otherwise, and you took it up from the spot

Where the Skeleton Horse Now Lies. you would find the last three or four miles made at tremendous pace.

tremendous pace.

"Step! step!"

What is it? Darkness has gathered over mountain and prairie, as the hunter jogs along over the broken ground. Overhead the countless stars look down upon him—around him is the pall of night. There was the patter of footsteps on the dry grass. He halts and peers around him, but the darkness is too deep for him to discover any eause for alarm.

the darkness is too deep for him to discover any cause for alarm.

"Patter! patter! patter!"

There it is again! It is not fifty yards from where he last haited. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon his victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space with a sarcasm to unnerve the hardlest hunter.

ter. Wolves!" whispers the hunter, as a sound sud-"Wolves!" whispers the hinter, as a sound sud-denly breaks upon his ear.
Wolves! The gaunt, grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin, and poor, and bungry, and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms filting from point to point—the patter of their feet on the parched grass proves that he is surrounded.

patter of their feet on the parched grass proves that he is surrounded.

Now the race begins. There is no shelter until the grove is reached. Instinct guides the horse, and terror lashes him with such a whip as human hand never wielded. Over space, through the gloom, almost as swift as an arrow sent by a strong hand, but a dark line follows. A line of wolves spreads out to the right and left, and gallops after—tongues out—eyes flashing—great flakes of foam flying back to blotch stone and grass and leave a trail to be followed by the cowardly coyotes.

Men ride thus only when life is the stake. A horse puts forth such speed only when

Terror Follows Clese Behind and causes every nerve to tighten like a wire drawn until the scratch of a finger makes it chord with a wall of despair. A pigeon could not skim with a wall of despair. As pigeon could not skim this valley with such swiftness, and yet the wings of fate are broad and long and tireless. The line is there—aye! It is gaining! Inch by inch it creeps up, and the red eyes take on a more savage gleam as the hunter cries out to his horse and opens fire from his revolvers. A wolf falls on the right—a second on the left. Does the wind cease blowing because it meets a forest? The fall of one man in a mad mob simply increases the determination of the rest.

With a cry so full of the despair that wells up from the heart of the strong man when he gives up his struggle for life that the hunter almost be-lieves a companion rides beside him, the horse staggers, recovers, plunges forward, falls to the carifi. It was a glorious struggle, but he has lost. The wings of the dark line oblique to the centre—there is a confused heap of snarling, fighting, maddened be sts, and the line rushes forward again. Saddle, bridle and blanket are in shreds—the horse a skeleton. And now the chase is after the hunter. He has half a mile the start, and as he runs the veins stand out, the muscles tighten, and he wonders at his own speed. Behind him are the gaunt bodies and the trieless legs. Closer, closer, and now he is going to face fate as a brave man should. He has halted. In an instant a circle is formed about him—a circle of red eyes, foaming mouths and yellow fangs which are to meet in his flesh.

There is an interval; a breathing spell. He looks up at the stars—out upon the night.

but there is no quaking, no crying out to the night to send him aid. As the wolves rest a flash blinds their eyes—a second, a third, and a fourth—and they give way before the man they had looked upon as their certain prey. But it is only for a moment. He sees them gathering for the rush, and firing his remaining builets among them he selzes his long rifle by the barrel and braces to meet the shock. Even a savage would have admired the herote fight he made for life. He sounds the war-cry and whirfs his weapon around him, and wolf after wolf falls disabled. He feels a strange exultation over the desperate combat, and as the pack give way before his nighty blows a gleam of hope springs up in his heart.

It is only for a moment; then the circle narrows. Each disabled beast is replaced by three which hunger for blood. There is a rush—a swirt—and the cry of despair is drowned in the chorus of snarls as the pack fight over the feast. but there is no quaking, no crying out to the

The gray of morning—the sunlight of noonday—the stars of evening will look down upon griming skull and whitening bones, and the wolf will return to crush them again. Men will not bury them. They will look down upon them as we look, read the story as we have read it, and ride away with a feeling that 'tis but another dark secret of the wonderful prairie. BURNT CORK.

How It is Manufactured and How It ! Put on the Face.

(San Francisco Call.)
The popular impression about the application of burnt cork by minstrel performers, which every man has absorbed from his own childhood's experience in the minstrelsy business, when the barn-loft served as a theatre, is that it is rubbed on the face and hands of the performer from a cork, whose end is charred in a convenient gas-jet or candle-flame; but this, like most popular im-

face and hands of the performer from a cork, whose end is charred in a convenient gas-jet or candle-flame; but this, like most popular impressions, is incorrect. To supply the burnt cork used by minstrel performers of this city occupies the entire time and earnest attention of one interesting character. A little man, whose place of business is on the curbstone on the north side of Pine street, half-way between Kearney and Duyont, and whose head reaches only a little way above the top of the barral in which much of his work is done, has for fifteen years been preparing burnt cork and doing nothing else. His personality has absorbed so much from his business that he does not look entirely unlike a huse cork, which, if tossed on the bay, would bob about with the tide in a pleasant sort of way. He is rather grimy, too, like a half-burnt cork.

"The business," he exclaimed to a Call reporter, who chatted with him as he worked, "is not what it used to be. There is more burnt-cork talent to be supplied, but where I used to get \$1.50 a pound for the article I make I only get fifty cents now. What is the process of making it? Well, you see, I first gather my corks. I get them from the big bottling houses mostly, who buy lots of bottle—many of them with corks that wouldn't keep the air out of whine or beer. I pay four cents a pound there, but sometimes I make a ten-strike in the suburbs where I find a saloon or restaurant with a barrel of corks they are glad to get rid of at two cents a pound. When I get ready to burn I put the corks into those three wash boilers you see there with holes punched in their sides and bottom, sprinkle alcohol over them and set them afire. Then I fill one of these muslin sacks with the charred cork and knead the sack in his barrel of water. That forces the powdered charcoal through the sack into the water, I drain the water through a close canvas sack you see in that frame there, and what remains in the canvas sack is ready for the artists. I put it up in one-pound tins, and they use it out o

of the cork, and Courtright & Hawkins' nearly as much. The blacked performers of the Adelphi and Bella Union each have to buy their own cork, but the minstrel managers furnish to the performers. The cellars (dives) use about a pound a week each. Sometimes a saide show tries to beat me out of my pay, but I always get even with them. How? Why, I just put a little oll of turpentine in the cork paste, and they have a hard time getting it off. Once one of those ten-cent minstrel shows that give performances in Union Hall tried to beat me. I put turpentine in their cork, and a performer who had to wash un to do a Dutch act couldn't get the cork off his face, and he had to do his Dutch act in black. That was enough fun for me. It don't hurt the skin a bit to put it on, but some of the performers put on glycerine and vaseline to protect their skins. That is what gives the shiny look to their faces you see on some performers. It don't do them any good, and makes it harder to wash the cork off."

DUTCH ETIQUETTE.

Ungallant Street Manners of the Men-Formalities at the Table.

I have no idea of attempting to tell anything new about Holland or the Dutch. But there are some things about domestic etiquette and the like that only a woman would notice, of which I may write, and which are just what "Our Dutch" prac tised. The man is "lord of all" in Holland, and woman is almost without the shadow of estimation. The typical Dutchman basn't a particle of the chivalrous about him, and abounds in the arts of slighting and impertinence. He is a sort of a bear, tame and good-natured, but still full of the bruin element. His countrywomen are actually afraid of him, especially when outside their own

The Dutchwoman lives in constant fear of insult; and when she is out on the street she acts as if she was alraid that her ursine brothers were going to bite, paw or hur her. Not that the men are dangerous, for rarely is if heard that the bears have bitten. Look out on the street and you will see that the ladies walk in the road and the gentlemen on the sidewalk. Always so, no matter how muddy or dusty the road is, or how many teams are passing. Watch them, and you cannot help but notice that the gentlemen and ladies never speak to each other on the street. That would be a breach of etiquette that society would hardly pardon. Even when a man meets his wife he is not permitted to ask what he shall bring home for dinner! The gentleman bows first, the same as not remitted to ask what he shall bring home for dinner! The gentleman bows first, the same as not lermitted to ask what he shall bring home for dinner! The gentleman bows first, the same as not not not many have bows from any number of men whose names she does not even know. And the bowing is a marvel! The forehead almost toucles the knees in the net, and there is no half-way work about it—no nodding or a sweeping touch of the hat, but an enthe removal of the hat to supplement that intense bow. Everybody bows, then take off their hats to one another and profoundly bow. Your friend's coachman or lackey does the same toward you as his master does, and the servants are just as polite to each other. A lady is bowed to by all the friends of her father, husband or brother; and your housemaid's friengs as well. Every man bows to the house of his lady acqualutance when he passes; bows, smiles and raises his hat, no matter whether the ladies are visible or not. If they are visible they return the bow with an over-polite bend of the whole body. The Dutchwoman lives in constant fear of in-

hole body.
If a lady, alone or accompanied by other ladies It a lady, alone or accompanied by other ladies, must needs enter a confectionery, a library or other place where men will naturally go, and finds a gentleman or two there, she will rethe as precipitately as if she had seen a case of small-pox. The men know this, but unless my lord the man has quite finished his business he will not rether. The lady retreats in a most undignified manner, and the human bear finishes his book or his chocolate, even though the lady is waiting at the door for him to leave.

the human bear finishes his book or his chocolate, even though the lady is walting at the door for him to leave.

Now as to calling: Every lady has her cards,—little delicate pink-and-white pastetoards, printed in red or black ink—and the ladies of a family have each their separate visiting-list. The mother calls on her friends, and the daughter on her's. The two never call together. As soon as a young lady becomes engaged she has to take the young man around to call on all of her friends, sweetly lutroducing him to all as her promised husband. After that they pay visits together like a married couple, with the difference that unlike man and wife they sit hand-in-hand, and speak with the utmost pride of their engagement. A hug or a kiss are very common in those days of courtship; but when marriage comes the two are as stiff to each other in company as strangers would be, and they address each other in company as strangers would, and they address each other as myniheer and mevrouw.

But a change comes over the woman at home. No longer is she the afraid body of the street. She has at hand the kettle of hot water, the flat-irons and the other articles of defence that a woman can use if necessary, and no longer does she fear the bears. She is quite "at home." She does not put herself to any trouble for the sake of her guests. In the morning she never dresses for breakfast, but comes to the table en demi-tolle her hair on the crimping-pink, calleog gown loosely buttoned over skirts by no means new, with no

breakfast, but comes to the table en demi-toflet her hair on the crimping-pins, a calico gown loosely buttoned over skirts by no means new, with no collar, her shoes unbuttoned and frequently without stockings. After breakfast it is quite a while before she gets dressed, and meantime if she receives callers she goes into the parlor in her breakfast toilet.

It is amusing to see the Dutch eat. They take their plateful as soon as they are belped, and cut it up into morsels. Then they lay the knife in front of the plate, and, leaning on the table with the left hand, proceed to eat all with the fork. Beside the plate a hand-rest is sometimes placed.

front of the plate, and, leaning on the table with the left hand, proceed to eat all with the fork. Beside the plate a hand-rest is sometimes placed, for it is necessary that one should half recline on the table! There is no such thing as changing covers, and be the courses two or twenty, they are served on the same plate, and the same knife, fork and spoon are used. One supper at which I was a guest I shall always remember. At 9 o'clock the hostess left the cardboard, spread the tablecloth and placed the dishes. Then she brought out a spirit lamp, which she lighted with a match from the matchbox on the table, and, having ground some coffee in a little hand-mill, she set the cafetiere over the lamp, where it boiled merrily during the meal. The bread came on in a loaf in a long basket, and was cut into thick slices and so passed around. The butter was in a little round earthen pot, each person scraping out with his own knife as much as is wanted for each plece of bread. The cheese came to table in a similar pot, and was also scraped and eaten spread on the bread over the butter. Near the bread basket on a round tray was a partiy-cut loaf of town bread, and slices of three or four kinds of cake, including the invariable fruit-cake. Preserves were placed on the cloth in a shallow dish, and it was passed round. The milk, fresh from the dairy, was drawn for the coffee from a jug that in the absence of a sideboard naturally reposed on a mat at my lady's side. After the meal a china wash-bowl was brought out, and the dishes washed on the tea-table by the mistress, who used the snowlest of servicties, and neither spilt a drop nor wet her fingers. While the dishwashing was going on, the family and guests remained sitting, the meyr-uw performing her task standing where the chair had been, and the master idly puffing his relia.

Translated From the Prose Poems by Ivan Tourgaeneff.
The only son of a peasant widow woman, a

youth 20 years old, and the best workman in the village, was dead.

The great lady of the village, who had heard of the widow's loss, went to pay her a visit on the day of the funeral.

She found the poor woman at home. She stood

She found the poor woman at home. She stood by a table in the middle of the hut, and slowly, with a regular movement of her right hand, she scooped up cabbage soup out of a sooty pot, and swallowed one spoonful after another.

The old woman's face was gloomy and bitter, her eyes were red and swollen; . . . nevertheless, she held herself as calm and erect as if she were in church.

"Good God!" thought the lady. "To be able to eat at such a moment! . . . How utterly without feeling these people are!"

And the lady just then recollected that when she, some years ago, had lost her little daughter 9 years old, she had in her sorrow even refused to rent a charming villa in the neighborhood of Petersiurz, and that she had remained in town the whole summer. And this woman was eating cabbage soup.

At last the lady grew impatient. "Tatiana," ohe exclaimed, "for God's sake! . . I cannot but feel astohished! . . Do you not love your son? Is it possible that you have not lost your appetite? How can you eat cabbage soup at such a time?"

"My son Wassja is dead," said the woman in a

son? Is it possible that you have not lost your appetite? How can you eat cabbage soup at such a time?"

"My son Wassja is dead," said the woman in a low tone, and the pent-up tears flowed afresh down her hollow cheeks, "and now my end also is near! The head of my living body has been taken away from me!

But is that any reason for spolling the soup? It is nizely sailed."

The great lady merely shrugged her shoulders and went away. She can have salt cheaply. As to Clipped Roadsters.

(Chicago Times.)
"Horses Clipped Here" is a sign displayed at

numerous livery stables.
"We have clipped 150 horses this year," said a "We have clipped 150 horses this year," said a horseman yesterday. "A long-coated horse can't get fat. When clipped the horses eat less, but gain flesh rapidly. Drive a horse with a long coat and he is soon covered with perspiration. Then, if the weather is cold, the perspiration freezes about the hair, forming they icides. Livery horses brought into the barn after a long drive and covered with blankets are stiff wet the next morning. Hence they take cold and are often seriously ill. Here is a horse you could stand a block away from and count the ribs of two weeks ago. He was clipped and now you may see how sleek and fat he is. Before the clipping he ate fifteen quarts of oats and a quantity of hay daily. Now we feed him the same quantity of oats, but he doesn't eat it all and hay he scarcely touches. Then he was a light chestnut. Now he is of a pretty mouse color. That bay horse was clipped in October. His hair is growing long and thick, and in January or February he will need the shears again. Nearly all horsemen are in favor of clipping. The best veternary surgeons in the country say it is greatly beneficial.

"We charge \$4 for clipping a horse. At some other places the work is done for \$3 and \$3 50. Take a long-coated horse valued at \$100 and by clipping him you will in many instances enhance has value 25 per cent."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Byrone Dreams. [Oliver Wendell Holmes.]
Yet life is loveller for these transient gleams
Of buried friendships; blest is ne who dreams.

tPuck.1
The pen may be mightier than the sword; but if you get a bair in it you begin to believe that it may sometimes outlive its usefulness.

The Frost-King dons his key diadem,
And at his frown the earth grows gray and old.

Dead are the flowers, the scattered leaves are
dead;
Dead as the malden's heart whence love is fied.
Dead is the snowy-shrouded year, and cold
The winds shrick out its mouraful requiem.

Frank, But Inconsistent.

Please, sir, give a poor blind man a nickel?" said a tramping beggar to a gentleman on Austia "But you are not blind," remarked the gentle-

man.
"No, but my partner is. He is standing down there on the corner watching to see if the police are coming."

The Wind's Secret.

The Wind's Secret.

What secret saddens through the wind tonight, Dyli g on every weary drift of rain, And wrestling into utterance again. Among the as one touched with eith light. Or bown to sudden silver by the flight. Or bown to sudden silver by the flight. Or guest that grieve and wander by? What pain Compets these nomeless voices to complain Across the darkness over wold and height? Surely some dumb thing yearns within the sound, its monotons some baffled in escage fills. Hark! Now it hushes down among the bills, Now sweeps lamenting toward the lower ground, Where, on the marsil-pools that shine around, The climbing moon her phantom lustre spills.

[Burlington Hawkeye.] Statistics complied in Prussia show that triplets occur once in every 371,126 births. And it just makes a Prussian's hair turn white and his teeth fall out with auxlety after he has had 371.125 children, until some neighbor shows three of a kind, thus satisfying the average and relieving him of suspense.

Coffee for Two-

Coffee for two.

[Wasp.]

Coffee for two. It has a charming sound,
Grace in the hymn not more so. Heavens! Was
Does not descry romance all breathing round
Coffee for two?

A man drinks wine out of his mistress' shoe
And deems there by allegiance newly bound.
The draught is less sincere, the yow less true
Than when—a little table duly found,
And a 1 things smiling, as they sometime de—
His happiness seeks this sufficient ground—
Coffee for two.

Young Diplomacy

(Siftings.) "Good morning, children," said an Austin physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school, "and how are you this

"We darsen't tell you," replied the oldest of the crowd, a boy of eight.
"Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the physician, "and why not?"
"Cause, papa said that last year it cost him over \$50 to have you come in and ask us how we were."

"Shake."

[By Jean Pierre.]

Reach out thy hand to me across the sea,
That small, brown hand in loving grasp so warm,
Far. love, believe me where'er you mayest be,
In toil or pleasure in Life's calm or storm,
My own strong hand shall reach neross the waste
And with a clasp not life nor death can break,
With your own small one all so firm and embraced,
Shall shake.

What time may pass before we meet again, What oben res life may bring to you or me. We cannot tell, but this remember then. That Whether on the land or on the sea, Whether amidst the sunshine or the drear, Absence and stace do not a partiag make While we reach out in loving grasp so dear And shake.

Anniversary Extraordinary. (Texas Siftings.)
Mrs. Junebug invited several of her friends to

come to her house on a certain day, as she was going to celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday. Al the dinner-table Mrs. J. sald: "This day is also the anniversary of sorrow

me—my father's death."
"Indeed? And how long has your father been dead?" asked one of the guests.
"Twenty-eight years," replied Mrs. Junebug.

My Rose,

[F. Farrand Felch.]

A rose fell from her hair in dance;
I picked it up, my heart in trance,
And, as the dancing ceased, i sought
Her out, from all the rout, and brougi
The flower. I caught a thankful glane
And then the whiring waitz went on.
Was lovely Approdice, wan,
As fair, when she, that wraith of dawn,
Arose?

Incarnate blush, sweet rose, your right To touch the alabaster white Of her fair throat, and flush with tint Of rose—a subtile, precious hint— Nene dare dispute, but eavy quite, My rose.

Ramember Me. (Hartford Post.)
One of the very recent agonies is for a young lady to decorate one of the oyster shells she picked up on the beach last summer, by painting on its pearly side a picture of a couple sitting by the sea

under a sun umbrella. This she sends to the young gentleman who was the other half of the couple, first tying a blue ribbon bow upon it. The deep, the utter significance of this is: "Remember me. Others may forget." And straightway he proceeds to remember her with a hair pound of chocolate creams. I Terrible Infant.

[Frederick Lockyer.]

I recellect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine days a fine young man.
Came up and kissed the pretty lass,
She did not make the least objection.
Thinks I, "Aha!
When I can talk I'll tell mamma."
And that's my earlist recollection.

Grasping the Situation (Philadelphia Call.)
"Your conduct has been such for a month past," said an employer to his clerk, "that in justice te my business I am forced to discharge you, De

you appreciate your situation?"
"I do," replied the clerk, "and I would be glad "I do," replied the clerk, "and I would be giage to retain it."
"I do not mean that. Do you grasp the situation in which you have placed yourself through neglecting your work?"
"It degins to look," said the unhappy clerk, "as though there wouldn't be any situation to grasp."
"You still misunderstand me. You have been unmindful of the duties imposed upon you, and in consequence I am compelled to let you go. Are you prepared to accept the situation?"
"Oh, yes." said the clerk, brightening up. "PE accept any situation."
"Well, get to work," growled the man of business.

How easy they take it, their handful of Life! No question, no struggle, no labor, no strife; As an oyst r that gapes, scarcely needing the knife As an oyst r that gapes, scarcely needing the anical Life's smoke was so thick that I only could see A heart down in the battle—a soul on her knee; Twas such terrible, terrible carnest to me. How lightly they mount, and go riding abace Where the graves are the thickest—a smile on the

With a jausty, lax, airy, inconsequent grace! For this power to pass all the great sea through a sieve.

To turn mountains to mole hills, ch, what would I In this strong, earnest, terrible struggle to live!

Trying to Swindle Horace Creeler. Horace Greeley, although he "took the papers." was once sought to be victimized at the well-worn was once sought to be victimized at the well-worn "dropped pocket-book" game. The man who picked up the book, plethoric with bogus money, right at Mr. Greeley's feet, was compelled to go out of town immediately to his sick wife, and begged the loan of \$50 in advance of the award which would surely be offered if Mr. Greeley would keep the book. Mr. Greeley consented, and only saved himself by taking the \$50 out of the book. The man remonstrated. "It will not do to touch that money." he said; "you had better give me \$50 out of your own pocket." "Bless my soul, my friend." exclaimed the innocent Horace. "I never carried as much money as that with me in my life!" The man impatiently snatched the book out of Mr. Greeley's hands and hurriedly left to visit his sick wife.

Wood Fringe.

Lucy Larcom.]
Lightly as the green earth's breath
From the sod ascending.
Flying tendril. fragile wreath
With gray rock tints blending;
Fluttering all your fringes out
In the wintry weather,
You and the gray rocks, no doubs,
Love to be together.
As the sunshine seeks the shade,
Sister following brother.—
Tou and the gray rorgs were made,
Doubtless, for each other. [Lucy Larcom.]

Bless you! up and down our walks Waving welcomes airy! Bless you! as you climb the rocks, lattic wordsand frigs!

The Corsair of the South Seas.

Love, Crime and Retribution.

By MRS. C. W. DENISON.

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CHAPTER XXXIII. A RAY OF LIGHT.

"Sorry to be so abrupt, sir, but the case don't admit of politeness, you see. You didn't know I was a detective—a policeman at the head of my class, as it were—in England, sir."

"I did not indeed," said the young artist, quite as much astounded as the other seemed nettled to put off his character as friend and show himbelf an open enemy. "But first, before I comply with your request, which I assure you I shall do with pleasure, and I hope with a reasonable explanation, enlighten me upon the subject. I have heard about it, of course, but not in a satisfactory way. Who was this young man who was murdered, and what were the circumstances connected with the deed?"

The detective complied, and slowly went over the whole ground.

The detective complete, and slowly were over the whole ground.

"You certainly can have no objection to tell me who was your informant against me," said the artist, after a moment of painful thought.

"I should have none if I knew—the writer is

"I should have none if I knew—the writer is anonymous."
"May I see the note, if it is not asking too much." Deckrow handed it to him; he scanned the writing closely.
"I teared it was a woman's hand," he said, with a sigh, holding it towards the detective, then with a quick, explosive:
"One moment, sir," he scanned the writing igain, and held the margin of the note close to his wes.

Deckrow gazed at him, confounded. The veins

were swelled and knotted on his forehead, his face was flushed save round his lips, where a deadly paleness had settled; his eyes were almost flered in their glare.

"Walt a moment," he said, and going over to an escritoire, he produced a note, brought it to the detective, and compared the two. They were exactly alike. detective, and compared the two They were cartly alike.

"And now I look closer," he said, still scanning the writing, "I see evidences of the same hand in a clumsy attempt to disguise—the villain! the doubly dyed, damned villain!"

"What do you mean?" cried Deckrow, in simple worderment.

what do you mean wonderment.

"That this note paper is precisely like the other, and very unusual, you see, do you not? The paper is of Italian manufacture—well, sir, this," pointing to the note he had taken from his escritoire, "is an invitation to the final ball of the Spanish ambassador. He is going to England, you understand."

The detective started. He pressed his lips to gether, brought his hand down on the table with violence.

gether, brought his hand down on the table with violence.
"I see!" he said.
At that moment some one came in.
"Walk into my private room," said Weiss, "and I will join you there in a moment."
Deckrow not only walked in, but kept walking after he entered, his brows knit, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. The artist held a long conference with him, which ended in these words:
"It is all arranged, then. The least hint would send, him off the track, and though I have been suspicious I have been able to gather no evidence whatever. You are to be my prisoner, and I am to return with you to England. If, as you say, he is going in the Neptune, there need be no suspicion excited, and no one need know of the matter unless you wish to acquaint the governor wiff the facts in the case. Yes, I see; I wonder I did not before—but then—the scoundrei!" And the detective stamped the floor with anger. "He will be all right—he will think I have you safe and sound, the villain!"

CHAPTER XXXIV. UNDER ARREST.

O Bel—the worst news! Something dreadful!"

"It must be dreadful," thought Isabel, lifting herself from the laces she was folding. "Blanche seldom looks like that."

Dand truly, Blanche did seem a statue of white terror, so colorless were her cheeks.
"Pray what is it?" queried Isabel.

F'Mr. Weiss—my beau-ideal, almost, of man-hood—O Bell—he is going to England, in the custody of a detective!"

"No!" cried Bel, aghast and breathless.
"It is true—I heard it all. A stranger was closeted with papa, and I was behind the screen.
O Isabel—I came so near fainting!"
"Tell me!" cried Isabel, still with that strange, horrified look.
"I only heard at first, for I think papa cautioned him because I was there; but I heard enough to know that the miniature—that fatal miniature—was found on him, and there are circumstances which prove that he was concerned in the murder of—of—"
"Ob don't!" cried Isabel, an expression of keen anguish aimost changing her face. In a moment he added, tearfully, "I shall be so glad once more O Bel-the worst news! Something dread-

to get home!" and a heavy sigh followed.

"Dear Bel, I don't know which I'm most sorry for," sobbed Blanche, "you or myself!"

"Why, Blanche, darling!"

"You can't think how high he stood in my estimation—I never thought of it before."

"But they have got to prove it," said Isabel, half defiantly.

"Yes; but how shall I know? Think of the tedious months that may pass before I hear of it all! Oh, cousin!—not that I love him as you may think—nothing as a lover—not that—but as something so much above ordinary manhood—and to know of this—this disgrace!"

Isabel turned with a whiter face to her laces. Her heart ached. Everything in the world had lost interest to her. It was no matter, she said to herself, how things went now. If she had relented, if her proud nature had given way before the power of a pure and holy love—what gain would it have been, now that he, the best and brightest her eyes had ever rested on, was under the cloud of disgrace?

"It is all in vain," she murmured, "this life of mine. Misfortune follows all I love, all who love me. What if I am as beautiful as they say—what if men and women praise me alike? It would have been better had I been frightful; then I should never have known this terrible heartache. For God only knows how I love him—have loved him from the first moment. God knows a could die for him this day, if it would save him from disgrace. And better now while he is under the cloud of infamy—better a thousand times. Oh, my love—my love!"

And thus she cried with agony, rocking herself to and fro.

And thus she cried with agony, rocking herself to and fro.

The housekeeper's room was large and cheerful, and there, almost buried in the satin-lined easy-chair, sat Mrs. Vance, chirruping at times like a bird in her soft, small, sweet voice. Young Vance came in often of an evening when there was no company. The governor's handsome secretary had grown a trifle more dignified, but tonight he sat, or rather reclined, on the luxurious lounge, his face hidden in his arms.

"Wilfred, how dull you are, dear!" cried the widow, looking up from her knitting.

Did she see aright? Was it a sob, suppressed weeping, that gave him that convulsive shudder? Should she speak of it or no? Prudence cautioned silence, curlosity called for speech.

"Wilfred, dear," she cried, "are you asleep?"
There was no answer, but again that shiver or shudder.

shudder.
"Did you know that Spaniard was up stairs with

There was no answer, but again that shiver or shudder.

"Did you know that Spaniard was up stairs with the ladies?" queried his mother.

"Curse him!" cried the young man, sitting bolt upright.

"Why, Will—what has come over you? Until tonight you have seemed as happy as when you were a child. What has happened? Why should you want the poor ambassador cursed? I'm sure he is a gentieman."

"And I'm sure I hate him!" cried the boy with energy. "I never go near that man, but what I feel like twisting my fingers in his throat!"

"Indeed. Wilfred, I don't know what to think of you of late. It can't be you are nursing that foolish passion yet. You hate him because it is easy to be seen that he is devoted to Miss Isabel."

"No," cried the boy, passionately, "no; I hate him for himself. I hate him, as I loathed and despised that miserable impostor who came from England with us—Father Peter."

"Such feelings are unchristian," replied his mother, soitly.

"Yes, I dare say; and yet I can't help it. When he goes near her, I feel as if I could crush him—not because of jealousy—heaven knows I am not aspiring enough to feel that; and besides, when Weiss is near ner—and I see plainly enough, mother, that he loves her—and—and—that she—loves him—I never experience such sensations. I have been happy just to be near her." he murmured, in a low volce, as if to himself; "just to be under the same roof with her—and now she is going away. I may never see her again."

"She will leave as fair behind," said his mother, soothingly. "Once Miss Isabel's dark eyes are gone, there will be sweet blue ones to bid you loope—that is, if I read rightly."

"You mean Miss Blanche? Are you mad, mother? The governor's secretary asplic to the notice of his only child! Even if I had ever had one thought in that direction, it would be utter folly. No, no—when Miss de Courcey has gone, she will take with her the light of my life."

The little widow smiled to herself.

"The governor's secretary asplic to the notice of his only child! Even if I had ever had

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CORSAIR IN HIS TRUE CHARACTER.

"Just as I expected," cried the Spanish ambassador, entering his private room, where the don sat writing. "Our plan works prectously. A great part of the crew of the Royal Dolpnin are green hands—came over to America to try their lortune—and more than two-thirds of them have deserted. My men, tried sailors every one of them, have offered themselves, and so the crew will be ready at hand. Twenty-live desperate fellows, none of them afraid of sword cutlass, hade or pistol. The cargo will be a valuable one,

the passengers select, and the good ship worth a struggle to obtain possession of."
"But how have you found these men?" asked the don, inneger;

"But how have you found these men?" asked the don, innocently.

He was answered by a wicked laugh.
"We of the black flag," said the other, triumphantly, "have a sort of Masonic secrecy among us—a society in which each is pledged to maintain the other, at all risks, and obey their leader to the death. Men! I could raise them in every country under heaven. Gold! I've enough of the yellow metal to build a city. Two gallons came hoodwinked into my arms, and poured their preclous treasures at my feet. Not without a little bloodshed, however; but that is a trifling consideration. My men are promised bigh wages, though," he added, laughing again, "high wages; but they have so far found their captain never failed them."

"Have you secured places for us?"

'The best—after the ladies, you know. The ship is first class, the cabins spacious and well furnished, after the style of the East Indiamen—cuddy cabins and everything of that kind. I'm sorry we're going to have children, but them we can easily silence, especially the younger ones;" and he made an expressive gesture. "Twenty-eight passengers are booked already, most of them women and children. The captain is a small man, and easy to dispose of; the mates will give us the most trouble. As to the sallors, those who are not in my employ, they can be readily won over, or have their brains knocked out."

Perhaps this man had never showed so much of

Perhaps this man had never showed so much of his natural ferocity, since he last walked the deck of his own ship, the captain of a crew of pirates, as he did in this moment of triumph over what bade fair to be a master-stroke of successful

"I have shipped six small cannon in boxes," the "I have shipped six small cannon in boxes," the man continued, walking to and fro, his arms foided, his chest expanded, his eye flashing; "beauties they are, too; but I gave an immense price for them. Ammunition, also—a neat chest of powder, enough to blow up two Dolphins, which I saw stowed with my own eyes, and a good stock of cutlasses, which teil best in a haud-to-hand fight. Things are going on sweetly; my good star is in the ascendant, if it ever was, and my long-cherished dream of revenge is near to its fulfilment."

ment."

"And mine!" cried the don, his eyes lighting with the fires of madness; "and mine!" he repeated, with a rapturous cry.

The horrible joy of demons could not have seemed more flendish than the exultant malice seemed more hendish than the exultant malice that lighted those two faces.
"I shall have them all in my power," added the ambassador; "Isabe de Courcey — Deckrow — Weiss—and we'll torture them — we'll torture them!"

"But mind—leave Miss St. Jude to me," cried the younger man, a baieful light making his face absolutely hideous. "I tell you she scorned me; she laughed at me; she held her head high, and scoffed at the housekeeper's son. Wait—oh, wait till I have the power, Rhoda St. Jude—I'll take the scorning out of those eyes. You shall be mine—mine—mine."

And he stood there, his white teeth gleaming and he should there, his wine teeting grading under the black moustache, unclosing and closing his hands, with a tense, almost painful, motion, "Yes, you shall have your own way, my good fellow," said the ambassador, a half-contemptuous smile curling his lip; "and if it don't change you into a devil or a mad man," he muttered under his breath, "I mass my guess."

Little did he think what his prediction involved.

Little did he think what his prediction involved.

'Now, here's my plan," said the ambassador, throwing off his cloak, and substituting a splendid dressing-gown. "First, we must seil the furniture at vendue, and close house after the ball." He took a chart from his escritoire, and laid it out upon the table. "Here is the course the vessel would take," he muttered, following the nes with his slender forefinger; "but after some of those poor fellows have bitten the dust, and our reign is established, we change the ship's head, and make for that cluster of islands where you see those dcts. There are two or three inlets that I know of, either of them a paradise for man's habitation. As for houses, islands where you see those dcts. There are two or three inlets that I know of, either of them a paradise for man's habitation. As for houses, why, we hardly need them; but our ladies—eh, don?—they will want shelter, and many hands make light work. Any of my men could turn to and build us some neat little affairs; for the rest we shall have willing slaves enough. Then hurrah for the life of the free! We will build a felucca, with heels like the devil and a speed that will outstrip the wind; we will sail to the brightest spots in fairy land, going and coming at our will. If we should happen to be in want there are plenty of rich vessels going by that coast and we must make clean work of it. Then our ladies—Oh, they will soon solace themselves! Give a woman a bit of slik and a few laces and she would forget her own mother. I have rich stores, bales upon bales—carpets from Turkey, sliks from India, jewels from everywhere, while a London merchant would open his eyes at the laces I could show him. We will have fetes where the women will dress splendidly, and improvise amusements at which the gods will be envious. I am heartily sick of this confining life, and but for that one passion, that one ruling motive of my existence, I had left it long since. But now I am a man again. Farewell monotonous cities, welcome free ocean and plenty of spoil, with a fight now and then to spice it."

"What do you intend to do with your lady's lover?" asked the don.

The eyes of the cther lighted fiercely.

"Starve him, or let him rot before her eyes!" he replied, save gely. "I've handcuffs for him and one or two others—don't fear but what my arrangements are complete. And now for this ball. Let it be the most splendid of the series. Teil Winner to put a bouquet at every guest may take one—no matter for the cost. Get an additional hundred.

replied, savegely. "I've handcuffs for him and one or two others—don't fear but what my arrangements are complete. And now for this ball. Let it be the most splendid of the series. Tell Winner to put a bouquet at every plate. Let the holders be gold, so that every guest may take one—no matter for the cost. Get an additional hundred of candles, and the choicest delicacies of confectioner or fruiter. Let the wine excet, so that I may drink to Miss De Courcey, whom I have tried to win, both by fair means and foul—and may perdition seize her. Tell Winner to spare no expense—and now I'm off. Oh, by the way, if that cub of the governor comes while I'm gone, hold him by the button. The fellow hates me, and he has good reason; but I've something for his private car before I leave. I understand that Weiss sells out today, and I must be there, for there's a picture or two that I'll have at any price. See that all my instructions are obeyed to the letter, my good don, and great shall be your reward in this life; I'm not so sure about the next." And he laughed sarcastically, as he threw on his rich fur cloak, and went down stairs to where his carriage was in walting. Young Vance did call, as he had been requested to do, and waited till the ambassador returned. The proposition of the latter to take him in his service as private secretary was rejected with dignity. Not even the picasure of returning to Eugland in the society of Miss De Courcey proved a sufficient temptation for the idea to be tolerated, and when, a week after, he received a note and package from the Spaniard, he opened it with contemptuous brevity. To his astonishment a ring fell out—his mother's ring. His Impulse was bo carry it to her, but he constrained himself to read the accompanying letter first. What wonder that his face grew flushed, then deadly white, as he perused the following words:

"I return you the ring, of which I accidentally became possessed. It is something you should keep, for it may serve a useful purpose yet. I have no doubt the ring lo

THE PIRATE CREW.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PIRATE GREW.

Isabel had been greatly admired. Her departure was a source of regret to many who had become attached to her. The ship was comfortable, and most of the passengers proved agreeable. To her astonishment, she encountered Weiss on board, whose imprisonment he fondly thought was a secret to all but the governor. He did not seem much like one under the imputation of having committed a deadly crime. It was, however, advisable that he should always keep in the vicinity of the detective, who took good care to monopolize him.

The Spanish ambassador came on board with great show of pomp and circumstance. He saluted Deckrow ceremoniously, noticed Weiss with a distant inclination, and was obsequiously police to Isabel and Rhoda, at which Weiss turned away with threatening lip and brow.

A large number of ladies made the cabin very lively the first day. There were two or three officers' wives, with their families, put in charge of the captain, who was a little, active, good-humored man, extremely solicitous as to the comfort of his passengers. A state of tranquility, induced partly by seasickness—for most of the ladies were under the effects of that distressing malady—reigned for the first four days. Isabel kept her state-room, more for the purpose of escaping the attentions of her foreign admirer, which he made unpleasantly obtrusive, than from filness, until she was driven, by the real necessity for fresh air, to the upper deck, where the captain improvised a couch for her. Weiss, who had not seen her come up, stood on the opposite side of the vessel, leaning a little over the railing, and in full view from her point of observation. He appeared to be deep in conversation with the detective. Presently the two came forward, she still sheltered by the back of a settee and the panther skin that had been thrown over it. Weiss continued talking.

"No," he went on, "I decidedly don't like the look of things, and I fear some mischief is up. I have noticed mere than once there seems to be a

thorough understanding between him and some of his cut-throat crew. I never saw such a set of rascais in my life."

"A set of out-and-out villains!" responded the detection.

rascais in my life."

"A set of out-and-out villains!" responded the detective.

"I am very sure I have seen signals pass between him and that fellow in the peaked cap."

"We must be ready for them, then," muttered the detective, still in a low voice.

"Ready for them—but how? The captain is such a prig, so full of self-conceit, gentleman as he is, that he won't listen to a hint. I've tried him several times, but he 'knows his duty,' and laughs the fears of us landsmen to scorn."

"Well, well—we will wait a while and see how matters turn. I have, I confess, little faith that he would attempt such a move, but if we notice anything decided, why, it will be best to tell the captain the whole story. But I assure'you we must use the utmost caution or that fox will learn that we are on the seent, and slip us at the last moment. That won't do, now we have almost earthed him."

"True," replied Weiss; "but the peril these ladies are in, should anything of the kind occur, keeps me in a continual state of anxiety."

Isabel listened because she could not help it. She would have made some sign had it been any one but Weiss. What meant his confidential manner with the detective? Certainly it was not that of a man arrested for a criminal offence. Who was the "he" referred to, and what could be the nature of the plot which they feared? She speculated upon the matter till nightfall, and after she had retired still those words seemed to disturb the profound silence till she fell asleep.

How long after, she knew not, she was awakened by the pressure of a cold hand and the cry:

"O Isabel! what is the matter? What are they doing on deck? I have heard pistols and blows and shrieks. There, listen!"

A smothered cry, prolonged, low, fierce, sounded upon the chill air. Isabel lifted herself, and shook off the deadly terror that seemed creeping over her limbs.

"It's nothing." she said, soothingly, after a remain of the court of the procond of the procond of the court of the procond of the court of the procond of the court of the prol

shook off the deadly terror that seemed creeping over her limbs.

"It's nothing," she said, soothingly, after a moment of sileuce; "a sudden storm, perhaps—or insubordination among the men."

"Insubordination! Do you know what that means?" cried Rhoda. Don't speak so calmly of that. If those wretches take the ship—Oh, the terror of it chills me!"

Meantime Isabel had groped about with as little noise as poss'ble, and dressed herself as best she could by the glimmer of the light that came through from the cabin.

"O Bel—what shall we do?" implored Rhoda.

"I'll go and see what it is," Bel said, courageously.

"And leave me alone? Oh, no-no! I am half "And leave me nlone? Oh, no—no! I am half dead with right already."

"Then let us stay and be quiet. Put your trust in Heaven, Rhoda—pray to God—for I confess to you I think our days are numbered."

"O Bel—do give me some comfort! It is so horrible—and I am not strong to bear, like you."

"I would give you comfort, If I could. Rhoda; and indeed it seeps to be quite still now."

"That horrid crew!" shuddered poor Rhoda, and sank down, crouching.

Neither of the girls slept, and the gray, cold morning found them with nerves relaxed, and bloodshot eyes, that had been long straining into the darkness.

"We had best go out as usual," said Isabel, hurriedly performing her toilet.

"Not till breakfast-time!" cried Rhoda, trembling from head to foot. "O Isabel! What murderous deed may have been done? And that fearful cry—a woman's cry! How shall we get out? I dread it so! And yet if any one came to the door, I should faint—I am certain I should."

Isabel was silent. She remembered the conversation she had heard the afternoon before, and a deathly sickness selzed her, as she thought of the possible fate of Weiss and his companion. The bell sounded as usual for breakfast. Isabel summoned up all her courage, and opened the state-room door, as if nothing had discomposed her. At her first step, she had nearly fallen. The man who was bringing in coffee was not the steward, but one of those villanous-looking Malays, and a stream of blood, narrow, dark and sluggish, was creeping past her state-room door. She had almost stepped in it.

A graceful obeisance and a cheerful good morning from the Spanish ambassador, who sat at the head of the table. Isabel could not forbear the quick spasm of terror that crossed her features, or the look of alarm and inquiry she cast about her.

"Owing to the captain's serious indisposition," the darkness.
"We had best go out as usual," said Isabel, hur-

for the look of shall have been selected by the captain's serious indisposition," ne said—and here the Malay steward grinned, but at a stern look from his chief, composed his features instaulty—"I am here in his place, as you see—sit down, ladies. Our passengers are late this morning." And he addressed himself to the task before him.

see—sit down, ladies. Our passengers are late this morning." And he addressed himself to the task before him.

There was no change in his manner save that he was if possible a trifle more stately. Presently entered Don Gaspardo, and seated himself at his right—drew a long, deep breath, and threw a glance of gratified malice in the direction of isabel and her friend. Presently the state-room doors opened, one after another, and the women stole out bade and frightened.

"What was the trouble in the night?" queried one of the spinsters, "for as sure as ever I'm alive I heard something that sounded like a fight—and where's the captain?"

"The captain is not well this morning," said the ambassador, and in spite of his effort at self-control the Malay steward grinned again.

Constraint and fear sat on all faces. Eyes that were still red with the fears of terror watched each glance with stealtly looks. Hands trembled as they received the dish of coffee or took up or put down anything.

"And the captain's wife," remarked one of the young school-girls who had quite forgotten her mincing and affections—"is she also indisposed?"

"I regret to say that she is," returned the Spanlard, a wicked look in his eye, before which the young girl cowered.

"Where do you suppose little Ned is?" asked

"And Jockey Brass," muttered another—"this fellow looks as if he would poison us all if he could."

"Ladies," said the ambassador, rising, "I would advise you all to remain below this morning. The wind has freshened and threatens rain—besides we are making some aiterations on deck,"

The communication was received in utter silence. All there felt the pressure of a terrible shadow—a curse that might not be removed. The women still sought each other's faces, but returned only vacant, apathetic stares, as if in wonder at the blow which had stunned them, though they had seen no hand deal it. As the Spanlard turned togo something arrested his attention; his brow darkened. Hastily calling the Malay, he spoke in a low voice, and presently the steward appeared with a basin and spenge. Isabel grew faint when she saw him proceed to whe up that narrow, purplish stream, which in the rather dark cabin she had been the first to see. She traced it, her cheek colorless, her heart failing her. It stopped at the captain's stateroom. A thrilling horror crept from nerve to nerve, and looking up she saw that she was not alone. Two of the passengers were also gazing with glassy eyes set, and lips apart with herror.

"There has been black work here, Miss de Courcey!"

"Oh, hush! don't speak of it; he—"

apart with horror.

"There has been black work here, Miss de Courcey!"

"Oh, hush! don't speak of it; he—"

"He has gone, and locked the cabin door on the outside. You saw what that Malay wiped up?"
Isabel nodded; she had not strength to speak.

"It stopped at the captain's state room—the captain has been murdered!"

"Oh, impossible!" fell from the frezen lips.

"Yes, I tell you; and more than he, I fear. It was his wife who cried so; I heard it, and it turned me to stene. I couldn't have moved hand or foot, and you see neither the captain nor his wife is visible. Why should they keep us from the deck? What will they do with us? God knows!"

"God alone," fell drearily from the lips of Isabel. All her senses seemed deserting her; she felt benambed with a sort of mental chill. Rhoda crept nearer to her with a dry sob.

The ladies had gathered in groups; they talked, but with subdued accents or in whispers. Every face there was pallid. The thoughtless were constrained to think, the timid wept silently; there was a great and horrible presence among them, from which they all shrank. Mothers entreated their children to make no noise, and held the babes with a tight, eager strain close to their bosoms. The children felt the presence, and asked childish questions in frightened whispers. Meanwhile the work on deck went on, whatever it was. There seemed to be a great mopping and cleansing and relimg. It was a sorrowful morning, suspense straining the faculties.

"They will kill us, I suppose—or—" The speak-er's face grew dark with an almost convulsive spasm, as some fate more fearful than even murder dawned upon her comprehension as a possibility.

"Oh, I wish I had never left home!" cried a

young girl, starting from the creuching position she had maintained nearly all the morning. "Save me, save me! Oh, who is there to save

"Save me, save me! Oh, who is there to save me?"
"Ask God," replied Isabel.
"But here—on the ocean—in the midst of murderers—"
At that moment a startling, ghostly figure came from the captain's s ate-room, waving its arms, Wild eyes under dishevelled locks, a face distorted, white and touched here and there by spots of blood.

THE CURSE.

The passengers huddled together. She-tall, white draperies gathered about her, stood there a weird, unearthly-looking object.

"My husband!" she cried, in low, tremulous tones. "What have they dope with him? They had no pity—God's curses light on them! O, William—almost home and murdered!" And with a wild, walling cry she fell to the floor, her long hair floating over cheeks, throat and bosom.

Isabel was the first to move. "She will die if no one helps her," she said—went forward and shudderingly removed the long hair, placed her ears to the lips, her hand on the heart.

"Who will help me move her into my state-room?" she asked. "She has only fainted."

Two or three of the strongest volunteered, and soon the poor woman recovered from her trance to find herself the object of the tenderest offices.

Isabel did not leave her till she had fallen into a deep, deathlike sleep. The women still sat together trembling, when steps were heard. The Spanish ambassador entered, his foreign air and dress vanished. He wore a brown tunic, girt about with a broad, leathern belt, in which were stuck pistois. High boots, trimmed at the top with crimson tassels, came far above his knees, and a picturesque siouched hat covered without concealing his features.

"We need stand on no ceremony now, ladies. I am captain of this ship." he said, lifting his hat and retreating lowards the capitain's stateroom, a moment after which he left the cabin again.

"Isabel, who is that man?" cried Rhoda, a terror in her voice.

"How can Itell?" was the answer.

"I have seen the face before."
"Yes, it looks like your parson, Father Peter, or hatever was the name." "Yes, it looks like your parson, Father Peter, or whatever was the name."

"Yes, yes, terribly like," cried Rhoda, shuddering. "But how came he here? I am puzzled."

"It is the Spanish ambassador, sans disguise," sald Isabel, steadily.

"No—you cannot mean it!"

"It is he in his true character of corsair, pirate, murderer."

"Pirate! O Isabel, that word frightens me to death!"
"I seem to see through it all," continued Isabel,
with that quiet which is born of despair. "You
remember Father Peter—you remember the incident of the ring?"

with that quet which is both of despair. "You remember Father Peter—you remember the incident of the ring?"

"On our voyare—yes."

"It dropped mysteriously into the steerage or second cabin."

"Iremember."

"The name on the ring was that of a noted pirate, Alberto Vance."

"Yes, yes—so Mr. Deckrow said."

"Deckrow believed that man a villian—he who had personated Signor Barille and subsequently the Count Dorodes—"

"O Isabel! light breaks in; the murderer of my poor brother! God help us!"

"You know he must have taken that ring—this pseudo Spanish ambassador—from Mrs. Vance. How we have all been deceived, outwitted! Yes, it is no other than he, and we are in his power. I repulsed him always, in each of his personations. What have I to hope for?"

"O Isabel, what have we any of us to hope for?" cried Rhoda, with a fresh burst of tears.

Again the self-appointed captain entered the cabin. A fresh surprise awaited Rhoda, Accompanied no longer by the don, but by one she had learned to scorn—to hate—to fear—no other than the son of her mother's recreant housekeeper. He also was attired in a semi-civilized costume, and when his gaze sought her out, he walked straight to her, with a determined brow and a red light in his eye.

"Rhoda St. Jude, we meet avain at last." he

upon her like snow on ice. She could not move nor speak.

"Hal proped as of old!" he cried, fiercely, "Well, well, I can bide my time; it will be but a few days, and then, girl!"

Isabel glared at him. She could resent for another—he seemed to comprehend her glance, and laughed scornfully.

"Ladies," cried the captain, "it seems to me you are very quiet. Have you no games, no amusements with which to pass time? The deck is at your service now, and whenever you wish to go above. I hope you will not consider me an intruder. Destiny has placed you in my hands. Believe me I shall endeavor to make you happy."

There was a cool frony in his voice which did not deceive Isabel, though two or three of the younger ones took courage.

"When shall we see England?" asked one of these, a faint color coming into her blanched cheeks.

"Never!" he exclaimed, so sternly that a cry went up from nearly all the company, a lament as over the dead—a wall for the living, never more to be blessed.

"No, ladies." he went on with many of easy

No. ladies," he went on with an air of easy "No, ladies," he went on with an air of easy assurance—the cry of astonishment eliciting only another scornful curi of the lip—"you will never more see England, so the sooner you begin to realize the situation, the better for you. And you will find it as much for your interest as my pleasure, to submit to your fate. Our ship's head is turned; before many days you will see the garden lands of the South. Till then I promise you you shall be unmotested. As I said before, you are welcome to the deck. Au revoir." And turning again, he beckoned to his companion, and they went out together.

"I'll drown myself!" cried a voice among them, passionately.

"It drown myselt?" cried a voice among them, passionately.

"O George, George!" wailed another, "why did I ever consent to part from you? My poor husband! He will never hear of me, never—of his darling boy! Oh, they will all think we are lost at sea!"

band! He will never hear of me, never—of his darling boy! Oh, they will all think we are lost at sea!"

"I wish we had been,"—"and I," was reiterated. "Isabel," what shall you do? Oh, say something to comfort me," cried Rhods.

"What can I say?" That voice was never so plaintive before. She stroked the soft brown hair from Rhoda's forehead, her eyes felt dry and hot. "Something—anything—that you do not quite despair. Oh, will Heaven desert us!"

"I don't know that we have any claims on Heaven, dear. We hardly thought of Heaven when all went fair."

"I know; but does not God say 'call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee?"

"He meant that for holy men, I fear."

"Ob. no, no; he meant it for poor, weak creatures like us. Surely he sees us; surely he compassionates our distress."

"Yes, I have no doubt; pray to him, Rhoda."

"Don't, don't speak so coidly. You were brave last night, and your strong words kept my courage up. Now, you have lost all heart. O I sabell a murderer and a madman—a horrible league!"

"What do you mean, Rhoda?"

"I mean that the man who came ferward and spoke to me is the son of our old housekeeper—I never told you before—he has been crazed for years, and at last his mother gave out that he was dead. O Isabel he professed to love me with an insane passion, and once—once—he attempted my life. What mercy can I expect from him?"

"My poor Khoda, you and I are both intended for sacrifice, I fear, but—" and her eye grew like that of a roused eagle—"they will find that I am prepared, Rhoda. I have a pistol in my room, and I know how to use it. I can at least deliver my own soul."

"O Isabel, it seems dreadful to hear you talk so."

"Would you not do it? Would you tamely sub-mit to dishonor? No; I read something else in that face. Besides, here are the blessed billows around us—on every side—green billocks, where

betfer that long silence than the fate 1 dread—yes, better death than dishonor. There will be an opportunity, never fear. I have made up my mind."

She looked all the Roman as she said that. Several noting the expression came forward for the comfort they thought her words prophesied.

"I was only saying that I shall find means to escape."

"How? when?" they cried, breathlessly.

"The ocean is around us," was the calm reply. They understood and shuddered.

"But It seems so dreadful to die by one's own hand," said a pretty girl.

"Is there nothing more dreadful than death?" asked Isabel, sternly.

CHAPTER XXXVIIL

"He DON ROUSED.
"Gaspardo, it is time, I think; that you understand I am master here."
"How?" and the don glaneed up with a wolfish start.
"How?" and the don glaneed up with a wolfish start, we are not exactly on terms of perfect equality, as once. Follow my lead, and you please me-but no liberties. For Instance, the way in which you addressed that young lady today—I allow nothing of that kind—I profess to be a gentleman."

"Allow!" sneered the don, the red-brown eye dilating till its gleam was dangerous.

"That was the word," coolly replied the captain. "Where I command there can of necessity be none but subserdinates."

"Precisely—that is, you kick overbeard those who do your dirty work if they presume to remind you of it."

"Again—precisely," exclaimed the pirate, with fierce intenation, "as I shall most assuredly kick you overboard if you are impertinent," was the save of Pp. The corsair had wearied of I sabel's stateliness, and only ground his teeth when he thought of ner, while Rhoda's gentle, pensive beauty had won upon him day by day. Capable of deep resentment, she also had the unconscious art to conceal it, because hers was the more timid nature. He had also grown to dislike the don's eccentric manner's since he had ceased to be necessary as a tool. He could not interpret that wayward, troubled, imperious nature. He was of course entirely unaware that he had ever been an uncontrollable maniac. Hence he little knew the manner of man he was dealing with.

The don finished for one deadly moment, and the captain was nearer his doom than he dreamed; then he turned suddenly white, and the vhole doep-like. But for that litrid the sleeping in his eye, the captain might have felt flattered at this new token of his power.

"It is all right, I suppose. Of course you are master here, and will be wherever we go; but I am eurious to know why you saved the captain and the rest of the fellows?"

"Ob, I latered to amuse myself with them, and so break up the montoon of the voyage. Besides, have I not told you before th

semetimes of art, sometimes of the learful trisis they had so recently encountered. She knew that they were lovers, but nothing further. Scarcely an hour elapsed before the outer beil rang again—a horse had been heard galloping almost to the very door.

"It is Colonel St. Jude," eried Isabel.

"Will you pardon me if I retire a moment?" activity, and tabel.

The bustle was over—hasty steps—the lightest of knocks—a "come in" from cheerful voices, and Colonel St. Jude entered—not him of oid, but 'a careworn, grave, white face, which, now that the moustache was more grown, looked, in centrast, absolutely pallid.

"Colonel St. Jude entered—not him of oid, but 'a careworn, arave, white face, which, now that the moustache was more grown, looked, in centrast, absolutely pallid.

"Colonel St. Jude entered—not him of oid, but 'a careworn, and the colonel st. Jude," a clasp of the hands—find had began to talk.

"How natural it seems to see you here, Colonel St. Jude," said Isabel. "Father wished me to give you bin 'regrets that he might not be able to give you bin 'regrets that he might not be able to give you bin 'regrets that he might not be able to give you bin 'regrets that he might not be able to give you bin 'regrets that he might not be able to give you bin 'regretage,' he said, smilling gravely, "but 'ne real troth of the matter is, I have been sick,"

"Perhaps," he said, smilling gravely, "but 'ne real troth of the matter is, I have been sick,"

"What! and among strangers—and yet not strangers. I was nursed by an old woman who once took the sole charge of your brother Henry."

"I have heard," said Rhoda, shughfully, werew white as death.

"Great God!" he sald, and springing to his feet stoed unsteadily. Rhoda gave one short, sharery and buried her face in her hands. Isabel stood transfixed, for there, just fully said isalling, but yet heard, and springing to his feet stoed unsteadily. Rhoda gave one short, sharery and the his fold with a share and the little group, the red firely that has been shared.

"Great God

set of forlorn, miscrable bachelors we should have been here. I should scarcely have thought that your cede of morals sanctioned such a remedy."

"Unhand me, sir. I acknowledge myself in the wrong. I should have waited patiently for God to release me." She lifted herself from him, for, obeying her impetuous movement, he had let her go, and stood looking down with a mocking smile.

"I don't know much about God," at last he said, "but I'm captain on board this ship."

"Yes, by violence and murder," said Isabel, undauntedly, for while the rest shrank from the glare m his angry eyes she stood unmoved. "And, man of blood, Heaven will punish you for the deed you have done."

"I'm a very forbearing fellow," he said after a

have done."

"I'm a very forbearing fellow," he said after a moment of undisguised admiration; for Isabel, sustained by her own lofty soul, looked dangerously beautiful; "and, furthermore, I adore courage in a woman, particularly in the woman I intend to make my wife."

Isabel threw on him a look of blazing scorn as she said:

"You had better acknowledge the wife you already have and the son. She is tamer than I, for I warn you—" She ceased, controlled herself by a mighty effort. What did she see that sent the blood rushing from the heaving heart to the temples? What hushed the very breath upon her lips?

temples? What hushed the very breath upon her lips?

A moment of appalling silence, one other of strange confusion, a desperate struggie, a wild, incoherent cry, the report of a pistol, and the corsair stood bound, and white as a corpse, in the custody of the detective Deckrow. Near him was the captain, ghastly pale, his arm coarsely bound, his belt stuck full of pistols, and by him again stood Weiss, exuitation giving his face a strange glow, while bleeding, stretched upon the deck, the don laid looking piteously towards khoda.

"Betrayed! curses!" leaped from the corsair's quivering lips as he glared from one to the other of his captors.

"Yes, you villain, betrayed!" cried the captain, enraged almost beyond self-control. "And now we'll see whether or not English hemp will cool your courage. To the yard arm with him—string him up, mates."
"Softly," said Deckrow; "I claim this man as my prisoner. English hemp shall hang him, but he must be executed by the law he has outraged."

raged."
"I'll be hanged if I don't think he has outraged

raged."

"I'll be hanged if I don't think he has outraged me!" growled the captain, turning on the prisoner fiercely. "And I insist upon giving him his deserts. Where's my wife, you villain? If you have harmed her, say your last prayer, for you swing!"
"She is safe," cried Isabel; "thank God! we are all safe now."

"And you have to thank yon poor devil," said the captain, pointing to the don, whose wound Weiss was endeavoring to find. "But this hellish villain! I can't give him up."

"Nor I either, captain," said Deckrow, a strange mixture of malice and satisfaction in his dark face. "For nearly eighteen months have I been on his track—twice almost sure of him—but the rascal has disguised himself most effectually. Three times I had but to stretch my hand out, and he was mine. Now there is no door of escape, you scoundrel! deceiving good society with your miserable pretension and line clothes," he cried, suddenly turning to the corsair. "I have you now."

"I saved vonr lives: I wish to heaven I had sent

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CAPTAIN ST. JUDE.

A blazing English wood fire, though it was early May. The oak panelling gleamed lustily in its soft splendor—the polished furniture reflected a laughing, luminous light at all points; there was hardly need of the candies brought in just then by the buxom maid. So at least said a low voice, and a figure at the other end of the fire, that had been sitting in silent abstraction, moved from the confortable lounge and took seat in an immense rocking-chair. That figure was Isabel, the face more subdued in its beauty—the eyes soft with a quiet shining—while a dreamy smile played now and then over her exquisite features.

The maid had hardly gone out, leaving the two candles, before a lighter step sounded, and Rhoda came in, the soft fluttering of her dress causing Isabel to look forth eagerly, for the sudden light had dazzled her sight a little.

"O Rhoda, I am glad you came. I was beginning to fear my fancies," she said, as the girl sat down opposite her. "Do you know I can feel the rolling of that ship yet? And nights!—I think! I waked five times last night with the fearful apprehension that the house was on fire."

"It is hard to forget such scenes of peril," sidd Rhoda softly. "I thought my hair might be turned gray—such things have happened."

"Yes, but it is fortunately as bonny brown as ever."

"Will Mr. Weiss be here tonight?"

"Yes, but it is fortunately as bonny brown as ever."

"Will Mr. Weiss be here tonight?"

"I expect him; and you know that your brother, the colonel, was coming, I suppose?"

"Yes, I read the letter; dear fellow! how glad I shall be to see him! But what has he been to switzerland for. I wonder? There's no war trouble there, is there?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied Isabel. "He must be here this evening; we expected him at early morning."

"Yes, we shall see him tonight. At all events, I have given orders that supper be put off till he does come."

A visitor was announced.

A visitor was announced.

"Mr. Weiss!"

He came in very quietly, and looking rather than the came in very quietly, and looking rather than the start of Leasers.

"By the murderer," said the colonel, who still

seemed in a dream.

"On the voyage over I became intimate with a young Swiss. I had always liked the Swiss; my brother here will tell you I was born in Switzer-'Yes," said the colonel, "our father carried his

"Yes," said the colonel, "our father carried his little family there to escape the threatened horrors of a civil war."

"And we became strongly attached to each other." continued the captain, "both being artists. He was, however, in a rapid decline, and died before we entered port. To me he gave his pictures, and I borrowed his name. It was easy to do the rest; my studio was fitted up—the governor and other influential people took an interest in me, and I was known as the artist Weiss—a Swiss of renown. It was well—I wished to forget my old self; a military life, though I gloried in it at one time, was not the top of my aspiration. There is not much more to tell."

more to tell."
"Not even why you chose America as the scene of your labors?" asked the colonel, pointedly.

He biusned like a girl, and shyly sought the face ·loved.

"It is all right now," he said, in a low voice, he colonel moved back in his chair impatiently. nother amouncement.

"Mr. Deckrow!"

"Mr. Deckrow!"
In came that tall functionary, full to the brim
with news.
"The villain has confessed," he said, almost
with a gasp, sliding into a chair at some distance
from the little party. He had long been in the
captain's secret, so the uniform was no surprise

from the little party. He had long been in the capitaln's secret, so the uniform was no surprise to him.

"Yes, he killed—whoever was killed—and I suppose you know by this time. He thought you dead and gone, sure enough," he continued, turning to the capitaln, "though he was astonished at your resemblance to St. Jude, when he met you in America. Yes, he was all of them, the signor, the count, the battered sailor, the parson, the ambassador—O, dear, yes, and a dozen more! And it seems he has in his possessica papers belonging to his wife, that restore her some of the property she thought herself swindled out of, and evidence of deposited money, gold, silver, jewels, and all kinds of goods—cargoes of Spanish and other vessels. Lord bless me! what a rig the man has run! It will take me but a few moments to read his confession," and he unfolded a paper:

"I embody my history as concisely as possible," began the paper. "At the age of nineteen I was mate of a vessel, at the masthead of which floated the black flag when we were in full operation. At the age of twenty I was first officer under the celebrated Gros, who fell by my hand, in a skirmish, after which I was elected chief of his noted band. I have in the course of my experience on the high seas sunk forty-nine vessels. Some of the crews I allowed to escape, but twenty out of the forty-nine met such death as resistance provoked. If there were women among the passengers they were spared. I never allowed violence to them, but treated them fairly, until they willingly embraced our way of living or sank under the effects of their own obstinacy. I have concealed from ten to twenty chests of treasures at different times. If I were free from this cursed thraidom I could live in independence for a hundred vears, were my life spared so long. In Juan Fernandez alone I buried a million in diamonds and gold; on one of the Fox islands a cargo of the choicest wines and spices are walled up in a cave.

"Fitted by education to occupy any station, I

Fernandez alone I buried a militon in diamonds and gold; on one of the Fox Islands a cargo of the choicest wines and spices are walled up in a cave.

"Fitted by education to occupy any station, I have often taken advantage of my peculiar genius for invention, and penetrated the inner courts of greatness. I never saw the handwriting that I could not imitate successfully. I have a wife; my only regret is that I allowed her to live. I have a son; I am only sorry that he has not innerted his father's love of adventure. I have successfully deceived the minions of the law, times without number. I have read rewards offered for my capture, and laughed with the very men who drew them up. I have danced with the very men who drew them up. I have danced with royalty itself. I have been an assassin three times, and shall finish with a master stroke upon my own existence, though I have been thoroughly searched and am constantly guarded. I do not want any preparation for my death. If there is a hereafter I have thrown myself deliberately away, and blame no one. Neither have I any delicacy about being seen. Let the crowds come, and I will try in my feeble way to amuse them. I regret that I am without a gultar or some instrument of music, which would relieve the tedium of my solitude. I die not unmourned. Many of my staunch fellows will drop a tear to my memory. There are some of them in London; I have had the pleasure of exchanging nods with two or three. I hope they will attempt no desperate deed to rescue their old capitano, Adieu! I die without regret, save for one thing. Could I have wrung one month more of life out of resistiess fate, then I had not felt my life a failure. As it is —adios, adios.

"So you see what a godless, forsaken wretch he was," said Deckrow, folding the paper.
"I thought he had no compunction," murmured Isabel, "and no conscience."

"So you have can manage it so she need not be disgraced. I think."

"Poor ittle woman!" said Isabel softly.
"In the only one word more to say," the detective continued. "

"Yes, but how could it ever come there?"
"Did you send a coat to be mended to a tailor in End alley?" queried the colonel.
"Why, yes; but not the one I kept that in," was the reply.
Colonel St. Jude could have told him how he

End alley?" queried the colonel.
"Why, yes; but not the one I kept that in," was the reply.
Colonel St. Jude could have told him how he bribed a brother detective to borrow the miniature for a few days, and the likelihood there was that it had been returned to another coat pocket, but he said nothing. You and I, reader, know that near to his faithful heart the copy of that likeness laid yet.

"Well, I traced it to the tailor," continued the colonel, a transient flush lighting his grave features, "who said he gave it to a woman to mend, since discharged for dishonesty."

"That villain, Vance, purloined one from, as he thought, the dead captain," said the detective.

"And I painted one after my arrival in America," responded the captain.

"There is one more—the one in possession of that young private secretary of your uncle's, Miss De Courcey."

She answered with a smile and a blush.

"That makes the number, I believe; really, it has puzzled me more than all my money," said the honest detective. "The way they turned up seemed positively astonishing."

"Never mind, they have subserved the ends of justice," murmured the colonel. "And I have some good news to tell," continued the colonel, as the detective went out; "Rhoda may claim her pretty estate again—Beechwood is hers."

"O brother!" cried Rhoda, "can this be possible?"

"Quife possible, my love; I had to do some journeying to Switzerland to get the deposition of the old nurse, there, who took care of Henry, and, subsequently, of you and your sister. for she returned to England with us. But I might have spared myself the trouble, as Mrs. Withetts, who is quite broken down since ber son's death, came to London and made a penitent confession. Peor woman, she has suffered greatly. There are still some minor matters to settle, but you, as mistress of Beechwood, may take possession of the old home whenever you please. You shall keep house for your old bachelor brother, Rhoda."

The reappearance of a man thought to be in bis grave is, naturally enough, a nine-days' w

lips growing blue; "there is a life beyond this! Help! help!" And he fell down in frightful convulsions.

The keeper came in, but the fit had taken a strong hold upon him. It was fearful to see him struggling like a maniac—shrieking for mercy at intervals.

And ever after that shock the man ef crime lost his ferocious, dogged presence—grew silent and thoughtful—walked hour after hour in miserable penance that availed him nothing. He became a coward at the thought of death—trembled if the key turned, the door opened, or a footstep approached.

And new shall I end in the eld, old way with a marriage, and—no, on second thought I'll transcribe a letter received by Isabel, not many months after her own arrival:

"I was so glad, dear, to read your account of perils escaped; and O, it was dreadful, the death of that awful, remantic old pirate. It was such a novel, such a terrible way of ending one's existence. I do not like to think of it, I shudder at the slightest recurrence to the fearful thing.

"Strangely enough you have anticipated what I intended should be news. Dear cousin, I am not sorry my father is going to marry Mrs. Vance, even if she does bear the name of that horrid man, because you know, dear, he was nothing to her.

"O, Isabel, since I wrote the last few lines I

believes—and here is the dreadful part—that the pirate was his father. He wished to repeat that belief to Mrs. Vance, whom I love dearly, dearly, but I would not let him. O, I am sure it cannot be; at all events, no one can ever know it, he says that himself. Then why disturb my poor old happy father, or darling Mrs. Vance? No, no; I never will allow it. As for her, she will have taken my father's name before we come to England, and Wilfred will petition to alter his name to the sweet Italian one his mother bore before manylage. Still I know it cannot be—but for fear of suspicion. There, you have it all; I shall be Mme. Casi before many moons; but remember I shall wait till I come on; then, mon cousin, we must be married at the same time.

"Darling I do congratulate you. Good night."

"Darling, I do congratulate you. Good night."
"BLANCHE." [THE END.]

PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA

Hennery Tells the Greceryman What He Thinks of the Old Soldiers.

(Peck's Sum.)
"Say, come in here while I give you a piece of advice," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as the youth entered the grocery one cold morning, with an old veteran frem the Soldiers' Home, who went up to the coal stove and rubbed his hands, and with an old veteran frem the Soldiers' Home, who went up to the coal stove and robbed his hands, and turning to the old veteran, the groceryman added:
"No, sir, you can't have any plug tobacco unless you have got the money to plank right down on the counter, and I had raiber you wouldn't come here to trade, anyway, because you look hard and smell frowy, and my customers don't like to mix up with you." The old veteran warmed his hand and went out with a tear in his eye, and the groceryman took the bad boy in the back end of the store and said, "You want to let those old soldiers alone. Your pa was in here tast night and he said he was ashamed of you. He said he and your ma were out riding, and he saw you walking up toward the home with soldiers on each side of you, helding on your arms, and your pa thinks they were drunk. Now, you ought to be ashamed. Let those old soldiers alone. They are a bad lot," and the groceryman acted as though he had been the means of saving the boy from a terrible fate. The boy was so mad he couldn't speak for a minute, and then he said:

"You and pa are a pretty crowd to go back on soldiers, ain't you? How loag is it since you were humping yourself around this town trying to hire a substitute to go to war for yon? Then a soldier who volunteered was the noblest work of God, and you helped pass resolutions to the effect that the country owed a debt of gratitude to them that could never be paid. Every dollar pa has got except what he won playing peker before he reformed, he got out of soldiers, when he was suiter of a regiment. Every mouthful I now eat is the price of a soldier's wages, who spent his money with pa for brandy peaches or sardines. Pa wasn't ashamed of soldiers then, when

They Got Drunk on Brandy Peaches he sold to them, and at that time a soldier would have been welcome to a plug of tobacco out of your store, and new you turn an old wounded veteran out-doors because he hasn't got five ceuts

your store, and new you turn an old wounded veteram out-doors because he hasn't got five ceuts to buy tobacce."

"There, there." said the groceryman, becoming ashamed of himself. "You don't understand your pa's situation, or mine, you see—"

"Yes, I see," said the bad boy, "I see it all just as plain as can be, and it is my turn to taik, and I am going to taik. The time is passed when you need the soldier. When you wanted him to stand between you and the bayonets of the enemy, he was a thoroughbred, and you smiled when he came in the store, and asked him to lave a cigar. When he was wounded you hustled areund and got together sanitary stores, such as sauerkrout and playing cards, and sent them to him by the fastest express, and you prayed for him, and when he had whipped the enemy you welcomed him home with open arms, and said there was nothing too good for him forever after. He should always be remembered, his chidiren should be cared for and educated, and all that. Now he is old, his children have died or grown up and gone West, and you do not welcome him any more. He comes in here on his wooden leg, and all you think of is whether he has got any of his pension money left. His old eyes are so weak he cannot see the sneer with which you drafted patriots, who sent a spititute to war, looks at him as he asks you for a plug of tobacco and agrees to pay you when he draws his next pension, and he goes ant with a pain in his great big heart such as you will never feel unless you have some codfish spoil on your hands. Bah! You patriots make me tired."

"You are pretty hard on us," and the groceryman acted hurt. "The government paid the soldiers, and gives them pension to a man who has lost his arm, or who has builet holes all over him? If a train runs over a man's leg the railroad is in luck if it does not have to pay \$10,000. What loss the soldier get? He gets left half the time. I am opposed to people getting drunk, but as long as pa and lets of the best people in town get drunk when they feel like it, why is it wo

No Other Way to Have Fun and Feel Rick, to get drunk. If you had to live at the Soldlers' Home, and work on the road, and do farm work, for your board, you would get full as a good days, and full of woe,' coming to his mind, he thinks of the words of the Constitution, 'all men are born free and equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' and ne goes in and orders a schooner of beer, like a white man. The saloon is the only place on God's green earth where the old wounded veteran is free and equal, and he makes the most of it. When he gets full he is the prey of foelish boys, like firebugs, who have fun jeering him, and they snowball him, and say, 'Look at the old drunkard.' If he lays down on the railroad track and is killed by the cars, you read in the paper of 'another veteran killed.' Your only anxiety is as to whether he is the same cuss you trusted for the tobacco last summer, and the soldier is buried without a tear. Now, I have had it drove into me by the conversation of people older than me, by newspapers and by resolutions that have been passed before I was born, that a soldier is one of the sait of the earth. You may say that the idea is outlawed, and that when you have got through having use for a soldier that he becomes a thing unworthy to be recognized, but as long as I live a man who fought to save my country can have a share of what I have got, and I will help him home when he is full of bearine, and whip any boy that throws snowballs at him, or calls him names, if you and ga and the whole gang goes back en me, and don't you forget the the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the deal of the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the deal of the deal

The Swallow-Tail Coas of the Dude, the diamonds of the millionnaire, or the sneers of the darn fools who have no souls. You can all class me with barn burners, and cruci sons of rich people who have no hearts, but the smile of pleasure on the face of an ell veteran when I speak kindly to him, and the tear of joy that comes from the broken heart and ploughs its way down the furrows of his check as he searches in his pocket for a red bandanna handkerchief, makes me feel as though I owned a brewery."

"Say, hold on, Hennery," said the groceryman, as his eyes because dim, "You go out and call that soldier back and tell him he is a friend of mine. By gum, i never felt so much like a pirate in my life. You are right. The old soldiers are not to blame for taking in a little too much benzine once in a while. If we were all bunged up, and bad in homes of our own, and were looked upon by a good many people as though they thought it was time we died and were got out of the way, we would get biling drunk, and paint the lown red. Why, when these same soldiers enlisted and were quartered in town, or were passing through on the way to the froat, we used to think it was darned smart when they got on a tear and made things howl, and we would have lynched a policeman that tried to arrest the boys. I had forgot that these were the same boys, these old fellows that go limping around. Hennery, you have learned me a lesson, and I shall be proud hereafter to see you kind to an old soldier, even if he is drunk, and if your pa says any more about your bringing dispance on the family by being seen with old soldiers, I will hit him in the ear and twit him of being a suiter in the army."

"Well, that is all right," said the bad-boy as he started to go. "But don't you ever act sassy agains when an old soldier comes in here to get warm, and if he wants a plug of tobacco and hasn't got the money you let him have it just as though be owned a black of buildings, and if he forgets to pay for it," and then he explained that the song was very pop

The Skifful Robbers of Paris.

(New York Sun.)

A robbery under extraordinary circumstances was committed a few nights ago in the streets of Paris. M. Soriano, a Spanish prefect, was betug driven in a cab from the hotel where he had been staying to the railway station. Among his baggage on the cab was a trunk containing important papers, 5000 francs in gold and jewels, and objects of art to the value of 50,000 francs. About half way to the station the driver was startled by one of the trunks falling upon him. He pulled up, and was replacing it when he saw that the strap had been cut and that a large trunk was missing. This proved to be the one in which the treasure was packed. So dexterously had it been abstracted that neither the driver nor his fare had remarked anything until one of the other trunks had fallen as described.

A Loving Mother's Warning.

(Philadelphia News.)

They—these two, whose lives were bound-up in each other, whose hearts beat synchronously, and who had but one idea between them—sat upon the back piazza in the shadow of the moenight about 11 o'clock at night, when the moiner of the girl put out the milk-can previous to retiring for the night. Softly breaking the silence, the good woman said:

"When the milkman comes in the morning don't you two drink up all the milk; leave a lister for hreakfast."

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY

Beecher's Invitation to the Communion Table.

"The Religion of Humanity-Consciousness That God and We are One."

Plymouth Church Charities-A Reply to the Congregationalist.

BROOKLYN, January 6.—Before beginning his sermon this morning Mr. Beecher said: I had occasion a few weeks ago to say to the brethren of the church that they were too much occupied with the labors of the church, and were neglecting the Friday night prayer meeting; that our praying and speaking brothers and various others were withdrawing themselves to occupations of charity on the right and on eccupations of charity on the right and on the left; that the meeting was in danger of be-coming frigid, and that I felt as though I was not exercising a sufficient spiritual power in that meeting, merely as a suggestion and hint to others. It was caught up by a score of deeply religious newspapers. They said: "Plymouth Church is running down, by the confession of its own pastor, and any discriminating orthodox Christian can tell why it is going down." This church is not going down.

going down.

I noticed that one protoundly religious paper,
The Boston Congregationalist, states in connection
with the charities of other churches that this
church gave only about \$5000 last year, and other church gave only about \$5000 last year, and other churches gave larger am unts for religious and philanthropic objects. Giving us the benefit of the same statement, we contributed \$50,000 to religious and philanthropic objects last year. Many of the members of this congregation are mighty men in the great city beyond the river, and when popular movements are made thousands and thousands of dollars are subscribed by the pillars of this church and congregation which are not reckeded in the charties of the church itself. I make this correction for your sake, as well as for the reason of fairness and justness.

It has been supposed that there has been

A Fermentation in This Church, and I suppose there has been some talk about it, and I take blame to myself for what little ferand I take blame to myself for what little fermentation there is. One thing I am determined for the future, that the music shall not be in trils church as a mere exhibitory matter and a mere method of pleasure. So long as I am the administrator of public worship I will not have it. I want music, and the best that can be had. We are going this year to strive for the highest and for the best, but it must be realigious music. You can get enough out of an opera; you can get enough out of a opera; you can get enough out of a concert—I like them both breity well. Operas are tedious; I like concerts best. I certainly do not blame men for desiring this kind of music, but I do think that there are some things perfectly proper at a wedding that are not proper at a funeral. There are some things entirely proper outside of the church that are not proper in the church; and if the repertoire of our musician was so small or limited that he could not get good music except by borrowing it from these secular sources I might put my hand on my mouth and say nothing. But in the German schools, in the English cathedral schools, sacred music has attained to a beauty and grandeur unsurpassed, and when you may have, as it were, the sound of the rolling sea, I protest against an limitation of a summer's locust or a katydid in the music. (Laughter.) There is one point in which I am inflexible, that is, to have music in this church that shall express and convey the inspiration of devout emotion, and this can best be obtained by congregational singling. mentation there is. One thing I am determined

The Sermon. Mr. Beecher began his sermon by reading from Matthew xi. the last three verses: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I

Matthew xi. the last three verses: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light."

This passage, he said, is in some sense a prelude. It is a call, an invitation with a promise, and it is one of the most wonderful voices that was ever heard on the earth—one of the sublimest, if it was the voice of God—one of the most impudent if it was not. But, at any rate, there is an infinite pathos in it. It is a call, not to the strong and to the rich, and to the wise and truth-finding and loving—it is a call to the wrecked, men of burdens, of sorrows, of disappointments, of mistakes; it is a call, purporting to be the call from the divide nature to all that in man which has failed in the experiment of life. "Come, and ye shall have rest for your souls."

Now, it was fit that there should be some historic exemplification. It is a peculiarity of our Saviour's life that the commentaries were practical, and that after every word almost of abstract or general statement there follows a realization of it in actual fact or practice. And it is remembering this, and under the shadow and inspiration of this foregoing and preluding text that I attempt to preach on the narrative contained in the eighth chapter of Luke from the thirty-eighth verse to the end.

"And one of the Pharisees desired Him that He should eat with him, and He went into the Pharisee's house and sat down to meat."

While they were diving an extraordinary guest came in who had not been invited and who had not been expected, and there was a scene at that dinner such as never was at any dinner before or since. "And behold, a woman of the city"—a woman of the town!—"who was a sinner; when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house brought

she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisce's

An Alabaster Box of Ointment. and stood at his feet behind him (as he reclined tears, and did wipe them with the hair of her

woman of the city, who was a sinner." Word went out that Christ was dining thus with the went out that Christ was dining thus with the Pharisee, probably in some open porch or portico, and she gathered together the perfumes and ointments, and hastened unbidden; she thrusts herself upon this company, and beholding Him, reclining at the table, without asking for permission she bursts into a flood of tears. An oriental mark of respect among the disciples of rabbis and teachers was to embrace their feet; and she, not rebuked, fell down at the feet of Christ, and so profuse was her grief and such floods of tears did she shed that it was as if she was bathing His feet in tears, and in her haste

such floods of tears did she shed that it was as if she was bathing His feet in tears, and in her haste and undeliberation she wheed His feet with the towing locks of her dishevelled hair; and she mointed His feet with this perfume.

Perfume is temptation or consecration. The priests had oil and perfume poured upon their heads, and anointing has always had a high place in the methods of religious service. It has also had its place in all the wills and ways of corrupt pleasure. And this penitent woman took the ointment which had been her temptation to evil and brought it in and made it a consecration to reformation and to all good.

Think who she was! An oriental woman—a passionate creature, a daughter of the Sun. Think not that she had loved, disallowing the ordinary and necessary regulations of society, to the state of the sun or the state of the sun ordinary and necessary regulations of society, to the state of the sun or the state of the sun ordinary and necessary regulations of society, to the state of the sun or the state of the state of the sun or the state of t

ordinary and necessary regulations of society, some single heart, some amour. She had thrown open the temple of her soul and made love a traffic—of all things, of all men on the face of the earth to be abhorred! She traded in the very

The Altar in the Holy of Holies, harbor, open to all the ships of the globe. And yet there was an undestroyed sensibility; there

Durity.

Think upon the outward act, and what must have been the inward struggle! She, too, had heard Christ preach, she had seen him in his movements among the people; she felt that there issued from that nature a divine influence, unknown to her before. Is it the nature, then, of purity to have symmathy with impurity? Is there any higher sense of purity you can conceived them that believe in the Saviour? Was there ever a life that was so continued a judgment and rebuke of immorality as His? Is there any discourse that raises one's desires higher to forget the fieshig in the spiritual? Circumspect of fife, clean in spiritual teaching, exalting, aspiring, living almost above the world, moving along the ways both in country and city where men do wrong; and the judge, confronting Him, questioned Him as to the law, and found Him as to the law, and found passed on; and the Pharisees criticised Him, saying, "This is not the way the fathers did," and passed on; and the multitude heard Him gladly," because they expected another miracle of bread and fishes, and when they were not gratified, they were satisfied to leave Him; but there was one, the lowest, the furthest away from every conceivable effect of noral teaching—there was this woman whose life was an open shame, this harlot woman—when she beard Christ it awakened strange thoughts, strange impulses in her soil, and, with an irresistible drawing toward a better life, as soon as she had an opportunity to meet Him personally she cast herself at His feet and went as bitter tears of pentitence as ever were ghed in this world. If angels, as poets have some-

the hope of recovery, the beauty of penttence, the hope of recovery, the beauty of penttence, the moral influence exerted by the presence of such an one as Christ, would have found something or ether to reverberate in the heart of the Phartsess there present. But they were so moral and good that they did not care for struggling men; they been quite outside of the sympathy of actual life. For cleaning the throat and strengthening the throat and strengthening the singers and public speakers.

the Saviour makes to His host, Simon. Simon thought: "If this fellow I have introduced were a propiet, as He thinks He is, would not He have known what manner of woman this is that touches Him, for she is a sinner?" Simon knew—there are some men that do know—they can tell you the mom nt they see anybody if there is any drop or touch of depravity in them. An bonest man, inexperienced, meets women here, there and everywhere, and with the impulse of a rentleman's nature treats them with respect and with deference, and when he sits down a fellow nudges him and says: "Do you know who that was?" "I only know she was a woman." "I know. You had better look out; you are too simple to live!" Slinon was one of those fellows who knew just where iniquity is

where iniquity is

Jesus said to him: "There was a certain cred-Jesus said to him: "There was a certain creditor who had two debtors, the one owed five hundred pounds and the other fifty pounds, and when they had nothing to pay he forgave them both; tell me, therefore, which of them would love him most?" And Simon answered, and said: "I suppose he to whom he foreave most.' Jesus said unto him, 'Thou hast judged righty'; and he turned to the woman and said unto Simon, 'Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house and thou gavest Me no water for My feet, but she hath washed My feet with tears and wiped them with the hair of her head; thou gavest Me no kiss, but this woman since the time I came in hath not crased to kiss My feet; and head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment; wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but

To Whom Little is Forgiven

To Whom Little is Forgiven

the same loveth little."

Was there ever such a sermon? On that point Simon had nothing to say, but he glided off from the main question on to one of theology, because a man must be a poor fellow who cannot defend himself against anything when he once gets into

a man must be a poor fellow who cannot defend himself against anything when he once gets into theology.

"Josus said unto the woman: 'Thy falth hath saved thee; go in peace.'" And here the curtain rolls down. What became of her? How fared the struggle with her? Did she meet her old companions again? Did they taunt her and tempt her? Did she resist? Did she wax stronger and stronger in her new-found love? Was the act and the voice of the Saviour forever a souvenir in her memory? Did she stand to help others and become a savior herself to the poor and the fallen? Did she die triumphant, and has she risen in the glory of her Father's kingdom? And is she shining and rejoiding in the heavenly host? Of all that we know nothing. The scenes in the life of Christ are like scenes from a car window of a rapidly-moving train, and we hear of her no more.

a rapidly-moving train, and we hear of her no more.

There is not a man or woman in this vast audience that is conscious of going wrong in the days that are past, that is conscious today that he is wrong in this or that disposition that has not, from this lesson of today, every reason to hope. You can get free from your sins, from your indiscretions, if the whole world oppose. Perhaps you cannot by the power of your will; but "work out your salvation with fear and trembling, for God it is that worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure." God is everywhere; He is everything; and if any man wants to come back to the Shepperd and Bishep of his soul, all heaven is on his side. Wait not until you have washed and made yourself clean, or until you have goodly garments; but

As the Prodigal Came Back

with ragged garments and shamed and humbled by the consciousness that he had been feeding by the consciousness that he had been feeding with the very swine—to him came the Father—making manifest to us the disposition of the Father God. Try! Try in faith and hope, and if you fail—fail as a traveller, travelling in slush and snow, ships and goes back a step, only to recover again. Every step you take towards a Christian life is an ordination of God to make you a minister of mercy to somebody else. You are not called to enjoy yourself alone, but to be of assistance to the sick, the poor and the needy.

I hear a good deal now about the religion of humanity. The religion of humanity must be found in the consciousness that God and we are one. The revelation of Christ in the gospel is the only foundation for the religion of humanity.

This is communion Sunday. We are in simple wise, by these symbols, to consecrate ourselves again in love and fidelity to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Who may come? Whoever heeds Christ—the proud, the selfish, the self-indulgent—provided you are sick and thred of it. Whoever is sick, and needs a physician, you have a right to come. If you mean merely to salve over your fear, and go on again sinners as before, I do not invite you. But I invite sinners here, church members or not, that can be helped by this ordinance that represents Christ's suffering for you—I invite all such without regard to denomination or relations. This is Christ's table—it does not belong to this church. Whoever is Christ's and who needs Ifim, is invited. with the very swine-to him came the Father-

Romance of the Witness in the Blackmalling Case Against Simon Cameron.

The philosophy of marriage, says the San Francisco Examiner, is just new receiving a curious and dramatic illustration in the Superior Court. "Mary A. Hasalbach against Theodore Hasalbach, an action for divorce," is the title of a singular case which for the past two days has been on trial with closed doors before Judge Edmunds in Department No. 7.

It has transpired that Mrs. Hasalbach is none other than "the mysterious veiled woman" who appeared so conspicuously in the character of a witness during the trial in Washington, several years since, for damages for breach of promise against Simon Cameron. Mrs. Hasalbach now seeks a legal separation from her husband, Mr. Hasalbach, alleging that he has been cruel in his treatment, and has also threatmend to shoot her. Mr. Hasalbach has filed a denial of these allegations, and a cross complaint, asking that the marriage be annulled on the ground that Mrs. Hasalbach had a husband living at the date of her nuptials with him in April last. He also accuses her of misrepresentation and declares that she is neither chaste nor sober. Mr. and Mrs. Hasalbach have been residing at 1150 Market street. He is 72 years of age, a native of Germany and the possessor of a moderate capital.

Mrs. Hasalbach claims to be 56 years old, but admitted during her cross-examination in court that she was born in 1837, which, according to the singular case which for the past two days has

bach have been residing at 1150 Market street. He is 72 years of age, a native of Germany and the possessor of a moderate capital.

Mrs. Hasabach claims to be 56 years old, but admitted during her cross-examination in court that she was born in 1837, which, according to the modern principles of mathematics, would make her but 46 years of age. She, so it appears, was an itinerant vender of pomades, lotions, etc. She went one day to the house of Mr. Hasabach, hearing that he was sick, for the purpose of selling him some pills, and, as she says, being anxious for a man to take care of her, and believing him to be worth \$30,000, concluded to marry him. The courtship was of only a few weeks' duration, at the expiration of which she proposed, was accepted, and the wedding was celebrated.

Mrs. Hasabach testified that she had at different times prior to her encounter with Theodore been the possessor of six husbands, but, when under cross-examination, admitted that of the lot four had died, three had been divorced and one was among the missing, thus making a total of eight, exclusive of the last husband. When asked who they were Mrs. Hasabach was unable to recollect them ali, the list was so long, and could name only the following six: John T. Connor, George M. French, Asa T. Grondycke, J. A. Sample, which was tried some time since in Mashington, was then identified as the mysterious veiled witness-box she gave the name of Mrs. M. A. Henriques, and, in the course of her testimony, said that she had been intimate with Mrs. Oliver, who confided to her the intention she had of blackmalling Simon. Cameron, Mrs. Oliver was then told by the witness that if she ever attempted to blackmall Simon Cameron she (the witness) would appear and festify against her.

Mrs. Henriques, anas Hasabach, also testified on cross-examination that she was bon in Maine, that she left there when but sixteen years of age for Philadel hia, in company with her husband, George M. French. She also lived at later dates in Cordova, Miss., and Lyons, Isa

In London, lately, says a correspondent, two well-dressed men entered the shop of a fashionable tradesman and asked to see the chief of the establishment, whom they privately informed that they were detectives from Scotiand Yard. The men said that from information received they knew that two "swell women" would drive up to the shop in a brougham and order drapery to a large amount, paying for the same with a forged check for £50, bearing the name of a weil-known nobleman. It would, however, be necessary, in order to properly convict the women, to allow them to carry the goods off with them, and take the change of the check. But in order that they should not escape, the detectives were to have a hansom with a first horse, to foliow the brougham and take the ladies into custody. The officers took their stand behind the counter; the "ladies" came, ordered the goods, and tendered the check. They received the change and goods, and drove off. The detectives immediately followed in their hansom with the "fast horse." The tradesman is still waiting for the goods.

ABOUT LIZARDS.

One That Helped an Indian Burglar Climb a Wall

Another Lizard That Deceived a Falcon by Changing Itself Into Two.

Something About the Poisonous Lizard of America.

[New York Sun.1 "Speaking about lizards," said a naturalist, "I will tell you a story that will, probably astonish you. The incident I am about to relate occurred in India, and I won't undertake to describe the place or the people. The natives that I met there, however, were nearly all possessed with the belief that their chief mission in the world was to take possession of whatever they could lay their hands on. I was advised to keep things under lock and key, and so I did, but after a stay of a month I became rather careless, and, having the second story of a stone house, felt pretty secure. One night after I had put out my light and sat down to smoke, as was my custom, I heard a curious scratching noise under the window, and looking out perceived several figures below crouching in the darkness. I thought nothing of it, though, as there was no way for thieves to get in, and returned to my chair. But in a moment I heard the to my chair. But in a moment I heard the same scratching noise, as if some one were rasping the stone with a sharp instrument. For about ten minutes this continued. Every once in a while the noise crased, and there was a thud as if some one had fallen. In the mean time, the moon, which had been under a cloud, came out, and hearing the noise nearer the window than ever, I went over, and looked down through the lattice again. I saw three men. One was stooping down, and another upon his back was reaching up the wall. Soon, in some mysterious manner, the man moved directly upward. On he came with the curious scraping sound. Then there was a sip, and the man fell, and was caught by his companions. I had a heavy club in the room and, taking it. I moved my seat over by the window and lay low, wondering what sort of a machine they had that enabled them to go up a straight wall. In about twenty minutes, after several more slips and much scraping, I saw a black object moving up over the sill, but it was not the head of a man. A second later, however, a human hand grasped the window, and I brought the club down upon it and the black object with all the power I could muster. With a yell

The Would-be Thief Went Tumbling Down the twenty feet or more of wall, and I soon heard footsteps going down the road on a dead run. I immediately ran down, calling my man as I went, expecting to find a rope or cord of some kind, but there was nothing of the sort, and I gave it up as a niystery. Stepping back to go in I stumbled over something, and, looking down, found it was a large lizard, stone dead. Its skuil was broken. What do you suppose my man told me. and which I found out later was true? Nothing less than that I had killed the lizzard by my blow at the thief, and that the animal had hauled him up the side of the house. These lizards are very powerful, and have long, sharp claws. When grasped by the tail and placed against the wail, up they will go with a force quite sufficient to pull up a small man after them. It was the scratching of the animal's claws that I had heard. I guess this is about as novel a method of housebreaking as there is on record. I understand, however, that it was not uncommon there.

"India," the naturalist continued, "is the best country in the world for ilzards. They are everywhere among the leaves and flowers, minicking them in color, while others that live among the rocks have duil covers, equally protective. The most remarkable case of protective resemblance, however, is seen in a lizard called the leaftailed gecko. The body, which is about six, inches long, is covered with rough protuberances, while the tail is arrow-shaped and, exact in its resemblance to a leaf. I's eyes have, a stony glare, that is supposed by the natives to be fatal at times. The leaf-like tail is nearly as large as the body. When alarmed you will see the gecko dart around the limb upon which it has beeth resting, and, instead of concealing, raise its tail aloft, its body being hidden, of course, by the limb. In this position the unitation of a growing leaf upon the branch is perfect; and if the movement of the animal in slipping around the limb has hot been noticed, its escape is certain, even experts being deceived by it.

"This lizard has another protection still more remarkable. A frie footsteps going down the road on a dead run. I immediately ran down, calling my man as I went,

gecko darted into the clear place before him, and like a flash the falcon darted at it. But at the same instant the lizzard seemed to change into two one remaining and dancing up and down, while the other darted off among the rocks, and discovered the country of the country o

The Bird Seemed Utterly Confused. gazing first one way and then the other, and

The Bird Seemed Utterly Confused, gazing first one way and then the other, and finally flew away. My friend then secured the remaining gecko, which turned out to be merely the leafake tail. The animal, finding itself closely pressed, had thrown off its tail, which jumped and danced up and down, attracting the enemy's attention, while the lizard itself escaped. A number of liz rds possess the same power."

"Suppose," suggested the reporter, "that they get, in the same fix again, how about the tail then."

"A new tail grows after a while," was the reply, "and, curiously enough, if the breaking off is not exact, sometimes two tails appear to take the page of one. If you examine the tail of the lizard you, will see that the muscles of the several vertebral segments are so loosely connected, and the axis, of the vertebræ is so weak, that the tail will break upon the slightest movement, so that by a vigorous twist they can throw it off.

"There are over sixty different varieties of geckos, and all of them are noted for some pecultarity. Most of them have their feet supplied with pads or sucking disks, so that they are able to gun up walls like files. One species has the power to throw out a brilliant phospiorescent light, and as it is nocturnal in its habits, it is a regular torch-bearer. To see four or five darting about the walls of a dark room, their uncanny forms outlined in fire, is a curious spectacle, to say the least. One kept by a gentleman, in Bombay gave out light enough at times to read by. They are also worn by native Indian women as head-dresses.

"The lizards that hive about the water," continued the naturalist, "are the largest and most powerful. Only one truly marine lizard is known, the onblythyuchus. It is found in the Galipags is Islands. They are seen there in droves swimming out to sea and feeding on the beus of seawed. They can remain under water without harm for an hour.

"In the Nile country there is a monitor lizard that attains a length of nearly sevel feet, and is proportionately powerful.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last tend a prescription which c impletely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 250 Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

United States District Court-Nelson, J. William T. Hill and Edward Jones were found guilty of sending lottery circulars through the mail. They are the publishers of the periodical known as "Youth," and to induce people to subscribe offered presents which were to be drawn by lot. The circulars announcing this offer were sent through the mail. Counsel in the case filed a motion for a new trial.

Mistaken Identity.

At a recent auction sale of a stock of household goods in this city, the auctioneer was about to knock down a certain article to an honest Hibernian in the crowd for \$1.65. "Shure, that wasn't my bid," said Pat, excitedly; "I said \$1.55." "I understood you to say \$1.65." said the auctioneer. "Indade, I didn't, 'rejoined Pat, with spirit; "do you take me for one of the tilephone syndic?"

(Chicago Time.)

Anna Dickinson defends her performance of Hamlet by asserting that Hamlet was a mere college by, and that a woman can therefore more appropriately play the part than a man can. This is pretty severe on the young fellows whose muscles have been strengthened and skulls thickened by four or five years of college life.

for Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a prompt and certain remedy for the painful disorders peculiar to your sex. By all druggists.

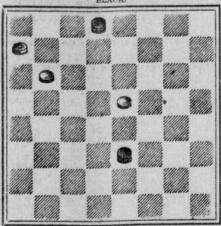
A. 3.. 7-1 30..25 19..10 25..20 10... 3

Note A.—At this point Mr. Ferguson

CHECKERS.

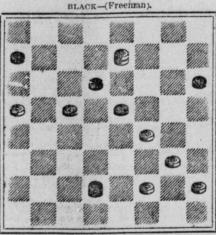
CHARLES F. BARKER......KDITOR

Position No. 1188. END GAME BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAM-BRIDGEPORT, MASS. BLACK.



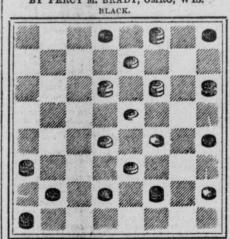
White to move and win.

Position No. 1189. END GAME BETWEEN MR. A. J. HEFFNER AND MR. CLARENCE H. FREEMAN.



WHITE-(Heffner).

Position No. 1190. BY PERCY M. BRADT, OMRO, WIS.



WHITE. White to move and win.

Came No. 1706-Clasgow. The four games which follow were played in the

1115	2011	4 8	2419	273
2319	3 8	2217	15. 24	2 '
811	11 7	1620	2819	312
2217	211	2925	811	2318
914	1713	5 9	1916	143
2522	1115	2522	1115	7
1116	3227	1216	1611	6 .1
2420	811	2724	2024	Bryde
1623	2623	2027	11 7	won.
2711	1118	3124	2427	
716	3026	1620	7 2	

	Fourth g	ame—Bryd	en's move.	
1115	3026	2 9	3124	5 9
2217	610	3228	13 .17	10 7
811	13 9	3 8	2521	914
1713	711	2819	1722	7,. 2
1518	2622	1116	2117	1418
2314	1 6	20 .11	2226	2419
918	2824	824	1714	2622
2623	613	2720	2630	2521
1014	2419	1417	14 10	Drawn.
2420	1524	2114	3026	
1115	22 6	927	2925	
	7 1277	-		
	Came	No. 1708	-Aima.	
	Fifth ga	me-Beatt	ie's move.	

Came No. 1709-Whilter. Sixth game-Bryden's move.

Solution of Position No. 1186. BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

25..22 28..24 23..18 15..6
3..7 19..28 15.19 27..23
21..17 27..23 18.15 17..13
7..10 28..32 32..27 19..24

Solution of Position No. 1187. BY PERCY M. BRADT, OMRO, WIS. 23 .14 23..19 3 23..19 12.. 8-8 Drawn. 30..23 30..26 16..12* 21..25 11.. 8-5 19..15-7

16..12 11.. 7 4.. 8 19..16 4.. 8 25..22 11.. 8 25..30 8.. 4 16..11 8.. 4 22..18 8.. 4 30..25 4.. 8 (2.) ..10 30..26 8..3 19..16 *8..4 1.9* 11.. 8* 23..19 11.. 8*9 16..12 ..30 26..23 16..11 10..15 *4...8 Drawn. 7.. 2 10..15 2.. 7 19..16 8.. 4 14..10 12.. 8-10 Drawn.

(11.) 5.. 1 1.. 3 8.. 7 11.. 7 16..12 12..10

Correspondence. GREENFORD, O., December 22. Checker Editor of The Globe:
DEAR SIR—In the New York Weekly World, game No. 355, Old 14th, by J. H. Ferguson, at forty-third move the position is:
Black men on 1, 3, 6, 12, 15, 21, king on 30; white men on 10, 13, 19, 22, 23, 24, 28. Black to move thus:

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure. cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption, and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of Croup, the alleviation of Whooping Cough, and the cure of Colds and Influenza, ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. 30..26 as in variation 1, leading to a very long win for black. (Var. 1.)

30..26 9.2 27..23 22..17 15..24 2..7 26..31 28..19 23..14 17..14 20..24 7.. 2 31..27 19..15 14.. 7 14.. 9 24..27 2..11 27..20 23..18 21..25 15..10 23..27 25..30 2..6 13..9 27..24 30..26 6..9 9..6 24..20 26..23 9..14 6.. 2 12..16 B. wins. [J. H. Ferguson.

Yours respectfully, THEODORE W. KIMLEY. SCHENECTADY, N. Y., December 25.

Checker Editor of the Globe:

DEAR SIR—Some time since I noticed a mistake in game No. 1629. C. W. Winsted thinks 11..15 at A will win. I think not. The trying move is the forty-seventh; 8..3, 8..4 will draw.

Yours respectfully, Dr. I. CLUTE.

According to agreement, the Boston and Providence teams met on New Year's day at Providence, R. I., and had six players on a side, being paired off as follows: Freeman vs. Heffner, O'Neil vs. Busby, Merry vs. Bailey, Hill vs. Powell, Stewart vs. Oliver, Webb vs. Wright, Each pair played six games, and after several hours play the scores stood: Freeman.... 2 Heffner.... 1 O'Neil..... 1 Busby...... 1
 O'Neil.
 1 Busby.
 1 Drawn.
 4

 Merry.
 1 Bailey.
 3 Drawn.
 2

 Hill.
 0 Powell.
 1 Drawn.
 5

 Stewart.
 2 Oliver.
 4 Drawn.
 0

 Webb.
 4 Wright.
 0 Drawn.
 2
 Providence..10 Boston.....10 Drawn.....16 "ROUGH ON COUGHS." 25c., 50c., \$1, at druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

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regularly prescribed by many leading
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